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May 27, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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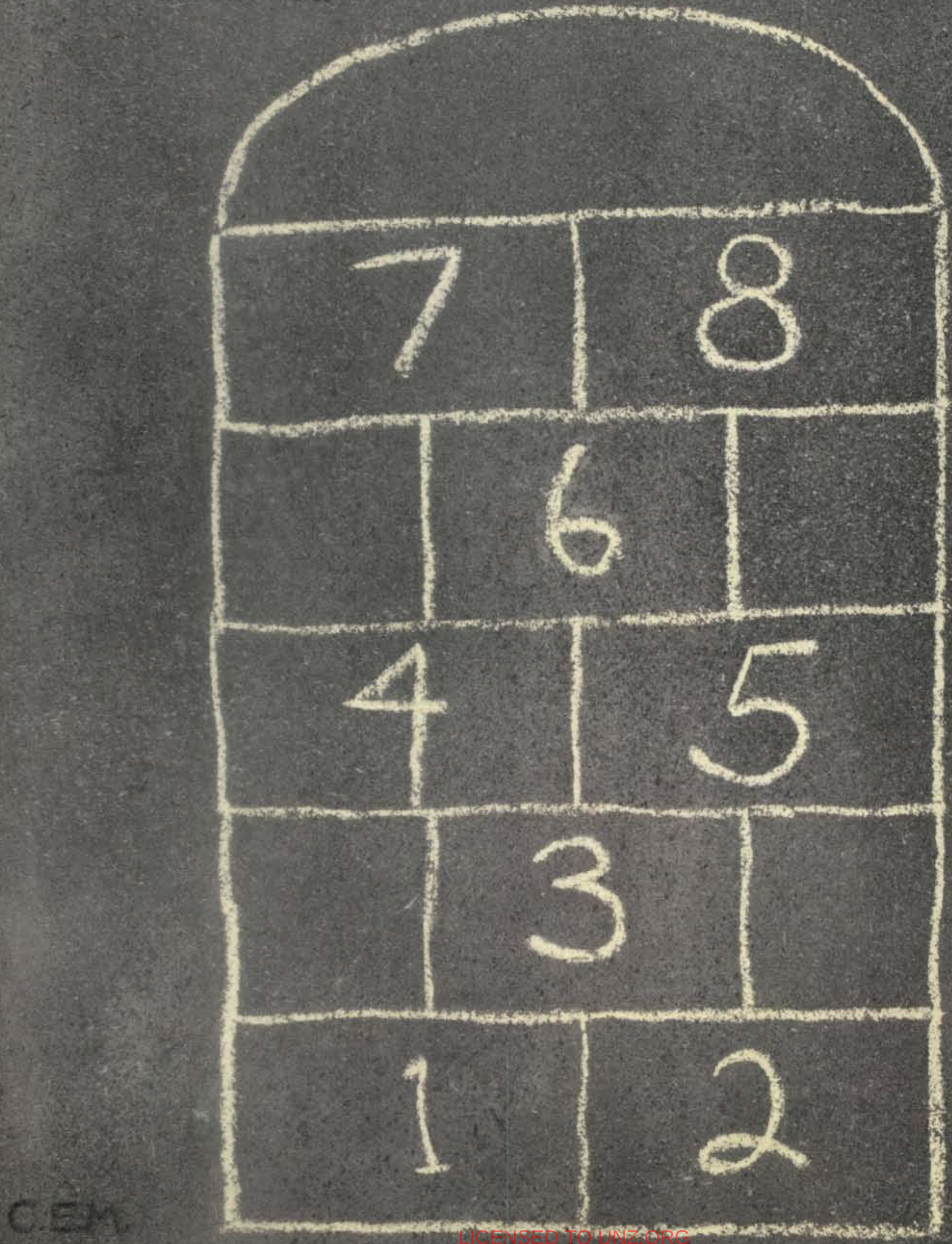

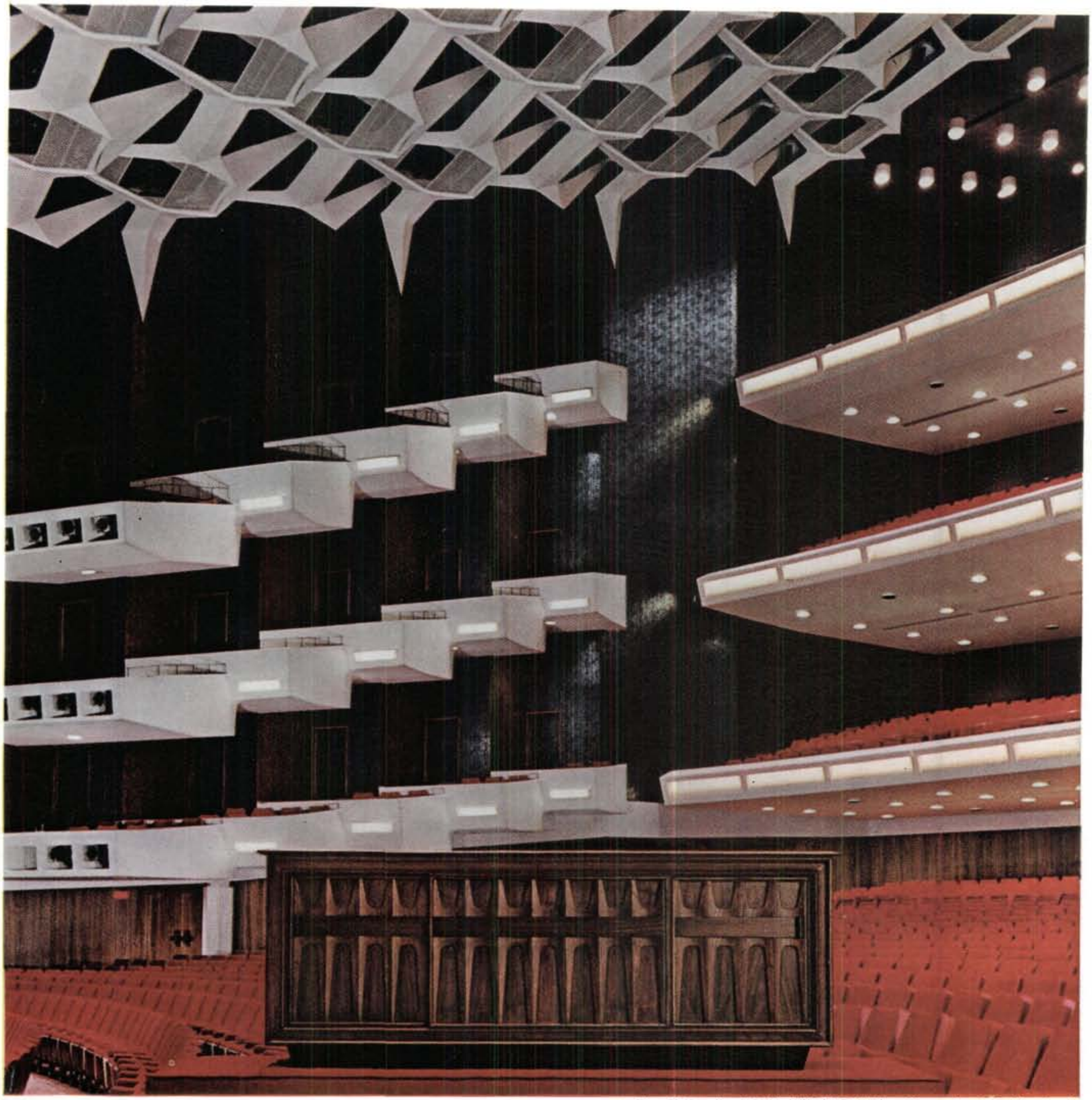

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Reopening after a week's vacation. Pirandello's **RIGHT YOU ARE:** Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30, at 8:30, and Wednesday, May 31, at 2 and 8:30. . . . **WAR AND PEACE:** Thursday and Friday, June 1-2, at 8:30, and Saturday, June 3, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Fun and games in an American embassy behind the Iron Curtain that is unexpectedly invaded by a Jewish family from Newark. A fairly droll business, put together by Woody Allen and featuring, most pleasantly, Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter casting a cold eye at some odd doings in a North London slum. Although the play hasn't much coherence, the Royal Shakespeare Company, which enacts it, is worth watching. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Neil Simon is not at the top of his game in this account of a triangle made up of a young publisher, a writer, and a girl from Arkansas, who live in an apartment house in San Francisco. The writer loves the girl, the girl has a yen for the publisher, and the publisher just wants to get out his magazine. This is a hard plot to thicken. Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens make up the cast, and they are quite ebullient. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CACTUS FLOWER:** A divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Sam Levene in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, May 27.) . . . **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31; Saturdays at 2:40; and Sundays and Memorial Day at 3.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31	1	2	3

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—A musical, composed of three playlets, that is always bouncy and frequently funny. Directed by Mike Nichols, with book, music, and lyrics by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the episodes are based on short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer, the most effective being a reworking of Twain's "The Diary of Adam and Eve." Barbara Harris is wonderfully versatile in all three, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden give her good support. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—A large, lush musical version of John van Druten's "I Am a Camera," showing us how things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Not the most amusing theme for a musical, but one in which Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey do what they can to make things entertaining. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Mary Martin and Robert Preston are the entire cast of this adaptation by Tom Jones of Jan de Hartog's "The Fourposter," and they do well by the enterprise, which is a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. Harvey Schmidt and Mr. Jones wrote the music and lyrics for this one, Oliver Smith provided the bright settings, and Gower Champion gave it ingenious direction. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—A sluggish musical adaptation of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with little in the way of song and dance to recommend it. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Martha Raye now has the role of Rosa Bonheur. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess (Gwen Verdon) who wants to be honestly loved. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Elaine Stritch and Linda Bennett in **WONDERFUL TOWN,** the last in a series of musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO,** with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 17.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **THE MASKED BALL.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-

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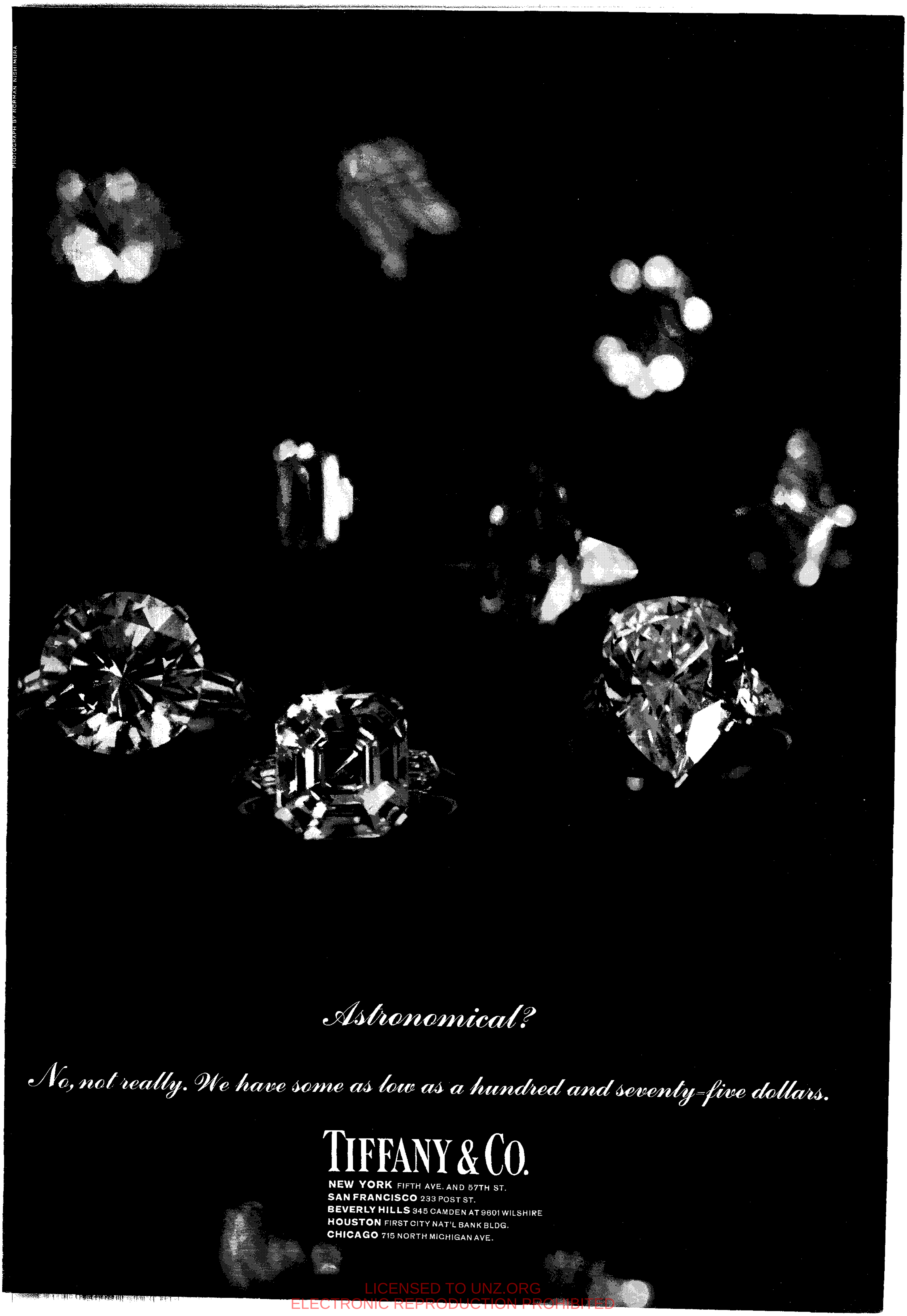
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A return engagement, after an absence of four years, of Jean Erdman's lively adaptation of portions of "Finnegans Wake." The five members of the company, who act and pantomime and dance and recite, do quite well. Teiji Ito's music sounds just as delightful as it did the first time around, and Joyce's words sound just as wonderful. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3, except May 31; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

The Death of the Well-Loved Boy—A play by John Farris. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Drums in the Night—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Frank Jones. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—His only books were women's looks, and folly's all they've taught him. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor*. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Mondays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest Of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Fridays and Monday, May 29, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Posterity for Sale—Salome Jens, Sam Waterston, and Anne Draper in a play by Niccolò Tucci. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

A Time for the Gentle People—A play by Tom Coble. Opens Thursday, May 25. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

The Times Square Two—A vaudevillian evening by a pair of lampooners called Mycroft Partner and Andrew i. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, May 25: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Friday evening, May 26: "Giselle" and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 27: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 28: "Harbinger," "Rodeo," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 28: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 30-31: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 1: "Theme and Variations," "Dark Elegies," "Undertow," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Friday evening, June 2: "Theme and Variations," "Miss Julie," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 3: "Les Sylphides," "Rodeo," and "Concerto." ... ¶ Saturday evening, June 3: "Harbinger," "Pillar of Fire," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, June 4.)

Royal Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, May 25, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Friday, May 26, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 2:30 and 8:30: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, May 30, and will run through Sunday, June 11. (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Teresita La Tana—With her Spanish dance company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, May 27, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—A benefit performance of "Northern Lights," "Cantabile," "Pas de Deux for Four," "Dark Psalters," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Monday, May 29, at 8:30.)

Norman Walker—With his company, in a program of modern dance. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, May 29, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Mondays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2:30.)

Sing Israel, Sing—Ben Bonus and Mina Bern in a Yiddish musical, with book and lyrics by Wolf Younin, based on Yiddish and Israeli folklore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays and Memorial Day at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Otto and Maria Jelinek. Opens with a benefit performance on Thursday, June 1, and will run through Thursday, June 8. (Shea Stadium. 478-1140. Evenings at 8:45.)

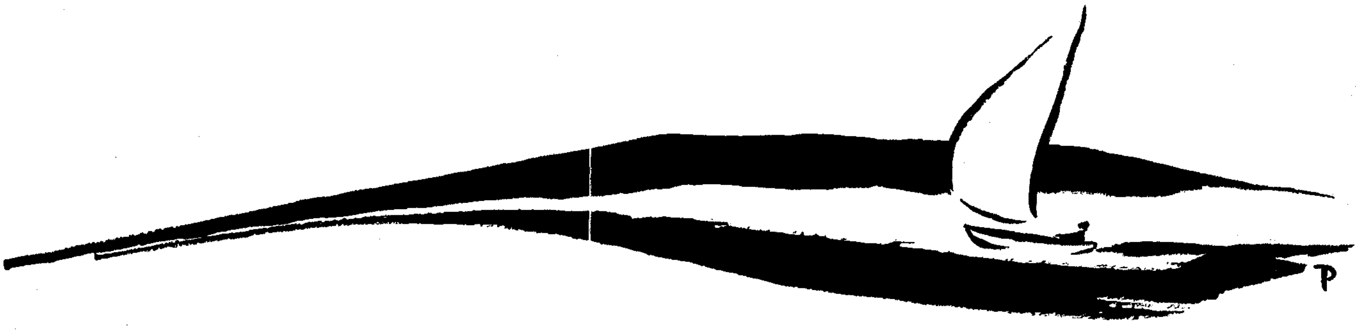
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Woody Allen will have the last word (as befits a wit of his eminence) at dinner and supper in the Royal Box on Saturday, May 27, and the jaunty Sylvia Syms, who lays her ballads to unrest with the greatest of emphasis, sashays offstage the same evening. The project will reopen on Tuesday, May 30, to house Paul Anka, singer and delegate at large for the upcoming generations. The orchestra of Lee Evans will still be on the stand. Every night but Sunday will be the schedule.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Acting on the assumption that there is a need for studying the New Yorker in his nocturnal pursuits, the management has kindly ar-



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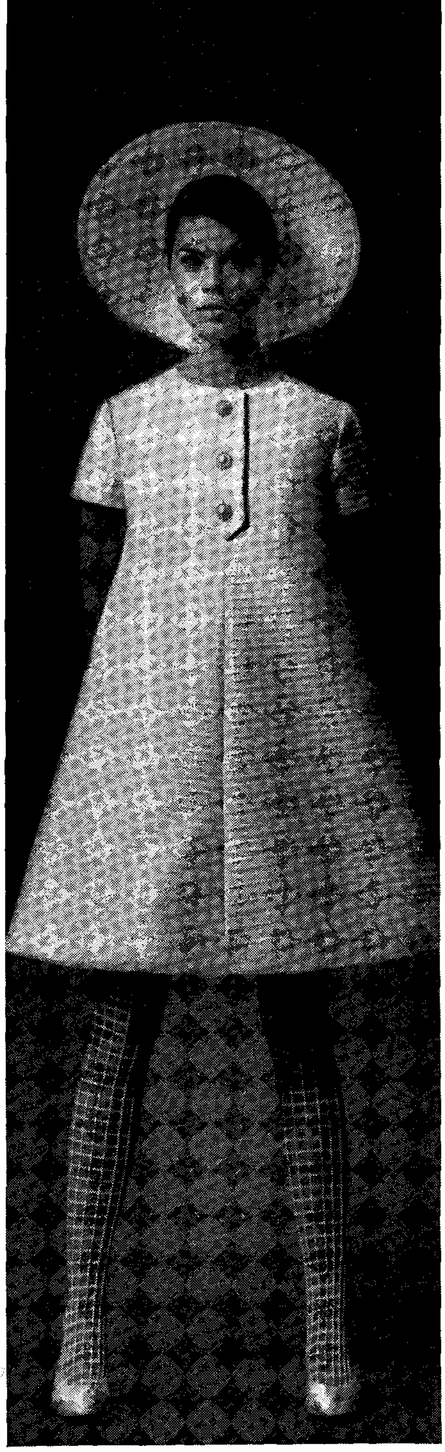

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ranged an authentic exhibit, with wining, dining, and dancing until two in the morning—acting on the assumption that there is still a need for *that*. Ernie Warren's band is the catalyst. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from a Cliff Hall band, which carries on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The celebrated sightseeing bus, upholstered, it is true, like a veritable limousine. Lester Lanin (not a stand-in) and his orchestra take turns with George Anaya's Latinos until the early hours. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but it's hard to tell the differences in the curriculums. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Lest Homer and the other old-school metropolitans nod between sets, a guitarist of Andalusian fervor turns himself on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—*Dies irae* often seems the theme of Eartha Kitt's arias, delivered full force at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, but enough sunny disposition shows through to make it clear that the whole thing is all in fun. On Wednesday, May 31, she will be succeeded by Jack Jones, a wandering minstrel with an exemplary profile and a considerable projection of limpid lyrics. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will remain at their posts. Opening night, Mr. J. will appear only at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the weaponry of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except on Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—View without alarm, from the top of the world. The sound effects, some of them emitted by the band of the long-lost Frankie Carle, commence at seven and go on until two. On Monday, May 29, Ray McKinley's band takes over from the Carles. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Earl Hines, no longer at the helm of a mere economy-size band, is demonstrating that he was born with a piano under his mighty thumb. On Friday, June 2, this group yields place to a rumble organized by Harry James. The music runs from eight until two; no sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette (living, breathing proof that the grand manner can still survive) goes its regal course to the accompaniment of George Cort's up-and-at-them band and Quintero's waltz-and-rumba crew. There are intense dinner and supper interludes by Gino Tonetti, an exchange professor of balladry from the Roman Empire. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, May 28-30. . . . ¶ In La Boite, two early settlers—Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the violin—are at play from six to one-thirty. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, May 28-30.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the course of wrestling with the problems inherent in show-business domesticity, Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, those younger-marrieds, sometimes enter into a state of holy headlock; this, though, is just part of the song-and-story, fun-and-games deal they set up in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. They, the orchestra of Charles Turecamo, and the Room all call it a season on Saturday, May 27. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Sonny Kendis and his little dance band carry on with enthusiasm—Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Nice (in every way) is the going here, for the floor is huge and unnecessary violence in choreography is forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The off-campus campus for a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano the whole night through—by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aides, Wayne Sanders and Sam Hamilton. Closed Friday through Tuesday, May 26-30. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinnertime until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Hubble-bubble happens in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **Asti**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Beneath the garb of office of every waiter, busboy, and chef beats the heart of a Caruso, a Gigli. Closed Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Imaginary deviltry in an imaginary Paris—that's the attitude of Rita Dimitri, whose offhand songs occur during dinner through the week and during dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Slow-and-easy dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays and Memorial Day. . . . **Chardas**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The way it was in Budapest ever so long ago, with quantities of that ambivalent Hungarian music (is it grave or is it gay?) to go with dinner and supper. Tibor Rakossy's tenor counts the world well lost for love; Béla Babai's band makes the dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Tamburlaine**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The setting is Outer, or Upper, Mongolia, with touches of Upper Montclair; the dance music is (most of the time) insistent. Mondays, though, it is both subtle and succulent, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Monday through Friday, is a threesome in which Allan Haig is concerned. Closed Sundays.

Note—Anyone who still doesn't mind that the discothèque is the Decibel's Disciple should at least wend (or rend) his way to an enterprise that offers a minimum standard of comfort and politesse—to wit: **Arthur**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. The blare is both mechanical and human, and rarely humane. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. Closed Mondays. . . . **Yellowfinger's**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): 'Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **L'Interdit**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A long-range, considered, but still extremely fond view of an eternal city from a terraced villa in Frascati. Musicians whose term of duty is seven-thirty until two take part. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The guitar of Rogelio Reguera covers in noble fashion the whole range of Iberian music, from the plains to the palaces, the mountains to the Moors. The dining room is one of our most splendid antique shops, and the music runs from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties have more than a bowing acquaintance in a town house that makes no concessions to the ravages of modern time. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with a secret agent at UN 1-9494): A Byzantine bazaar, or bizarre, that happens to be a hideaway, up-one-flight restaurant. In one alcove, dinner is intermingled with modest piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): In the bar-restaurant, the hot buttered rum is the guitar of Enzio Lembo, who is on the prowl from nine-thirty until one every night but Monday and Wednesday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): My Lord, My Lady. The undercurrent in this fashionable spa is the piano, done in pastels, of George Feyer, which carries on from eight-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Rome that was built in a latter day, but a Rome that is by no means sans-serif. The noblest Roman is Herman Honigsberg, leader of a troupe of peripatetic violinists. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The piano of Conrad Monjoy wanders calmly o'er the well-cropped lea of the Westbury's restaurant. Nine to one is his range. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the reasonably grand concourse known as the Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner plays calm but nevertheless top-of-the-evening piano from six-thirty until midnight. Saturdays and Sundays are his holidays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Group therapy is applied to the very young by the singing of Bobby Vinton, and to susceptible older customers, too. Also in hand is comedy, of a sort, and a new set of Copa ballerinas. . . . Dancing for the guests as well, and no idle nights. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The beauty around here is not just in the eye of the beholder; it is actual, and onstage. The name: Susan Clemm. She and her comrades, mostly comely, female, and feral, have a big old romp a couple of times a night. Among the few intrusions upon this earthly paradise are the Spanish balletomanes under the guidance of Ramon Cadiz, plus the arias of Ronnie Dove, a recent graduate of the recording studios. Dancing, and no nights off. . . . **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The Devil finds mischief for the busy feet of boy and girl in the mystic and semi-detached rites of the New Terpsichore. It is done at the insistence of two maddened drafts of musicians. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. No dining. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Saturday, May 27, is the last night (so says the management of this maybe-it's-open-and-maybe-it-isn't operation) for Brook Benton, singer for the masses, and the impulsive big band run by Mel Lewis and Thad Jones. On Thursday, June 1, Trini Lopez, or youth-calling-unto-youth, should be resuming his career of song, guitar, and bounce.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The current crop of prank-players—Charlotte Rae, whose songs speak with a forked tongue; Patchett & Tarses, whose conversation pieces take dim views; Jamie Ross, whose ballads' soft answers do not always conceal a touch of wrath—end their tour of duty on Saturday, May 27. On Monday, May 29, Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra, whose politics deal with all sorts of strange bedfellows, resume their mordant commentaries, and Jeanne Arnold, a Circe not content with just sitting around on some old rock, takes up again her portfolio of special siren songs. Julius Monk, entrepreneur and *conférencier* of this cultural-exchange program, stands pat, and the pianos of Otis Clements and Robert Colston will continue to give all hands their due. The ceremonies commence at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Red-hot coals are what Joaquin Robles and his four girl followers appear to be treading throughout dinner and supper, but the action is no more than is to be expected of gypsy flamencans. The quartet known as Los Hispanos bursts into song at the drop of a guitar, and a brace of small bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilo Prados, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): That old French wit Déjà Vu wrote some of the sketches in "Mixed Doubles," but the others were composed by newer, more original authors. Judy Graubart's performance (still waters running deep) is the best; Richard Blair and Larry Moss are her most successful aides. They appear in public at nine-thirty and midnight except on Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Monday, May 29, is the day Joan Rivers, who cheerily tells her audiences what she would never dream of telling an analyst, returns to point duty. She's never around before ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Deep thought is the essence of the piano played by Bill Evans, in whose threesome Philly Joe Jones is prominent. The sound runs from nine-thirty all week, from four-thirty on Sundays. Mondays are devoted to uprisings by the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. There are other plans for the week beginning Tuesday, May 30. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The faculty roster is sometimes subject to rapid change, but these bookings for the lower deck of this operation have an air of probability: Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen every Monday; Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, Stan Kenton's eighteen-man revival of a well-remembered period of indigenous American décor, as well as Josh White, a well-remembered founding father of American folk. On Tuesday, May 30, John Handy should be moving his foursome in for a visit. . . . ¶ On the upper deck, Mose Allison's piano embellishes the trio that works out, every night but Monday, from, say, ten o'clock on. Mondays afford the trio of Daphne Hellman, which gives chamber music its pleasant and pastoral due. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The Sphinxes that decorate the walls of this *echt* emporium maintain a discreet silence, but nothing else

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

does, particularly the tapes that wind crisply through the local victrola and the piano that bows to Oscar Peterson (rockets' red glare, bombs bursting in air), who comes outfitted with two sidemen. Mr. P. finishes up on Saturday, May 27, and a new crew (Rubin Mitchell's threesome) checks in on Monday, May 29. A menu of a certain richness is the continual accompaniment. Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims flows like heady wine through his quintet, which is set to wind up on Thursday, May 25. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio, whose dissertations are occasionally couched in the Romance languages, tees off at ten. Eddie Thompson, the intermission keyboard man, arrives a bit earlier. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Cannon to the left of us, cannon to the right. The noise, which dates back a lot of years, comes from Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, Ross Tompkins, and Mr. Condon, or else exact duplicates of these traditionalists. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Jackie Cain (perfect casting for a nymph errant) and Roy Kral (perfect casting for a young man about town) do their very special duets from time to time, and Ronnie Ball's triad has its moments. The establishment is an oddment, or figment, of a passing-strange imagination. No action Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. Nine until two or three all week long is the program. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band gets in its licks (all of them hot) before the regulars report. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays, the next largest is Ruth Crews, the bombastic singer. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The address is in the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons, and the slacks tide is *in full flow* among the customers. Tradition is likewise forsworn by the musicians—Yusef Lateef's *misterioso* quartet during the week, and Sun Ra's outer-spacemen on Mondays. On Tuesday, May 30, the quintet of Roy Haynes will replace the Lateefs. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Tony Scott's quintet is doing the thinking. Sundays, which begin as early as five, the Jazz Interactions have the place to themselves. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Charles Mingus and his mighty bass, both of them subject to implosion as well as explosion, are garnished by the work of three sidemen. Ten to three is the curriculum they aim to offer, every night but Sunday and Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Plaster sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, June 3. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ANASTASI—Reproductions of the gallery walls on canvas; through Wednesday, May 31. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Figurative sculptures in bronze and wood, and drawings; through Saturday, May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GEORGE BELLOWS (1882-1925)—Landscapes, marines, and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 27. (Allison, 11 E. 57th St.)

FORREST BESS—Visionary primitivist paintings; through June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, May 27-30.)

CHARLES CAMOIN—A selection of works by the French Poet-Impressionist, who died in 1965; through Thursday, June 1. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ALBERTO COLLIE—Sculptures magnetically afloat; through June 10. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

FLEUR COWLES—Paintings of tigers and butterflies by a biographer of Salvador Dali; through Saturday, May 27. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

ESTHER DAVIS—Semi-abstract figurative paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, May 27. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

ROBYN DENNY—Purist paintings by a British artist; through Friday, June 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

ANNE DUNN—Sketchy figures within constructions of geometrical planes; through Saturday, June 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

SHIGEO FUKUDA—Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer; through June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS—Paintings, drawings, and pastels by this artist currently showing at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, June 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

SARAH GRILO—Paintings featuring scribbled poems and abstract calligraphy; through Saturday, May 27. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

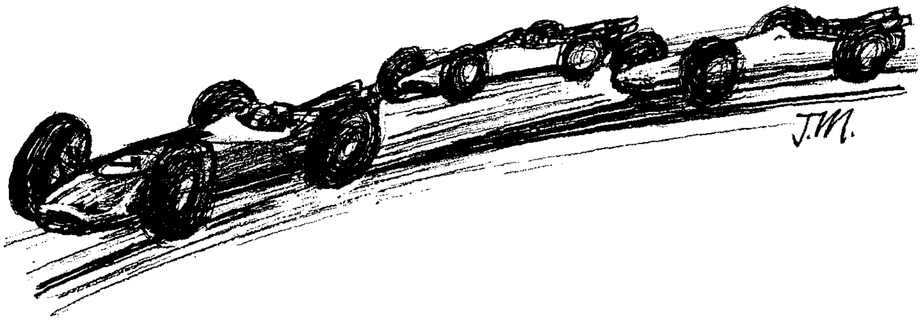
JUAN GRIS—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist, who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

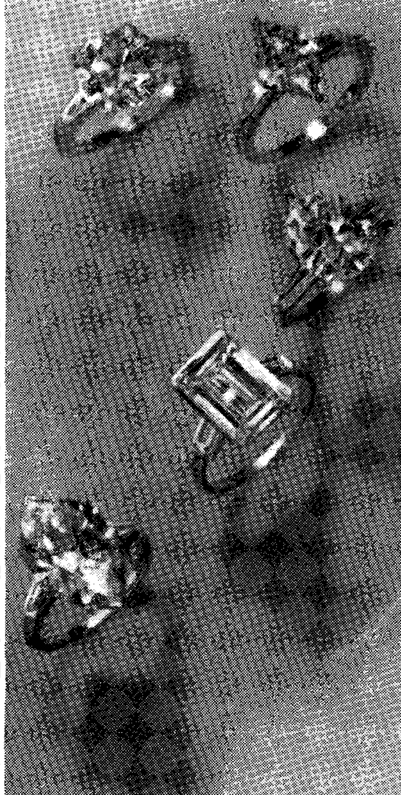
ROBERT HARVEY—Photo-realist portraits with archaic backgrounds; through Saturday, May 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

RAYMOND HENDLER—Ideographic paintings; through June 17. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JIM HOUSER—Compositions of simplified everyday images by a former Abstract Expressionist; through June 16. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, May 27-30.)

JAMES JARVAISE—Oil paintings on leaves of metal,





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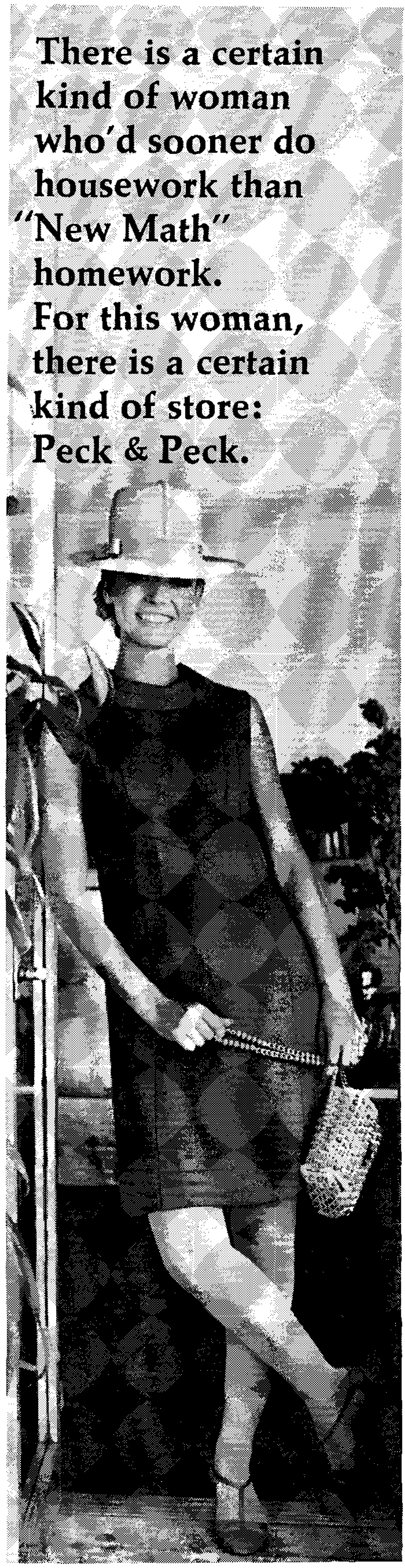

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giving an effect of motion; through Saturday, May 27. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Ray Johnson—Collages by an artist who works in small scale; through Saturday, May 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Kabak—Large prismatic landscapes; through June 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday through Tuesday, May 27-30.)

Susan Kamen—Semi-abstract interiors; through Tuesday, May 30. (Carlsson, 791 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5.)

Jacques Kaplan—Fur used as a medium for various vanguard art forms by the furrier; through Saturday, May 27. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gyula Kosice—"Sculpture: Water-Light-Movement," by a European experimentalist, now a citizen of Argentina; through Saturday, May 27. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Jean Linder—Soft plastic constructions; through Friday, May 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through Saturday, June 3. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

John Marin—A benefit showing of twenty-seven oils and watercolors from the Duncan Phillips Collection, in Washington; through Friday, May 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Charles Mattox—Kinetic sculptures by a West Coast inventor of witty motions; through Saturday, May 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Guido Molinari—Black and white hard-edge paintings by a young Canadian; through June 10. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Giorgio Morandi—Paintings, drawings, and engravings; through June 17. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Giora Novak—One gallery-filling piece of sculpture; through June 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Claes Oldenburg—Soft and hard sculptures, and drawings, by the Pop artist; through Saturday, May 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—An exhibit of forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work and running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Gio Pomodoro—Marble and bronze sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; through Saturday, May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Spectator-controlled kinetic constructions; through June 10. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lisa Rhana—Drawings of dancers of the Royal Ballet; through Wednesday, May 31. (Walter, 121 E. 57th St.)

George Rickey—Recent kinetic sculptures; through June 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herman Rose—Representational oils, watercolors, and etchings; through June 10. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Drawings; through Friday, June 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Saturdays and Memorial Day.)

David Smith—Eight iron and painted-iron constructions by this abstract sculptor, recently deceased; through Saturday, May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Harry Soviak and Leo Rabkin—Collages by the former and Plexiglas light-boxes by the latter; through June 24. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

George Sugarman—Small abstract paintings by a well-known sculptor; through Saturday, May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

The Italian Heritage (1300-1650)—A benefit show of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Titian, Rubens, Holbein, and Donatello, lent by American museums and private collectors; through Aug. 26. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Memorial Day.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1967 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through Sunday, May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **CAPRICORN**, 11 W. 56th St.: "Artists by Artists," a collection of portraits by more than sixty artists, portraying themselves and each other; through Saturday, June 3. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by William Thon, Hans Moller, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through Saturday, June 3. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Works by such painters as Childe Hassam, Stephen Etnier, and John Twachtman; through July 28. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rosemarie Beck, Stanley Bleifeld, and Reginald Pollack; through June 17. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **SACHS**, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Howard Mehring and Warren Brandt are two of the five participants in a show of paintings; through June 23. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through June 9. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Dickinson, Gwathmey, Hopper, Diebenkorn, Shahn, Hockney, and others; through Saturday, May 27. . . . **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 10. (Closed Mondays, Saturday mornings, and Memorial Day.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and tapestries (by Picasso, de Kooning, and Cézanne, to mention a few) from Governor Rockefeller's Albany mansion; through Wednesday, May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through June 30. (Closed Memorial Day.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by (for instance) Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Kurt Sonderborg; through July 28. (Closed Mondays and Memorial Day.) . . . **SELECTED ARTISTS**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through Wednesday, May 31. (Closed Memorial Day.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hat-shepsut to Queen Victoria; through July 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition on William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through Tuesday, May 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4. . . . ¶ Prints by Canadian painters and sculptors, among them Jean-Paul Riopelle, Michael Snow, and Les Levine; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-nine boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. . . . A retrospective of over a hundred oils, watercolors, and drawings by Jules Pascin; through June 25. . . . Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints acquired during the past year; a few of the artists are David Weinrib, Barnett Newman,

How to buy a perfume

by Christian Dior

It's easy, of course. You just tell the salesgirl what you want and charge it, please.

But if you're not sure what you want—or if you're ready to try something new—here are a few suggestions.

Be sure that you test the new perfume by spraying it. Ask the salesperson to spray a little in the air near you to see if you like it. If it appeals to you, then spray your forearm. Don't rub it. That changes the fragrance.

but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

give it time

If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're testing is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

Now it's a question of what size to buy.

Don't buy too large a bottle.

like fine wine

Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

don't dab

A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

Today it's no longer necessary to transfer perfume to a special atomizer before spraying. Some of the world's finest perfumes are available in atomizers and you can spray from the original bottle.

always "on-stage"

Furthermore the new spray atomizers are completely air-tight and leak-proof down to the last drop. Sprays are small enough to carry in your handbag, too, so you can renew your perfume conveniently every 3 or 4 hours. Naturally, atomizers are ideal for traveling.

How much perfume should you put on?

"subtle" is the word

Just enough to prove that you're both a woman and a lady. Perfume should attract; too much can repel. It should be a subtle suggestion; not an open invitation.

And wear perfume regularly as you do lipstick—as an essential part of good grooming.

There are many fine perfumes available. Most of the best are made in France, of course. At least a few of these will be right for you. Just take the time to select carefully.

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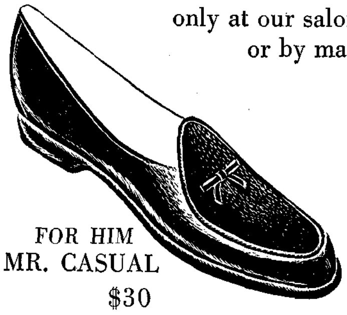

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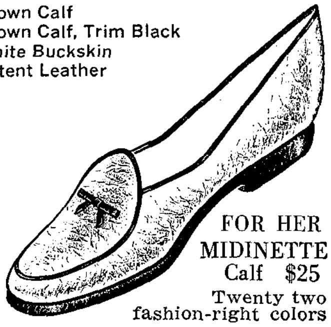

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☐ Gray Trim White
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☐ Blue Trim White
☐ White Trim Brown
☐ Brown Trim White
☐ All Black
☐ All Navy
☐ All White
☐ All Yellow
☐ Light Blue Trim White
☐ Black Trim White
☐ Gray Trim Black
☐ Brown Trim Burgundy
☐ Burgundy Trim White
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Franz Kline, and John Singer Sargent. Through June 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Memorial Day, noon to 6.)... ¶ Complementing the first two exhibits are the Glackens showing at the Kraushaar Galleries, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St., and the Pascin showing at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibit of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Sunday, May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Environmental sculptures by Will Insley, Michael Kirby, Les Levine, Ursula Meyer, Brian O'Doherty, Charles Ross, and Tony Smith; through June 18.... ¶ French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings by former President Dwight D. Eisenhower, together with photographs, documents, and memorabilia from all periods of his life; through Aug. 31.... ¶ A loan show of contemporary Canadian Eskimo works—more than two hundred sculptures and two hundred examples of their recent turn toward printmaking; through Sunday, May 28. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 11.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2.... ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through June 15. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Illustrations of the Dance Before Our Time" in prints, librettos, and books, from the fifteenth century to the nineteenth; through Aug. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, except Memorial Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Autograph manuscripts, letters, documents, first editions, and original illustrations commemorating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harpers; through July 29.... ¶ Eighteenth-century French watercolors of flowers, many enlivened by the presence of insects, along with an assortment of books and manuscripts, all highlighted with pictures of flowers; through July 29. (Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions, comprising about a hundred works from Africa, the Pacific Islands, and the pre-Columbian Americas; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Note—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1700-50," a joint exhibition of portraits on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through June 11) at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St., Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5) and, along with some religious paintings, at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30).

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting—An Italian-Russian program Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, at 8:30 (with Teresa Stratas, soprano, and Michele Molese, tenor); a "Ports of Call" program Tuesday through Thursday, May 30-June 1, and Saturday, June 3, all at 8:30 (with Shoshana Damari, contralto, and Larry Adler, harmonica); and a varied program on Friday, June 2, at 8:30 (with Glenn Dicterow, violin).

Music Outdoors—Richard Burgin conducting the Naumburg Orchestra, with Laurel Hurley, soprano. (Central Park Mall. Tuesday, May 30, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news.)

Jazz—Saturday, May 27, at 8 and at midnight: Horace Silver's quintet, Morgana King, and Ahmad Jamal; Billy Taylor, narrator.... ¶ Saturday, June 3, at 8:30 and 11: Herbie Mann's orchestra. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 27, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 28, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Minnesota, Tuesday, May 30, at 1 (doubleheader).... ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 31, at 8.... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, June 2, at 8, and Saturday, June 3, at 2.

Horse Show—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, and Monday through Saturday, May 29-June 3.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Acorn, Saturday, May 27; the Juvenile, Monday, May 29; and the Metropolitan Handicap, Tuesday, May 30.... BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, starting Thursday, June 1. The Grand National Steeplechase, Friday, June 2, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 3.... GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 30. The Jersey Derby, Tuesday, May 30.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Friday, June 2, through Saturday, Aug. 5. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Soccer—At Yankee Stadium—NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE: Generals vs. San Francisco Clippers, Saturday, May 27, at 2:30.... UNITED SOCCER ASSOCIATION: New York (represented by Cerro of Uruguay) vs. Toronto (represented by Hibernians of Scotland), Sunday, May 28, at 2.

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, May 28, at 2.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Tuesday, May 30, at 1.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, May 25, through Monday, July 24.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta.

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UNION CARBIDE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4.)

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Memorial Day at 3.) . . . **GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK:** "The Princess and the Frog," Saturdays at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Daniel Boone." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday, May 25, at 10:30, and Saturday, May 27, at 1:30 and 3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Comedy of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Sunday, May 28, at 2:30, and Saturday, June 3, at 2.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "Rhythms of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Memorial Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council (which is scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 2), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

ART TREASURES EXHIBITION—English, French, and American furniture, paintings, silver, porcelains, sculptures, and objects of art, loaned by museums, private collectors, and members of the National Antique and Art Dealers Association. A benefit show. Through Wednesday, June 7. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, from 10 to 6:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, except Memorial Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 26, at 1:45: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English furniture, a collection of antique metalwork, and decorative objects; from various owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations and marble and bronze statues, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 26.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a domestic melodrama made all the more exciting by being laid in the peaceful English countryside. Directed by Joseph Losey, from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—John Huston directed this great big silly picture book, and he also plays, most agreeably, the role of Noah. He appears to have had more fun with his animals than with his actors. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—An account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by the poetic eye of Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th. PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—Six directors, three screenwriters, and an enormous cast have unexpectedly proved to be just the right number of chefs to make this spicy broth of a picture. Starring David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Orson Welles, Deborah Kerr, Ursula Andress, and practically anyone else you care to name. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Funeral in Berlin—A rousing, complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring the ubiquitous Michael Caine. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 30.)

Georgy Girl—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through May 30.)

Grand Prix—Unless you have an invincible aversion to racing cars, this should strike you as one of the best movies of the year. With Yves Montand, James Garner, and Eva Marie Saint, directed with superb gusto by John Frankenheimer. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is extremely effective as the dogged hero of this strong, sad story about the aftermath of the Spanish Civil War. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Hawaii—A long, foolish account of how Christian missionaries spoiled things for the happy Polynesians. With Max von Sydow and Julie Andrews. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—The splendid Broadway musical, brought to the screen by David Swift and starring Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée, who are very, very funny. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

The Hunt—A young Spaniard named Carlos Saura has written and directed this powerful study of the degree to which the hunters of animals are also, though unawares, the hunters of each other and of all the rest of us. In Spanish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350.)

The Jokers—How to pluck the Crown Jewels out of the Tower of London. An exciting comedy, directed by Michael Winner and starring Michael Crawford and Oliver Reed. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Made in Italy—Director Nanni Loy offers an album of Italian sketches, mostly comic. Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina are among those present. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by an excellent cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade—A successful movie version of the eerie play by Peter Weiss. Peter Brook was the director and is, in effect, the star. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Persona—An icy, flawless study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting May 31, tentative.)

The Taming of the Shrew—In which the director, Franco Zeffirelli, seeks to lend Shakespeare a helping hand. With Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—Joseph Strick has led an admirable cast with tact and intelligence down several of the main pathways in the Joycean labyrinth. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Vie de Château—Jean-Paul Rappeneau is the gifted young director of this charming comedy, which stars Catherine Deneuve, Philippe Noiret, and Pierre Brasseur. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.... ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through May 30.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a third World War. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—A funny, lyrical movie, made in New York and really about New York. Exuberantly directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

À Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—A Vittorio De Sica film about a search for a stolen bicycle. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 29.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "The Tramp," "Triple Trouble," and "Shanghaied," all mementos from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 30.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 29.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 27-29, last showing on May 29 at 2:40.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—A tale of a wife not so much scorned as ignored. Directed by Federico Fellini, and with Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through May 26.)

Lord Love a Duck (1966)—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld in George Axelrod's survey of contemporary teen-aging. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 30.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 25.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 26.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 27.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 30-31.)

Open City (1946)—The Roman underground in operation during the Second World War. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 29.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through May 30.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon deWilde. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 27-29, last showing on May 29 at 3:45.)

Six of a Kind (1934)—Just some nonsense with W. C. Fields, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; May 30-31.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 28.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 30.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; May 25.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 28.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—May 25 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Answer to Violence" (1958), in Polish.... ¶ May 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Adventure Starts Here" (1965), in Swedish and Finnish.... ¶ May 27 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, and May 28 at 2 and 5:30: "4 x 4" (1965), in Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, and Finnish.... ¶ May 29-30, at 2 and 5:30: Two programs of short French films.... ¶ May 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Leaves from Satan's Book" (1921), directed by Carl Dreyer.... **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Mervyn LeRoy." May 25 at 3: "Quo Vadis" (1950), with Robert Taylor and Deborah Kerr.... May 26 at 2:30 and 5: "The F.B.I. Story" (1958), with James Stewart and Vera Miles.... May 27 at 2:30 and 5: "Mister Roberts" (1954), with Henry Fonda and James Cagney.... May 28 and May 30 at 1 and 3:30: "Gypsy" (1962), with Rosalind Russell and Natalie Wood.... ¶ Starting May 31, showings at 2:30 and 5: A documentary on the career of former President Dwight D. Eisenhower.... **NOTE:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Way West," Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
CASINO ROYALE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII. (On Tuesday, May 30, the telecast of the Indianapolis Speedway race will be shown, starting at 11:30 A.M.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
From May 26: "A Guide for the Married Man," Walter Matthau, Robert Morse.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Barefoot in the Park," Robert Redford, Jane Fonda.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"There Was an Old Couple" (in Russian).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 30: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From May 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 30: **FUNERAL IN BERLIN**; and "Arabesque," revival, Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren.
From May 31: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March; and "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn, Virna Lisi.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
May 25: "The Happening" Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.
From May 26: "A Guide for the Married Man," Walter Matthau, Robert Morse.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE JOKERS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Honey Pot," Rex Harrison, Susan Hayward.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
May 25: **THE WAGES OF FEAR** (in French and English), revival.
From May 26: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
CASINO ROYALE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"El Greco," Mel Ferrer.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 30: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 31 (tentative): "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through May 30: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.
From May 31: "Vali," Vali Myers.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 29: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival; and "Night Games" (in Swedish), Ingrid Thulin.
From May 30: "Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE HUNT (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda; and "Fort Utah," John Ireland, Virginia Mayo.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"A King's Story," a documentary based on the memoirs of the Duke of Windsor.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music" Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through May 30: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 31: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 26: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian), revival; and "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
May 27-29 (last showing on May 29 at 2:40): **SHANE**, revival; and **DUCK SOUP**, revival.
May 29 at 7, 8:30, and 10: Underground movies.
May 30-31: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **SIX OF A KIND**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 30: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and **LORD LOVE A DUCK**, revival.
From May 31: "The Greatest Story Ever Told," revival, Max von Sydow; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 25: **M** and "The Eternal Mask" (both in German and both revivals).
May 26: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival.
May 27: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** and **MAYERLING** (both in French and both revivals).
May 28: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**, revival; and **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, revival.
May 29: **OPEN CITY** and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (both in Italian and both revivals).
May 30: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); and "The Eagle" (silent), Rudolph Valentino, Vilma Banky.
May 31: "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Strangers in the House" (in French), revival, Raimu.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 30: **LA VIE DE CHÂTEAU** (in French).
From May 31 (tentative): **PERSONA** (in Swedish).

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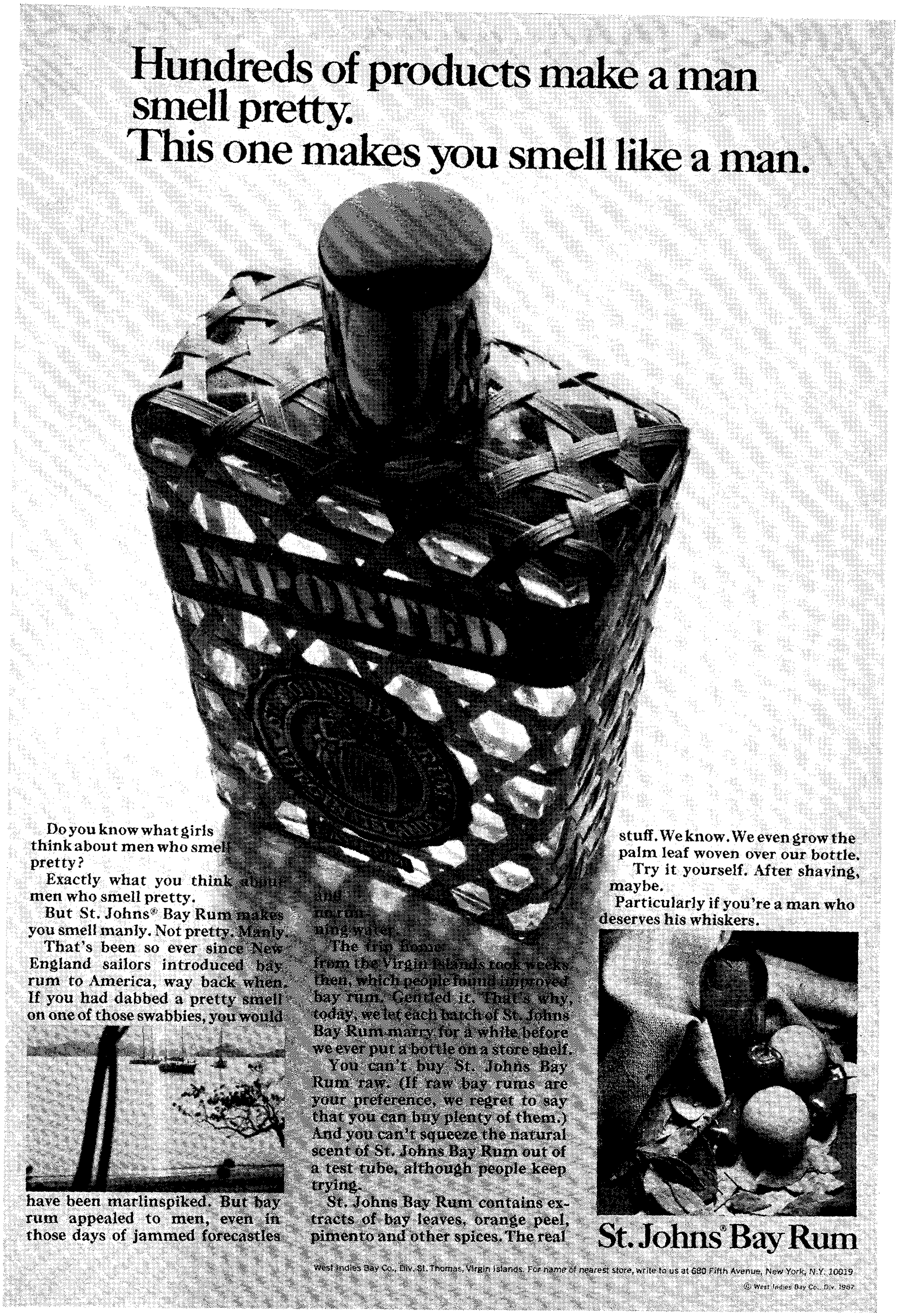

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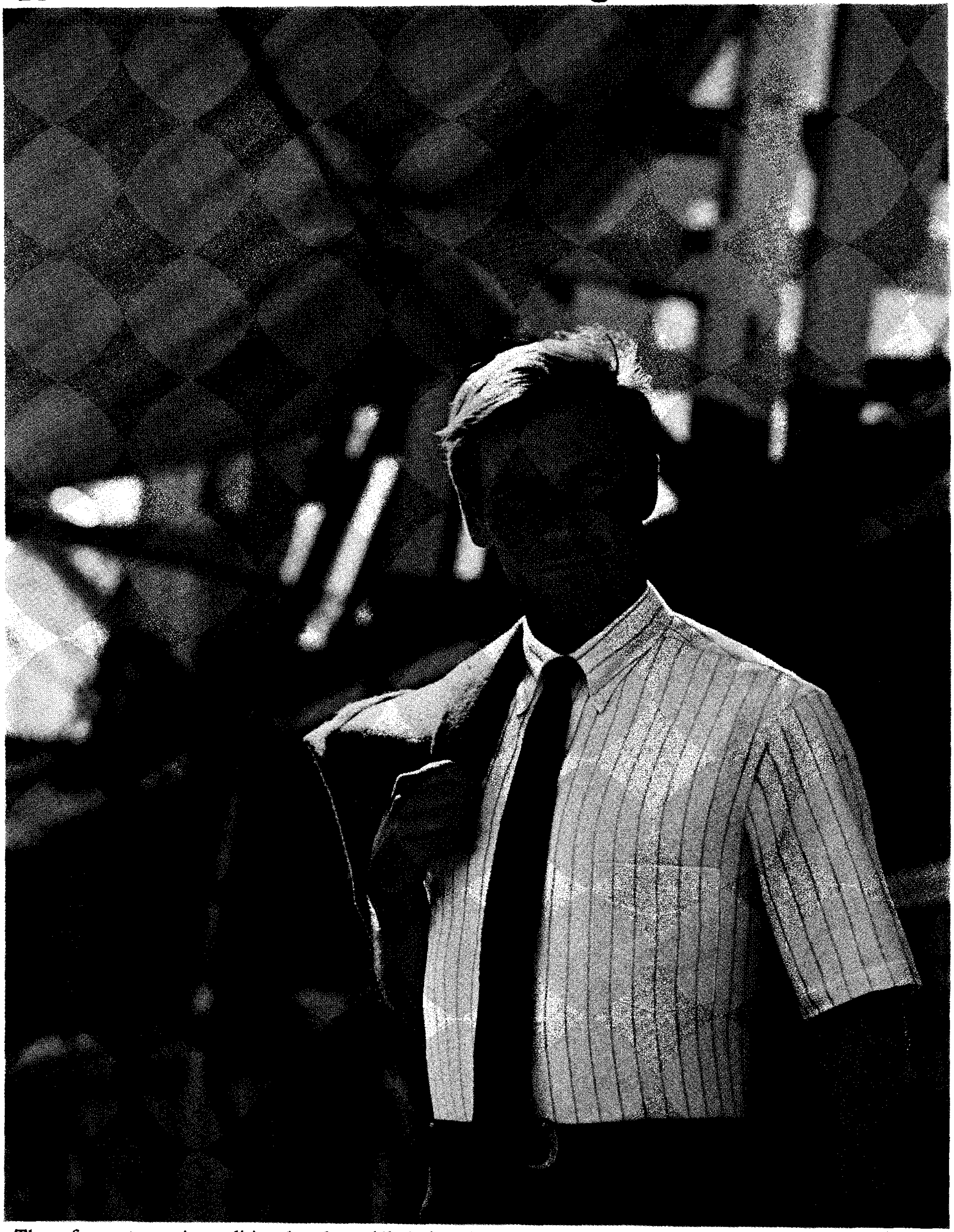

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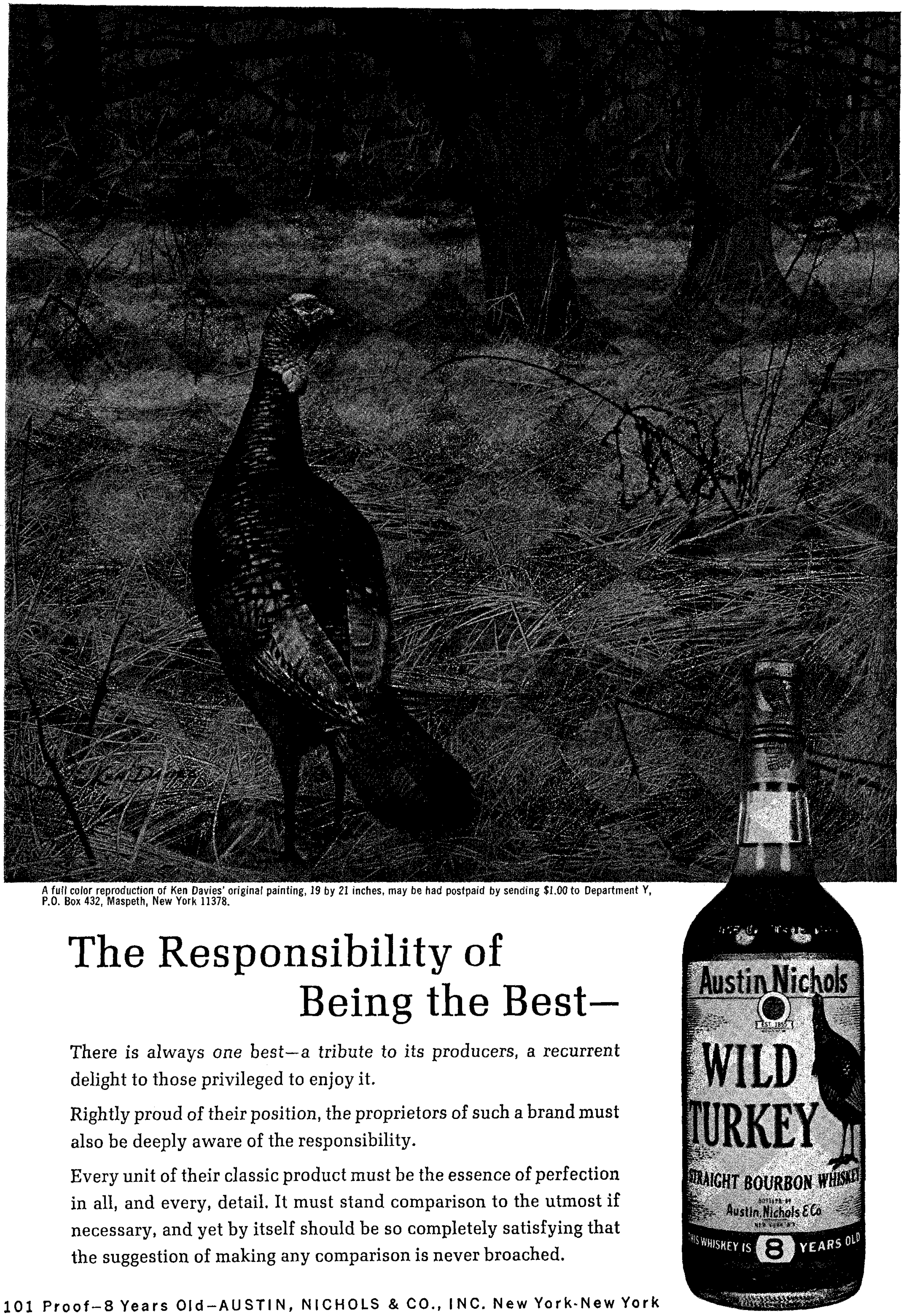
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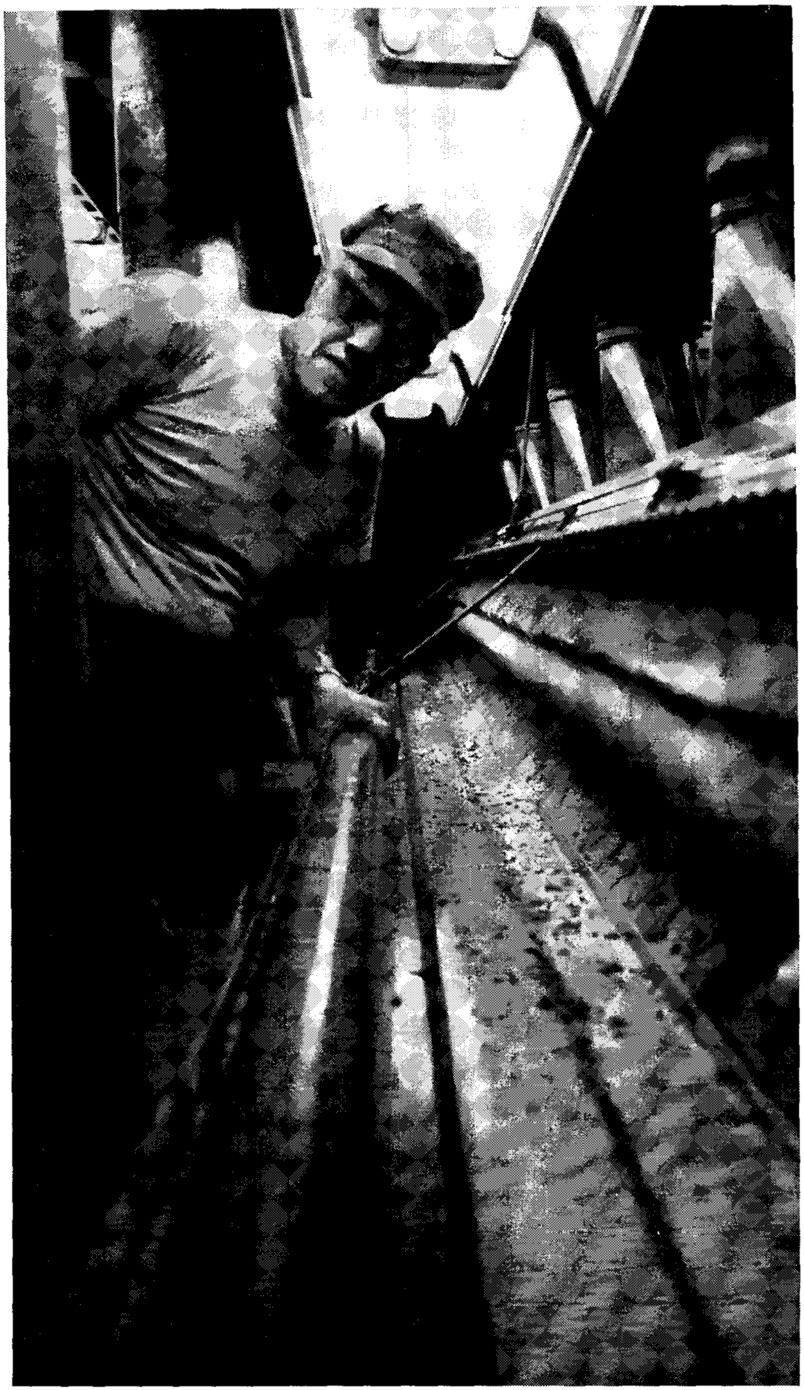

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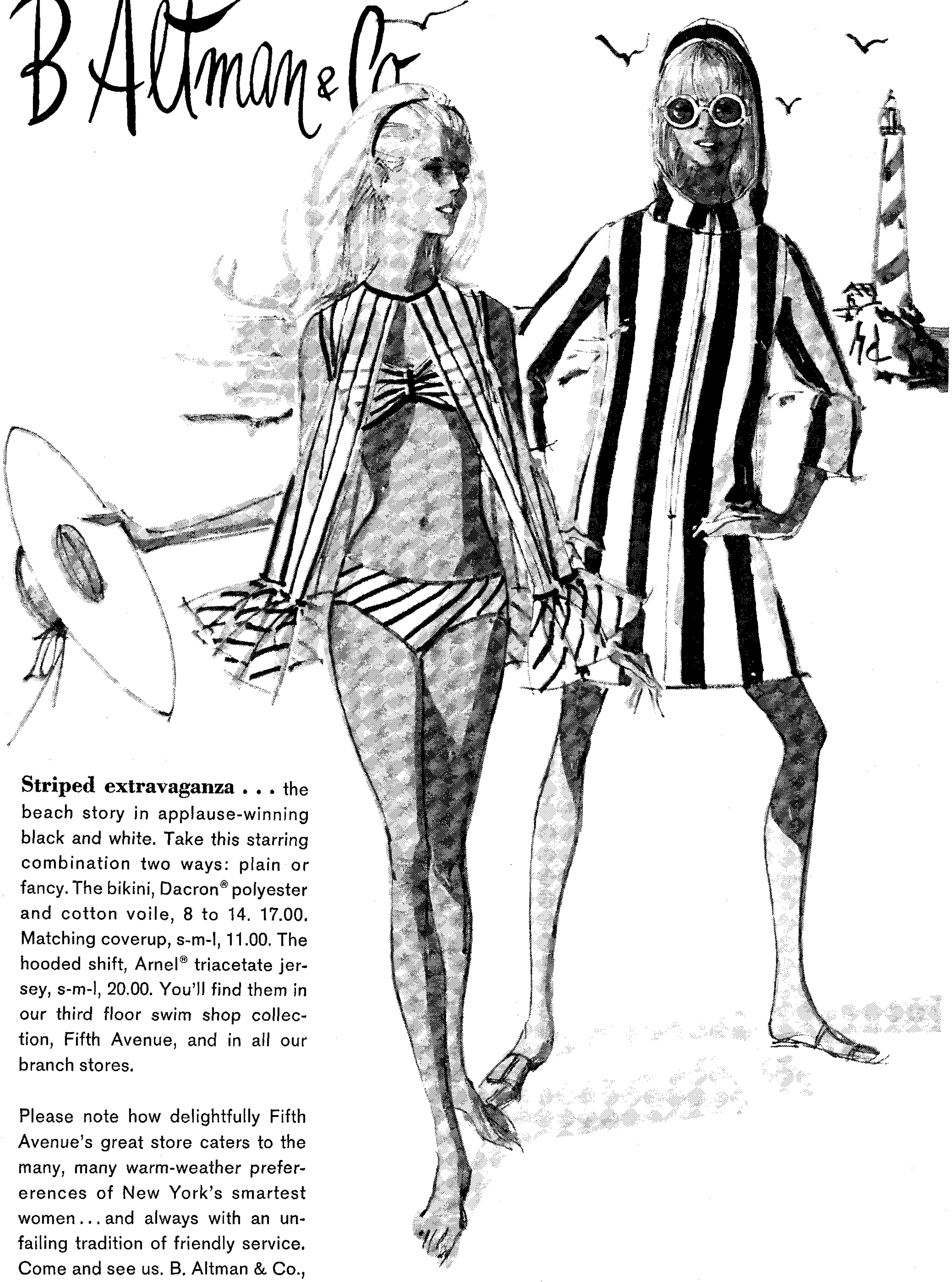

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were interested to read in the *Times* the other day that the military junta in Greece seized power by employing "a general-staff contingency plan drawn up under NATO and envisioning war with a Communist country." The plan—its code name was Prometheus—was over ten years old, we read, and it had been hatched not to promote *coups d'état* but to prevent them. In any event, as the world now knows, it worked like a charm in Greece, repelling no Communist invader but, rather, making possible a home-grown *Putsch* by a clique of military officers. Their takeover leaves us wondering how many variations of Prometheus lie locked in chancelleries everywhere—treasured secret blueprints for warding off the decline of nations. How alert and prophetic the conjurers of such blueprints must feel! At the moment, though, we suspect, their morale may be down, for it takes an episode like the overthrow of the Greek government to remind them of the great occupational hazard that bedevils those who would spend their time forecasting the course of history; namely, thinking big. Thus, in our opinion, it was grandeur of outlook that drove NATO's planners to conceive of Greece's future peril in terms of international war, occupation by a Red Army, and, for all we know, nuclear bombings. It would never have done, apparently, for NATO's prognosticators to have contemplated a contingency that took into account a collection of colonels who had grown bored and restless with ruling their barracks, who were fed up with the cumbersome ways of constitutional government, and who had become boiling mad over a state of affairs that tolerated bearded boys and miniskirted girls. No, it would never have done for NATO to have guessed along such lines. It might have seemed unrealistic. It might have suggested that the eventual application of Prometheus would simply prove that daily life is lived locally, narrowly, immediately.

The Colossus

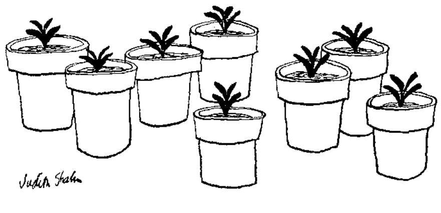
OUR old friend Arthur C. Clarke, who has been called "the colossus of science fiction" and whose latest project was a collaboration with Stanley Kubrick on the screenplay for Kubrick's forthcoming movie, "2001: A Space Odyssey," recently paid one of his periodic calls to the city, and we lost little time in going to see him at his base camp in the Hotel Chelsea. After a friendly hello, he showed us an almost incredibly splendid color photograph made on one of the Gemini flights and depicting Ceylon, where Clarke lives a good part of the year, and then, digging into a manila envelope, he produced a set of black-and-white photographs of the moon that had been taken on a recent flight of Orbiter III. "Look at them very carefully," he told us.

For a full minute, all we could make out was a stern lunar landscape. Then we suddenly realized that in the middle of the area there was an object of a definitely terrestrial character. We remarked on the fact to Clarke.

"Exactly!" he said. "It is the first photograph of a man-made object lying on the moon—Surveyor I, as seen by Orbiter III. And in all the publicity about space these photographs attracted hardly any attention. Had you seen them?"

We said we had not.

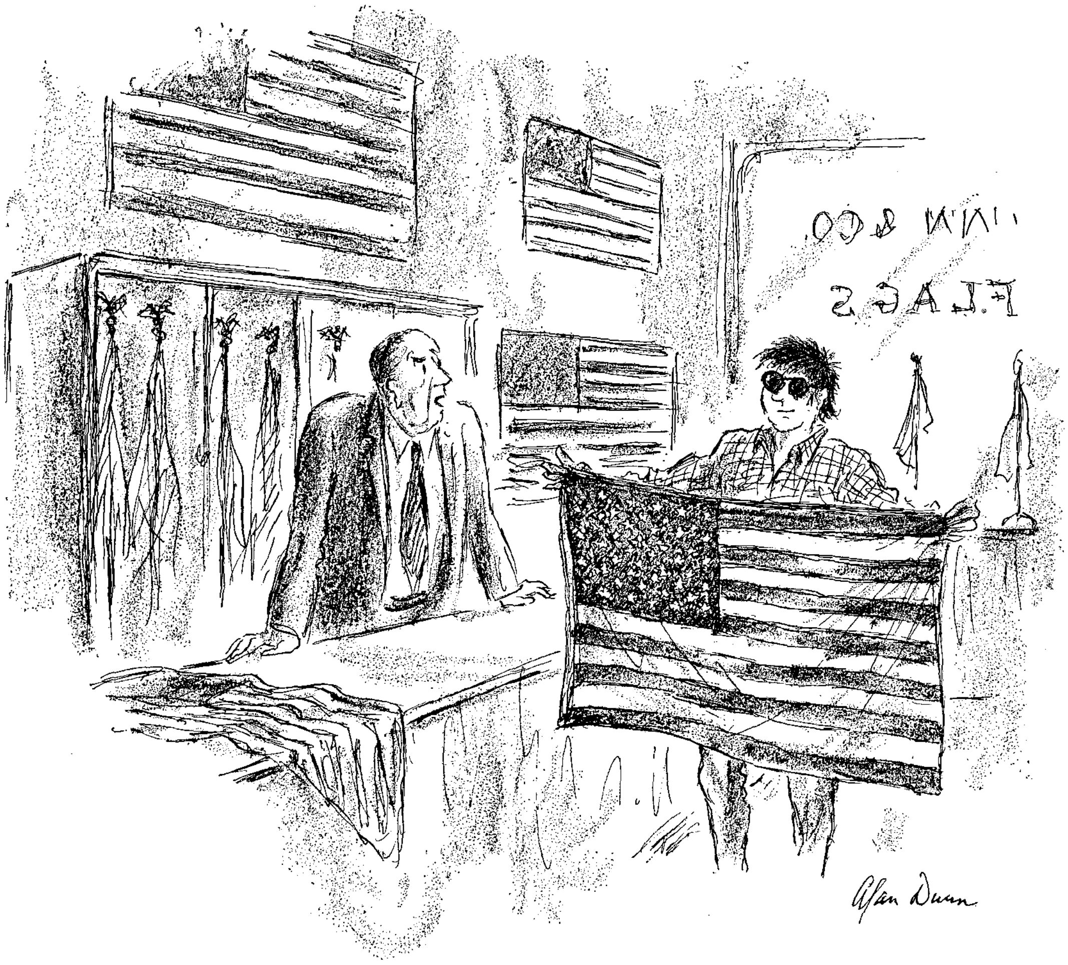
Clarke continued, "I came to the United States to give the keynote address in Washington at the Fifth Goddard Memorial Symposium, which is sponsored by the American Astronautical Society. The symposium was about planetary voyages. I shook the audience up by insisting that we *must* have manned flights to the planets. All that the unmanned flights will do is drive us crazy with frustration until we can get someone up there to find out what is really going on." A recent poll of American scientists, he said, showed that about five per cent thought that manned flight would have no scientific value, and he went on, "I can understand how someone might think that it wasn't worth the money to send people up there. But any scientist who said that it had no scientific value is—and you can quote me—a fully paid-up, card-carrying moron. Can you imagine Darwin's discovering the theory of evolution if all he saw sent back from the voyage of the Beagle were a few blurred television pictures? In any case, the human race needs new psychological hunting grounds. We need adventure, wonder, and romance to survive."



While we were contemplating these ideas and trying to figure out just where we stood on manned space travel, Clarke said, changing the subject, "I'm off to Dallas soon for a conference on the commercial uses of outer space. I'm going to be master of ceremonies at the award banquet. One of the speakers at the conference will be Barron Hilton, who is going to describe the Hilton Orbiter Hotel. In our movie '2001' we have a Hilton hotel in orbit. After that, I'm going to address the American Institute of Architects on the future of technology—the use of Comsats, the dispersal of the earth's population into currently uninhabitable regions, and all that sort of thing. Mayor Lindsay and Marshall McLuhan are also going to speak."

The phone rang, and Clarke jumped up to get the call. He came back and said, "I'm late already. We can continue in the elevator."

We hastily recovered our coat and



"Mind if I ask just what you intend to do with it?"

• •

accompanied him to a taxi. He was still talking about the future.

Games People Play

LIKE most New Yorkers, we consider ourself to be a connoisseur of crisis, and when we heard that a group of concerned citizens was staging a "Design-In" on the Mall in Central Park, we rushed over to see what new outrages were being brought to light. It turned out to be a fairly Establishmentarian sort of protest—a three-day exhibition (sponsored by the School of Arts of New York University, the New York Chapter of the Industrial Designers Society of America, and the Department of Parks) aimed at the crisis of ugliness and inefficiency in the urban environment. Aside from the title itself—which struck us as a major contribution to ugliness in the linguistic environment—the most exciting part of the Design-In was a run-through of Simpolis, a Metro Game, an attempt to re-create all the confusion and chaos of urban living on a twenty-five-hundred-square-foot "board," with human players making up all their moves as they go along, just as city dwellers do in real life. Simpolis is the brainchild of Dr. Clark C. Abt, the thirty-seven-year-old president of Abt Associates, a Cambridge think factory that has organized "transportation games" for the Department of Commerce, "diplomatic games" for the State Department, and "counter-insurgency games" for the Pentagon. The Simpolis board—a grid pattern of sixteen symmetrical city "neighborhoods," with cardboard-carton seats instead of buildings—had been set up inside a large nylon sausage erected on the northern end of the Mall; the sausage was kept inflated by an air-blower poked through one wall, and the atmosphere inside was every bit as cold and muggy as the atmosphere outside. The participants in the game are supposed to be people familiar with the workings of city government and eager to learn more about the give-and-take of political bargaining under the stress of simulated crises, but during the exhibition the game was open to anyone who happened to drop in, and the first—unscheduled—crisis occurred when six very small and very dirty children entered the sausage structure and sat down in the simulated "Commercial District" on chairs reserved for "Theatre and Shop Owners."

One of Dr. Abt's associates tried to brief them on the situation. "This game is for grownups, you see," he said. "I don't think it's a game you'd enjoy very much."

"Yeah, well, how do you play it?" a little girl in a grimy T-shirt wanted to know.

"It's about negotiating and politics and things like that."

A few moments later, the young children were hustled out of Simpolis and the adults were free to begin their game.

The role of Mayor of Simpolis had been reserved for Steven Isenberg, a young man in a chalk-striped suit who in real life works for the City Bureau of the Budget. Mayor Isenberg's Cabinet included a tough-minded Police Commissioner (played by a visiting alderman from Chicago named Leon Despres), a technical-minded Traffic Commissioner (played by a local industrial designer named Ronald Adams), and a liberal-minded School Board Chairman (played by one of Mayor Lindsay's intense young assistants, who refused to reveal his name on the ground that his participation in the Simpolis game might jeopardize his real-life career). A twenty-year-old Sarah Lawrence junior named Christina Barnes volunteered for the role of White Middle-Class Parent—"That was the part I thought I could do best," she confessed ruefully—and her escort, Robert Lea, a scholar of Semitic languages, accepted an assignment as chieftain of one of Simpolis's crime syndicates. The leadership of the rival mob went to Miss Loni Levy, a recent graduate of the University of Buffalo. There were fifty roles in all, each governed by a set of instructions called a "role profile" and representing a wide variety of population groupings, non-partisan civic organizations, and major political institutions, and these were parcelled out to the assembled players in a kind of informal auction. One of Dr. Abt's associates would hold up a role-profile sheet and inquire, "Would anyone like to play a Unitarian Minister? Would anyone like to play a Slumlord? Would anyone like to play a Newspaper Columnist?" When everyone had settled into a congenial role, Dr. Abt explained that the rules of the game were really quite simple.

The players were to move around on the "streets" and "avenues" between the blocks of cardboard chairs, trying to gain the economic and political objectives that their game-personae would presumably pursue in real life. A lapel badge identifying each person's role was to be worn. "You can lie, cheat, and steal in this game," Dr. Abt said, "but you can't conceal your game identity. If any disputes arise, I am the referee. The game has now begun."

Urban life in Simpolis got off to a rather slow start. The Mayor and his Cabinet made brief speeches over the City Hall microphone, outlining the goals of their administration. Three girls in bright spring suits who were representing Theatre and Shop Owners started to applaud the liberal sentiments expressed by the School Board Chairman, and then caught themselves red-handed, as it were. "Oops, we're supposed to be against that kind of talk," one of them said, trying to look conservative.

As soon as the introductory speeches were completed, Dr. Abt and his associates began issuing a series of "crisis bulletins." The transport workers were about to go on strike; an airliner had crashed within city limits, killing a hundred and twenty-seven residents; a temperature inversion was building up a hazardous smog condition; a run-down slum school had burned to the ground, and the largely Negro student population had to be relocated immediately. The school crisis seemed to spur the quickest response. A coalition of players representing Black Poor Parents and Students and the major Civil Rights Groups organized a march on City Hall to demand the rebuilding of the school in a white neighborhood and the busing of black students into already existing white schools. A counter-coalition of White Middle-Class Parents and Conservative Political Interests began demonstrating against any form of busing or redrawing of school districts, and the Teachers' Union, under the dynamic leadership of James Friar—in real life a tenth-grade student at the Walden School—took the opportunity to threaten a work stoppage in *all* schools unless its demands for higher wages and better teaching conditions were met. Meanwhile, the Levy Mob was wandering all over the board, offering its muscle power to the highest bidder. "They're beginning to mix now," Dr. Abt said happily.

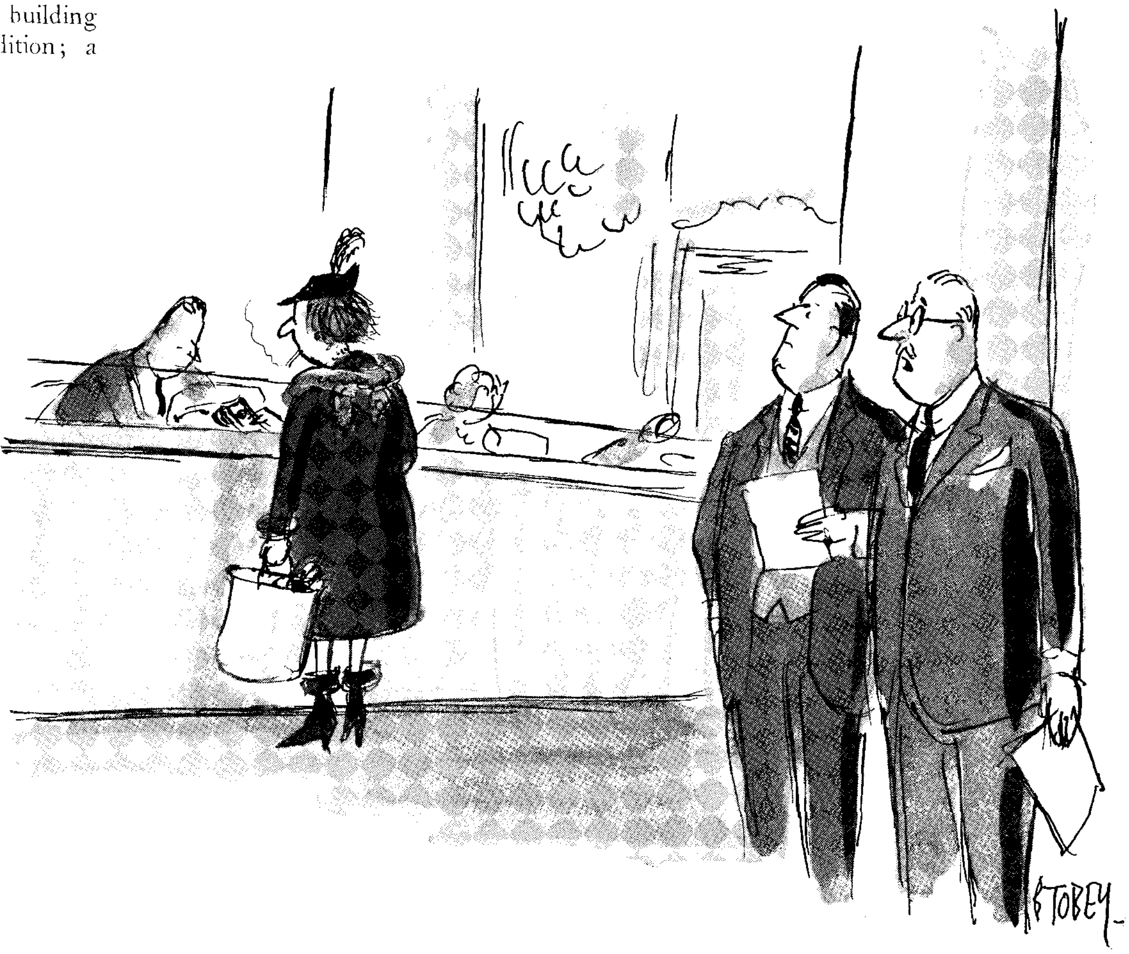
As the crises increased in number and intensity, the pace of the game grew more and more frenzied. Players ignored the official streets and avenues and started hopping from neighborhood to neighborhood, knocking over chairs and creating a realistic traffic mess; other players wrestled for control of the two available microphones, although no one listened to those who spoke anyway. We also noticed that as the action quickened the number of players, paradoxically, seemed to get smaller and smaller.

"Aren't some of the people sneaking out?" we asked Dr. Abt.

"Yes, thank God," he said.

According to Dr. Abt's game plan, the Simpolis exercise was supposed to culminate in a three-way mayoralty election, pitting the middle-of-the-road incumbent against the School Board Chairman and the Police Commissioner. But when the election campaign got under way, the head of the Teachers' Union announced that he was running as an independent candidate on something called the SURP ticket. (A reliable source close to the candidate revealed that the acronym stood for the "Students' United Rebellion Party," which had been formed a year ago to "protect students' rights" at Robert Wagner Junior High School. "The administration there was very totalitarian," the source said. "We didn't have much power, but our membership was very widespread. We had the whole ninth grade organized.") The three "official" standard-bearers made their campaign speeches, with each promising to do his best to govern Simpolis honestly and efficiently. The SURP candidate spoke last, and his message was more to the point: "Vote for me, and I promise to make good on all the promises that I made to everyone earlier," he said frankly. Voting was by hand count, and the final tally showed fifteen hands for James Friar of SURP, fourteen for the incumbent, thirteen for the School Board Chairman, and four for the Police Commissioner. Friar complimented the voters on their good sense, and Dr. Abt declared that the game was over.

We asked the Doctor (who holds a Ph.D. in political science from



"She may not be Chemical's image of 'The New York Woman,' but she deposits a hell of a lot of money."

M.I.T.) if he was satisfied with the outcome. "Well, I expected to see more efforts at coalition building and not so many public demonstrations," he said. "And I thought the Mayor would be reëlected. But we had mostly amateur players tonight."

We asked if that wasn't somewhat similar to real-life politics, and Dr. Abt smiled, as if to say that any similarity between Simpolis and any other American city, dead or alive, was purely conjectural.

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DISH No. 140 on the menu of the Harbin Inn, at Broadway and 100th Street, is called Buddhist Fast and will set you back two dollars and thirty-five cents.

Marcher

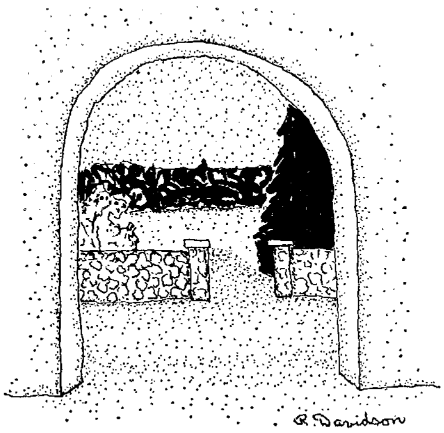
WHEN we heard that Cesar Chavez, the man who organized the Delano, California, grape-pickers' strike, was in town, we recalled that in March, 1966, Mr. Chavez had led sixty-five striking grape pickers, joined eventually by ten thousand sympathizers, three hundred miles, from Delano to Sacramento—the longest major protest march in recent memory—and we decided he was the ideal person to talk with about the current state of American protest. We met Mr. Chavez after a 10:30 P.M. television interview (he had arrived on a noon plane, and had already survived an interview, three speeches, and a reception) outside Channel 13's basement studio, at 345 East Forty-sixth Street. We had expected, if not a Mexican-American Lenin, at least a young, hard, intense man bristling with revolutionary zeal. Instead, we found Mr. Chavez to be a stocky man of forty, about five feet seven, with Indian features, brown skin darkened by television makeup, and a pleasant, earnest manner. He wore a blue cardigan, much like a high-school varsity sweater, with two white bands around the left sleeve, and a yellow-gray plaid sports shirt, gray slacks, and scuffed black shoes. His feet and hands were conspicuously small. On the left breast of his sweater was a red-on-black button that read "Delano—Grapes of Wrath."

Mr. Chavez led us upstairs to an empty two-room office. The outer room had a big tiger skin on the floor, and the inner room, in which we settled, contained a map of Africa, several African wood carvings, and a red fez; from the inner room we could see the United Nations and two big red neon signs on the Queens shore. As we sat down, Mr. Chavez said with surprise, "All of a sudden I have a terrible craving for candy." Then he grasped the arms of his chair and leaned forward for our first question.

We asked him about the New Left.

"I don't know what the New Left is," he said, with a very slight Spanish accent. "But I do know there's a tremendous change going on in this country. There are things happening in America, such as anti-war rallies and civil-rights demonstrations, that no one has ever seen before. There are very few countries in which such things *could* happen, but they *can* happen here, and that's what gives our system its strength. In most countries, all change goes in the other direction, and eventually you end up with an armed revolution. The beautiful thing here is that it's happening in an orderly way." He smiled, then continued, "One reason for the protest—of course, it's not the only reason, but I think it's a contributing factor—is that our kids are taught in school about justice and equality; then they find out the world isn't run by justice and equality, and they want to do something about it. Another reason is simply the level of sophistication that our society has attained. Of course, the people who protest now aren't ideological. They're protesting against regimentation, so how could they be ideological?"

We asked Mr. Chavez whether activism had really replaced ideology, and he said he thought it had. Then he cocked his head to one side and said, "The trouble with activists is that movements grow old for them very quickly, and they move on." But he added that in his own experience the current activists have much in their favor. "These students are the first people who have ever come to us without a hidden agenda," he said. "They just want to help us—to be servants—and that's a really beautiful thing. In the past, the people who have come to us have always been ideological, and they have always had a hidden agenda; they have said, 'We'll help you if you believe in our ideology.' The trouble with ideologies is that they make politics the most important thing, and they make people lose sight of the *human* values."



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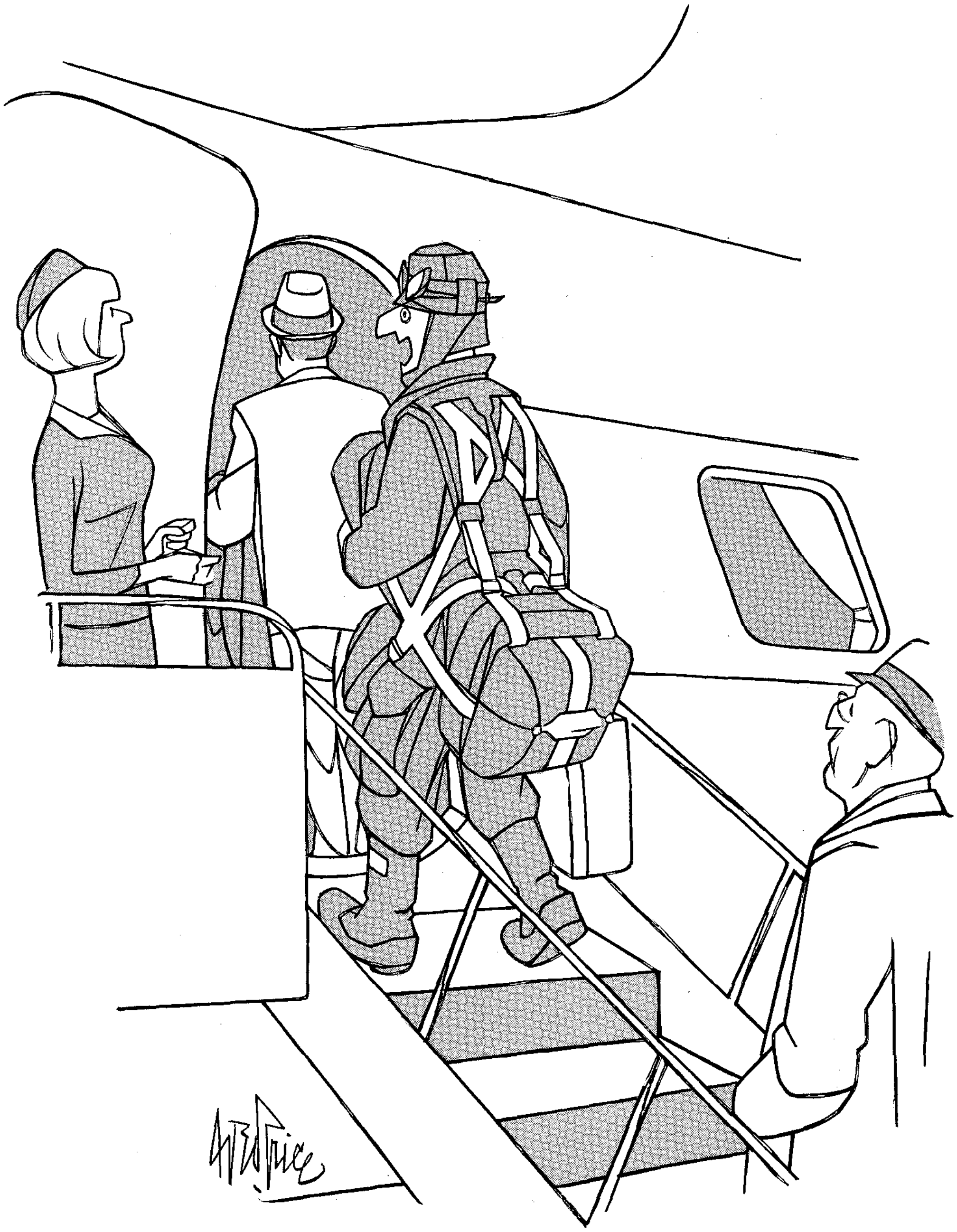
OVERHEARD on the corner of Fifty-seventh and Park, one young matron to another: "So long, Susan. I'm off to Bloomingdale's to exchange a mouse."

Ignition Control

WE continue to be impressed by the Daedalian ingenuity of the Police Department, which over the past nine months has managed to keep the midtown area relatively free of illegally parked cars—first by using forty yellow tow trucks borrowed from the Department of Sanitation and then forty-two brand-new green tow trucks of its own—and which has recently devised a method of taking illegally parked cars to the pound without using tow trucks at all. The new method is based on a small device known as an Ignition Control Unit, or I.C.U., which was developed by the Department's Motor Transport Unit. (The idea of a unit's developing a unit apparently doesn't bother the Police Department.) Essentially, an I.C.U. is an electrical device that substitutes for the wiring that connects a motor vehicle's battery, starter, and ignition coil and creates an alternate circuit by means of which the engine can be started without a key. The principle itself is not new, but the I.C.U. that has been devised by the Police Department is a fairly advanced instrument. It consists of a small red metal box from which three insulated cables extend, rather like the tentacles of a spindly squid. At the end of one cable is a large red clip that looks a bit like the claw of a cooked lobster, and at the end of each of the other cables is a smaller clawlike clip, one red, the other black. The large red clip must be attached to the battery's positive terminal, the small red clip to the coil, and the small black clip to the starter solenoid. In the center of the red box is a shiny button, and when it is pressed—if everything goes well—the engine starts.

Problems remain, of course. For one thing, a police officer cannot always find the three key points. The battery and the coil are usually accessible, but the starter is sometimes out of reach; in older Saabs, for instance, getting at the starter means crawling under the car, which few policemen seem inclined to do. In such cases, the I.C.U. is not used. Even if the I.C.U. is usable, an officer still must get inside what is generally a locked car. To facilitate this operation, the Motor Transport Unit has come up with two more devices—simple implements based on the hook principle—that are designed to open a vent window, after which an interior handle can be reached and the door opened. After the engine has been started and a policeman has managed to get into the driver's seat, still another complication can arise: some cars have steering-wheel locks, against which no amount of daedal determination will prevail without breaking something. A typical I.C.U. operation is carried out as follows: A driver, along with two men equipped with I.C.U.s, gets into a radio car and goes on patrol. When one of the men sees an illegally parked vehicle, the radio car stops. The driver gets out, fills in a green parking ticket, and puts it on the vehicle's windshield. If the vehicle is not amenable to removal by means of an I.C.U., one of the men radios headquarters and calls for a tow truck. If the vehicle *is* amenable to removal, one of the men gets out, hooks up an I.C.U., gets into the vehicle, and drives it to the pound. This procedure is repeated until no one is left in the radio car but the driver, who drives back to his headquarters and picks up a new team.

Critics might question the propriety of the Police Department's carrying on in this fashion, but the fashion is quite legal, since the law that lets the city deal forcibly with illegally parked cars does not specify that it must tow them away but simply empowers it to "remove" them. The towaway program, which at first was handled by Safety Unit B, is now being run by the Parking Enforcement Squad, or P.E.S., which was formed on March 29th and now has a staff of two hundred and twenty-four men. Mayor Lindsay recently expanded the area from which vehicles can be towed or driven away; it now runs from Twenty-third Street to Seventy-second Street, river to river. The car pound has been moved from the ramshackle Pier 74, at Thirty-fourth Street and Twelfth Avenue, to the newer and sturdier Piers 95 and 96, at Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Streets. Forty-five thousand cars have been removed from the streets, one way or another, since September 16th, when the campaign began. During the past month, more than two hundred cars have been brought in each day—about seventy-five per cent of them by tow truck and the rest with the aid of I.C.U.s. Even when a car has been driven in, its owner is required to pay, in addition to a parking ticket, a twenty-five-dollar towing fee—an anomaly that he is free to ponder as he makes out his check.



"When I fly, Miss, I dress for flying."

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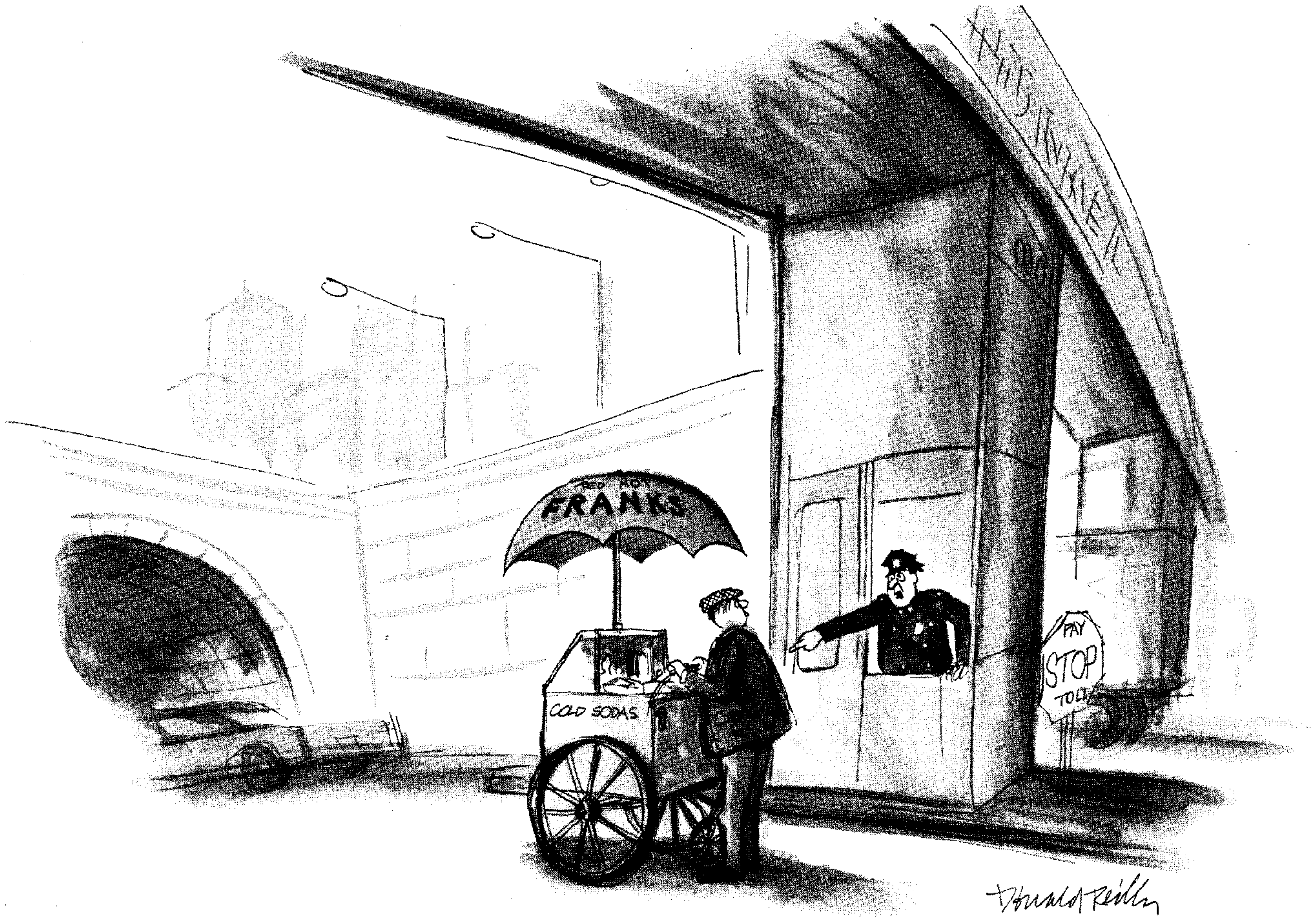
Under-Achiever

A FRIEND of ours who plies the mysterious trade of English instructor at an Eastern state university received the following memorandum from a colleague in the School of Education:

> Miss R—— W——, one of your counselees, is currently in my section of Educational Psychology. Her responses in class and her test behavior indicate the probability of failure. The problem seems to be that *she is trying.* I don't think that she can do any better. Please advise her to generate non-teaching goals.

Paper at the Lotos

WE found on our desk the other day a small piece of something that was not quite cloth but was embroidered and colored (quite nicely, in purple and gold) in rather a cloth-ish way. It was accompanied by a note (on writing paper from the Murray Hill Hotel) from a young friend of ours. "SEE PAPER SARIS," it said. "*Newly Emergent Underground Starlets.* Playing at the Lotos Club. NOW." We immediately saw that the cloth-ish ar-



"You got a perfect right to move your business to Jersey if you want, pal, but you can't push that thing through the tunnel."

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ticle was not (as we had vaguely supposed) a fancy napkin but, rather, a tiny corner of a paper sari, which we carefully folded and put in the usually unadorned breast pocket of our sadly conventional (cloth) jacket before setting off for the Lotos Club, on East Sixty-sixth Street, off Fifth Avenue. The clubhouse was built in the French Renaissance style in 1900 by the architect Richard H. Hunt as a private house for William Jay Schieffelin, and very elaborately, too. We spent a while admiring its baroque façade and reading its New York Community Trust plaque (which explains about Richard H. Hunt and William Jay Schieffelin), until we noticed that our friend was standing in the doorway. He was very eager to get us upstairs in time to see the paper sari make its official début. "The models wearing the paper saris are poised at the top of the staircase, which curves, of course, in a suitably dramatic way," he explained. "There is to be a short, dramatic, hard-hitting speech, and then the girls, all of whom I know personally, will sweep down the stairs, breaking a strip of paper-sari material that has been placed across the bottom of the staircase to add suspense, and the paper sari will be officially introduced. It would not do," he added, "to miss it."

We did not miss it, and had, indeed, some time to survey the party and be introduced to several people by our friend. Among them were John and Jeffrey and Brother Tom, who sing ("They have an almost *minstrel* effect," our friend said), and Robert Margouleff, who is producing a movie called "Ciao Manhattan." He introduced us to his star, Susan Hoffman, who was dancing, more or less alone, to the almost minstrel music being produced at that moment by John and Jeffrey and Brother Tom. She explained that she was playing a wealthy post-débutante—a socialite *cum* painter *cum* fashion editor. Mr. Margouleff said that he was at the club trying to shoot a scene ("The U.N. Party"), and that he had shot other scenes at the Allied Chemical Tower, the Central Park Zoo, and The Cloisters. He also said that he had recently finished a short subject for Paramount about sailing catamarans, and that he had learned about making films in the Army.

Our friend now told us that the girls were *really* poised, and that there was no point in seeing the proceedings at all if you didn't get a good spot to watch from, so we headed back to the stairway. There, a man named Philip Zito, who is not an Indian but is the sales-promotion manager for Air India, told the assemblage that the girls were about to come down. He also said that the paper sari was a blend of the old and the new, so to speak, and that Indian music is really In, so why not Indian fashion? He announced the "Birth of the Paper Sari," and three girls came down and broke the strip of paper.

The girls circulated in the crowd, and one of them asked us to touch the material and to tell her if it didn't feel almost just like cloth, which it did. We then learned that the paper sari is made of six yards of Kaycel, which is a new and sophisticated paper fabric, and that it is inexpensive. The saris were very pretty, and everyone admired them. One woman said they were chic, but another woman said they were *plus que chic*, which seemed to be about right.

BILLY BROWN SHOES IN WEST HOLLYWOOD

EVERY so often, here in Cos Cob, I receive a letter from a young actor who resides along the Sunset-Fairfax axis of Los Angeles, and who seems poised on a knife-edge between the Electronic Age and the old specialized left-to-right culture most of us were brought up in. Here is the latest:

DEAR FRANK:

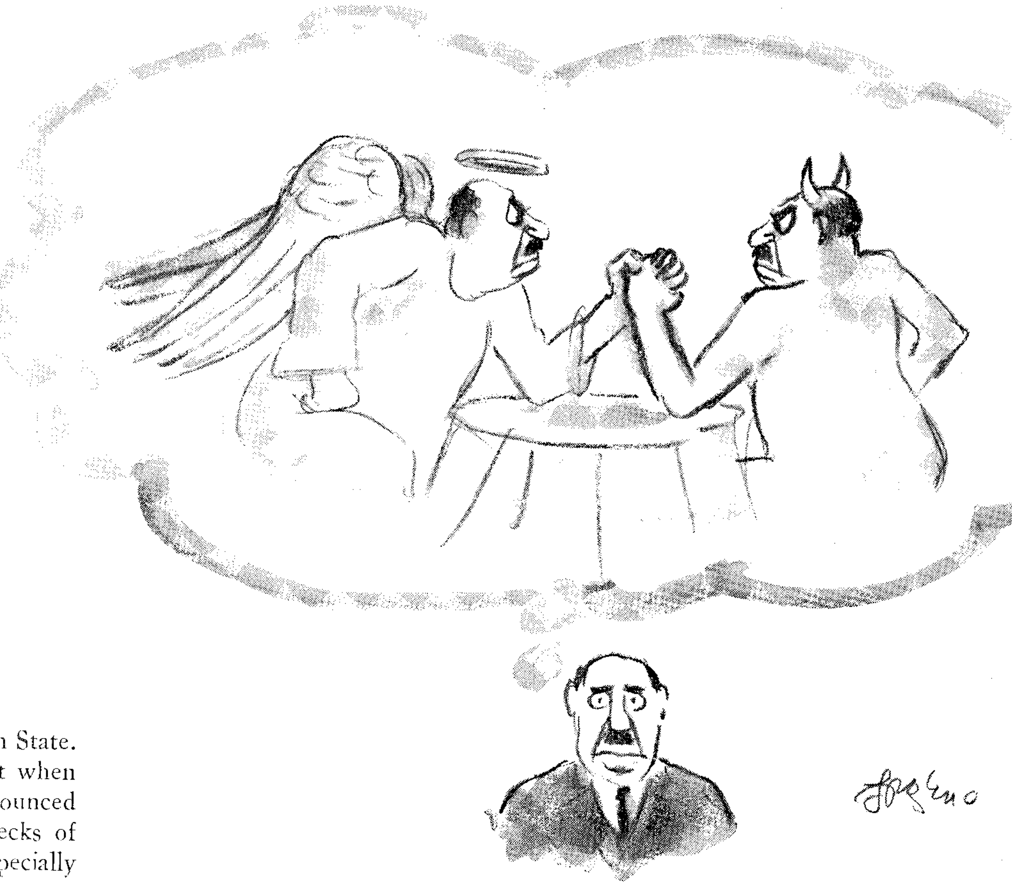
Hey, thanks for the check, buddy. I've had this little problem with blocked currency, but I'll pay you back. Anyway, I got a job. I'm doing a small gig in a little piece of *cinéma vérité* on Back Lot No. 3 at Metro in Culver. When they finally decide what to call it I'll clue you in so you can catch it in your local hardtop or ozoner, as it opens to rave reviews and does a socko 18 Gs in its initial stanza. I promise—and I'm giving you the straights now—that once I collect the bread from this score I'll never sell out again. From here on in it's Antonioni, Godard, Warhol, or nothing.

What else? Well, I've been in the gloom bag again, like when I was sleeping in that coffin. I mean, everything happens to *me*. Lately I'd been digging this raga music and Tibetan temple horns over listener-sponsored KPFK, 90.7 on your FM dial. Then all of a sudden they were off for two or three nights, and I thought, Wow, *I* did it. I mean not paying the fifteen dollars they ask you to lay on them for just listening. Then suddenly they're back on again at full wattage and in full glory with Afghanistani folk songs, Molière in French, birthday celebrations for Schubert, attacks on the War and Warren, music of the Renaissance, and Radio Free Oz. (The last one is a late-night phoner where this cat Peter counsels all these hungup callers with wisdom of the East and the Hopi Life Plan and Prophecy of Purification and calls everybody "baby.") Finding that I hadn't blacked out Radio Free Oz singlehanded (maybe Toto chewed a cable) made me feel better about the other late news from the Golden State. I mean, how can it be my fault when the state-highway cats here announced they're going to make road checks of automobiles and that they're especially going to look for old cars and those driven by people who dress sloppy? Are you ready for that? Also, a lot of the kids around here have been moving up to Canada. Canada has no draft. I asked this guitar player who's going up there what happens if Saskatchewan is invaded from the north. He says, "The Canadians will call on *you* guys. You're here for everybody."

But let me tell you about the real hangup. Bibi starts coming on strong with this guy Trevor Winston. Thought that would blow your mind. You couldn't have missed seeing at least *three* of his pictures. He's what you call a "bankable" star. There are only eight or ten of them, of which Trevor is about No. 2. Anyway, Bibi, who's been getting some tremendous shots lately in vidseries, starts cruising around town with this up-tight swinger, making the scene at plush niteries like the Daisy, Mateo's, and La Dolce Vita. He's got this Eldorado Fleetwood with a phone, a stereo rig, and a retractable TV set in the back. So I said to her, What's happening, and she says it pays to know people like that and it'll do us both good. But I'm thinking what good will it do me? I'm getting one of these straight middle-class hangups, which is just not like me. But I'll tell you, buddy, one visit to the Haight-Ashbury Sexual Freedom League in S.F. doesn't emancipate you jealousy-wise quite as absolutely and mind-bendingly as you might think.

Not that I ever considered cutting the knot. I know that's middle-class, too. But we did slip into a kind of road-show version of our former great twosome, giving me more free time. A few evenings later, about six like, I'm tooling down the Strip on my Honda Super 90, with those 88 cubes putting out 8 bhp at 9500 rpm. (In case you're wondering where I got the bread for this little red machine, I bought it on time, after my Falcon was totalled.) Anyway, I spot this teeny-bopper, in dungarees with holes in the knees and a peajacket, hitch-hiking near Pandora's Box. Actually, there were a half dozen of them, a kind of Proust's Little Band at Balbec. I just picked her out of the lot. They get out there every afternoon to demonstrate their indifference to capitalism, private ownership, rapid transit, Mr. Brown Shoes, and the whole megalopolitan bag. She's got this long free-pressed blond hair right out of Rumpelstiltskin and that absolutely mind-blowing candid stare. Man, aren't they afraid of anything? Don't they know we could submit them to a fate worse than death—an evening at the Cocoanut Grove, let's say?

Anyway, she settles on the back of the seat and we take off *vroooom!*, with



LOOKING FOR MUSHROOMS AT SUNRISE

When it is not yet day
I am walking on centuries of dead chestnut leaves
In a place without grief
Though the oriole
Out of another life warns me
That I am awake

In the dark while the rain fell
The gold chanterelles pushed through a sleep that was not mine
Waking me
So that I came up the mountain to find them

Where they appear it seems I have been before
I recognize their haunts as though remembering
Another life

Where else am I walking even now
Looking for me

—W. S. Merwin

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my twins making that fine noise, and head for the heart of the film capital of the world. And I'm acting out this racing fantasy. I'm all the great cyclists rolled into one capturing top spot for under-100 cc bikes of Oriental lineage at the Isle of Man and other international Grand Prix bashes, while this chick is hanging on like crazy. And what do I tell Jim McKay over the Wide World of Sports mike when he asks me why I take such chances? *Because I'm afraid of death*, I tell him. Too much! So that's the way it went as we tore right on by "Grand Prix" at the Cinerama Bucky Fuller geodesic-icosahedron Dome at Sunset and Vine, and Wallichs Music City, and Hullabaloo, formerly Earl Carroll's, and I'm popping back on my pipes and sending out a great anti-linear message. Except this chick decided she didn't want to get off at Argyle Ave. after all, so we take in this Limey flick at the Pantages. All about birds and blokes, and how they *do* cut up over there. Outside, afterwards, we stood on the bronze stars in the sidewalk commemorating Sabu and Hugh Herbert, but no vibrations seemed to come through from the past. Then we made one of those stroboscopic mind-bending optical symphonic nerve spasms at Hullabaloo, so loud they're absolutely *tactile*, man, then to The Fifth Estate, hq. for the revolt, where over coffee I start messing with this chick's mind and she ends up messing with mine.

Next morning I take her back to her place, some real funky turn-of-the-century two-story in the Silverlake area she shares with five birds (I pick up that Midlands talk fast) and two unemployable hard-rock guitarists. And so, wheeling back up Vermont, good-day sunshine and all that, I'm beginning to think, Who needs this monogamy bit? Bibi and I have been making it together for nearly six months (which isn't a patch on Sonny and Chér, but it'll do until the real thing comes along) and I start thinking, Who needs her, with her absolutely totally permanent strep throat, eyes that cross when she gets nervous, extra X chromosomes, more rapid pulsebeat, less cold receptors in her legs, and all the rest of the *McCall's* medical-column mystique?

That's what I'm still thinking the next night as I walk across town. Where are my wheels, I can hear you ask. Well, some grass-head I know who lives next door starts fooling around with my bike, doing wheelies, and busts the front suspension. What I'm looking for this particular night is my kid brother, who is making this scene now that he's dropped out of Riverside. They call it "dropping out of the whole rat race." I don't know what he's living off of. I mean I don't know what he *expects* to live off of. The problem with this dropping out is how are we going to get anything done? I mean, who's going to take care of the store? Anyway, I'm thinking I better check up on the kid before I read all about him in a story in the local kept press headed "GIANT NARCO BUST." So I head for the newsstand on Las Palmas where he does all his reading of the *Free Press*, *Minority of One*, *Ramparts*, *Playboy*, *Car and Driver*, and *Hot Boat*. I don't know why they suffer his kind at that spot. He spends three or four hours browsing and never leaves a nickel. Of course the engineers from the Valley come in and furtively buy nudist mags, which helps take up the slack.

Well, he wasn't at Las Palmas, so I legged it out the Strip to his other hangout. I'm going clear out to Whisky A Go Go, which is an out-of-sight place. It is even more out of sight when you try to walk there. The kid usually stands out front there, or down by Sneaky Pete's, and hands out pamphlets headed "Where Is Oswald Now That We Need Him?" or advertising the latest exploit of his band of anarchists, which he calls the Provos. He never goes *in* these places, because it costs three or four bills. I'm getting so pooped I almost stop at Cinematheque 16, but the poster out front reads, "Men in a massage parlor reaching out to each other for love," and I just didn't think I could handle that. Anyway, I finally made it to Whisky and found the kid standing by the door with all the hippies, two or three of which look like they're flying on morning-glory seeds or whatever. So I talk him into splitting the scene and we start hitchhiking back down Sunset, and just like that the Nabs stop us for bumming rides, Section 21957 California Vehicle Code. After they lay the paper on us we go right back to thumbing again.

So this citizen picks us up in a wide-track Pontiac, and right away the kid and I start going at it hot and heavy. What's he going to do for bread, I ask, now that he's lost his scholarship at Riverside? He says private property is a bad bag anyway, and anybody can always pick up enough bread. The Diggers are going to set up a free kitchen down here and dispense meals—he learned all about it at the Love-In at Elysian Park. Then he says, "What are you turning into—Mr. Brown Shoes?" (Now *I'm* Billy Brown Shoes. How quickly you lose it.) I said, I suppose the Provos know all the answers. He says, They know a few, and I said, Yeah, like calling a National Glue Week and then gluing all the Santa Monica phone receivers down. All the while, this guy who picked us up is taking everything in with both ears flapping, and I'm hoping to hell he isn't undercover heat, because they're thick as flies out here. Anyway, the kid putting me down like that got me thinking. Overnight the scene has passed me by. Well, sayonara, bright youth. Bonjour, Compōz Generation.

THE next day I started at Metro. Well, about one like we finish this scene where I'm in this bar and you can probably only see about one-quarter of me because this fender-head keeps leaning into my camera line, but before I can fix that the director says, Print it and we'll move in for closeups after lunch. It'll probably end up on the cutting-room floor anyway. (I'd sure like to *see* that cutting-room floor sometime. I'll bet it's a mess.) So I head for the commissary and I'm noshing it up like mad when what a shock! There's Trevor Winston having a sandwich by himself way over in the corner. He's apparently working in a flick here. That's when I think of this plan. Each day that week I start edging a little closer to his table. To make friends, you know. I want to find out what he's up to with Bibi. Finally, one day, I catch his eye and he smiles back and asks me to join him. The next day he invites me into the Walnut Room, which is where the top brass at Metro eats. Well, one thing leads to another and a few days later he asks me up to his pad on Alpine Drive to play a game of chess. So that night I bum a ride up there with this guy who drives a '38 Packard hearse, which he uses to carry his surfboard in. Anyway, Trevor and I go at it an hour or so and finally when I get him a knight, a rook, and three pawns down he decides to throw in. Once or twice I ask him about Bibi but I get nothing out of him but this throat-clearing and a very strange look. We play another game and I lose. I must have really been shook up about Bibi, because he's such a potzer I swear I could normally tromp him blindfolded with a three-piece handicap.

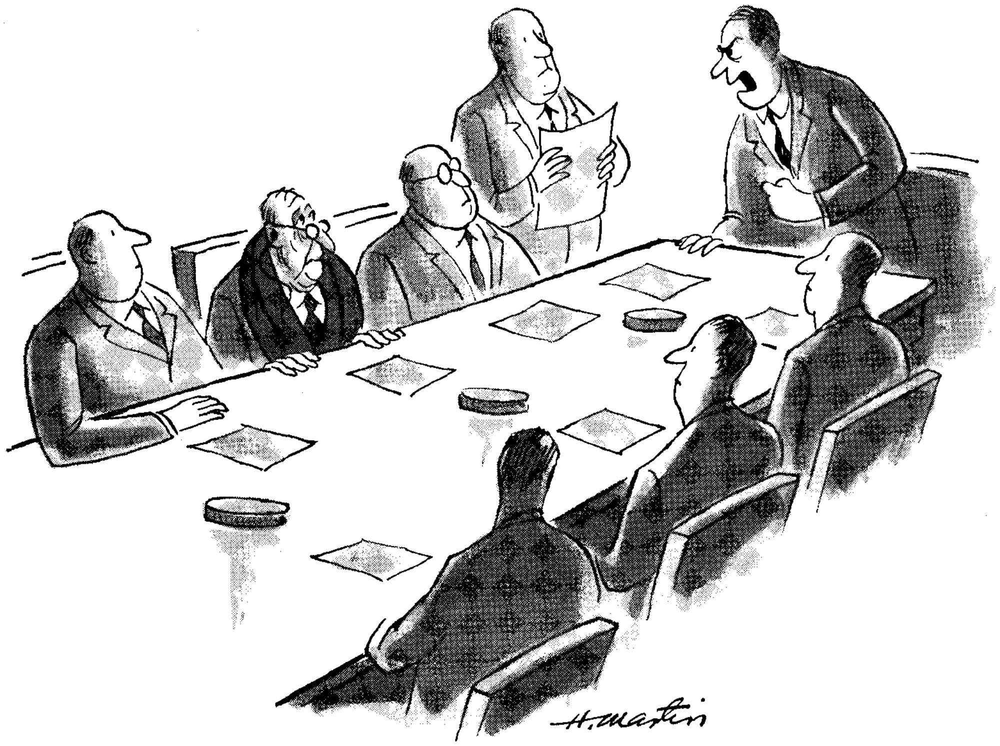
The next day we shoot this scene at Metro, and this time I'm right up front. I've got four lines where I argue with this guy and I throw in a kind of little put-down look, which I learned by watching Leonard Nimoy, who plays Spock the Vulcan on "Star Trek." If they leave that scene in you're gonna hear from me, but with my luck some guy in Developing will ruin it.

Well, I don't even know if I want to eat, the way I've been feeling lately, but I head for the commissary and who's standing out front picking his teeth but Bibi's agent. Got to talking about Trevor and he says Trevor is leaving town in a few days. He'll be gone two weeks and they're going to shoot around him till he gets back.

"What for?" I say, and he says Trevor is getting married.

"Not to Bibi?" I say, with this Walter Brennan quaver.

"No, not Bibi," he says, surprised. "Why Bibi?"



"Damn it, will whoever keeps saying 'Pshaw' please refrain until the treasurer has finished his report?"

• •

I said I thought she was seeing a lot of him.

"Oh, that," he says. "Trevor owed me seven or eight bills on an old contract about five years ago and I told him I'd drop the matter if he'd take this young kid I handle out around town and give her a little exposure and introduce her to a few people."

"How'd he like her?" I say.

"*Like* her?" he says. "He called me up after he took her out the first time and says he wants to pay the eight bills instead, and I said no go, a deal is a deal. He tells me she's going on all night about gautama, the various stages of satori, and something about basic-encounter groups, and Trevor can't make hide nor hair out of it. He never read a book in his life. He also says she doesn't understand how to dress up sharp. Always wearing black tights under her dress and other kinds of kinky gear. Frankly, if you want my opinion, Trevor is right. This kid is a dangerous ding-a-ling and I don't know why I handle her. I don't make phone calls off her."

Well, Frank, I'm afraid that's when I blew my cool and dumped him right on his handle. Oh, boy, wait'll *that* gets around town. I won't be able to make a newsreel. Oh, well, if I ever do hit the top, at least I won't have any friends to turn my back on.

That night I borrowed this same '38 Packard hearse and picked up Bibi as she came out of her psychodrama session down on La Cienega. She says it's a great machine and I should have had it when I was toting that coffin around, and then we went over to Aware Inn and had some macrobiotic goodies and discussed our common karma. And I'm here to say, buddy, that I've developed an absolute bias for pleasant things over unpleasant as I go deeper into the second half of my twenties. But then a few days later I began to have these second thoughts. Like, hold everything, the inquiry sign is up. Why didn't Bibi tell me about this Winston cat? About the business arrangement they had and all? Is this kid trying to psych me out? But what for? It's then I had a horrible thought. Could she be thinking about maneuvering me into the big square box—marriage? The evidence was there: she was hoping I'd get jealous. And I have such great respect for this kid. Where did I go wrong?

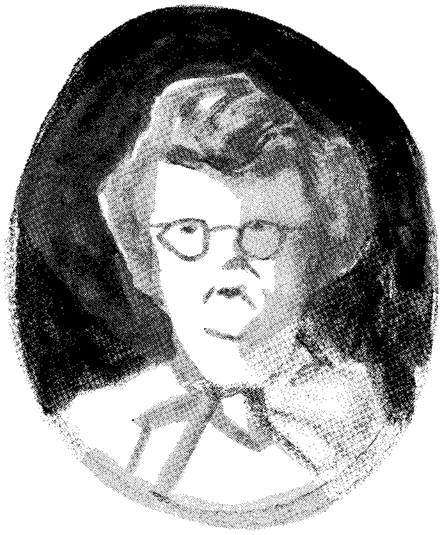
So, anyway, that's the story. I'm thinking of calling Radio Free Oz for advice. Peter will know what to do. He'll consult his tarot cards. Or perhaps find the answer lurking in "The Twenty-six Songs of Rabindranath Tagore." So keep tuned for late bulletins, baby.

Ciao,
RACE
—F. P. TULLIUS

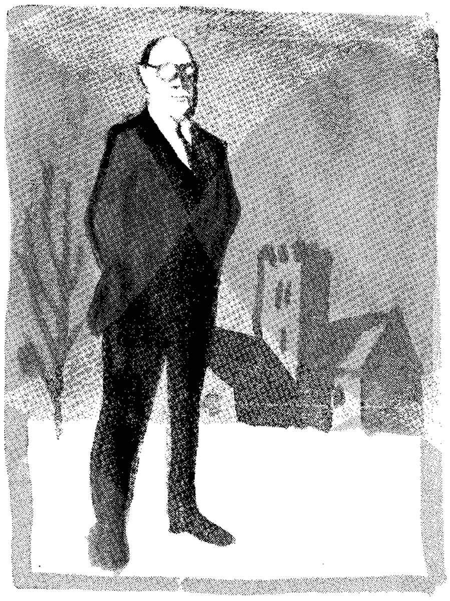
1967 YEARBOOK

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S SCHOOL

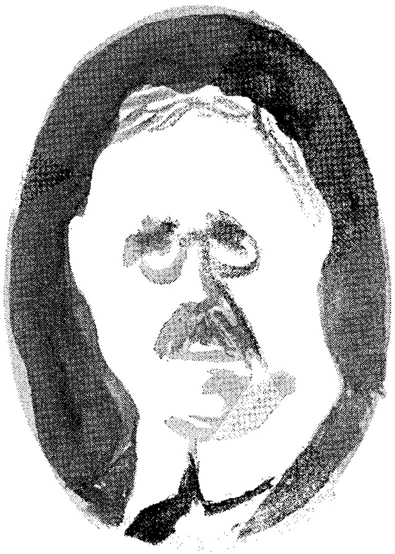
GEDNEY, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Mrs. Lewis
Dietitian

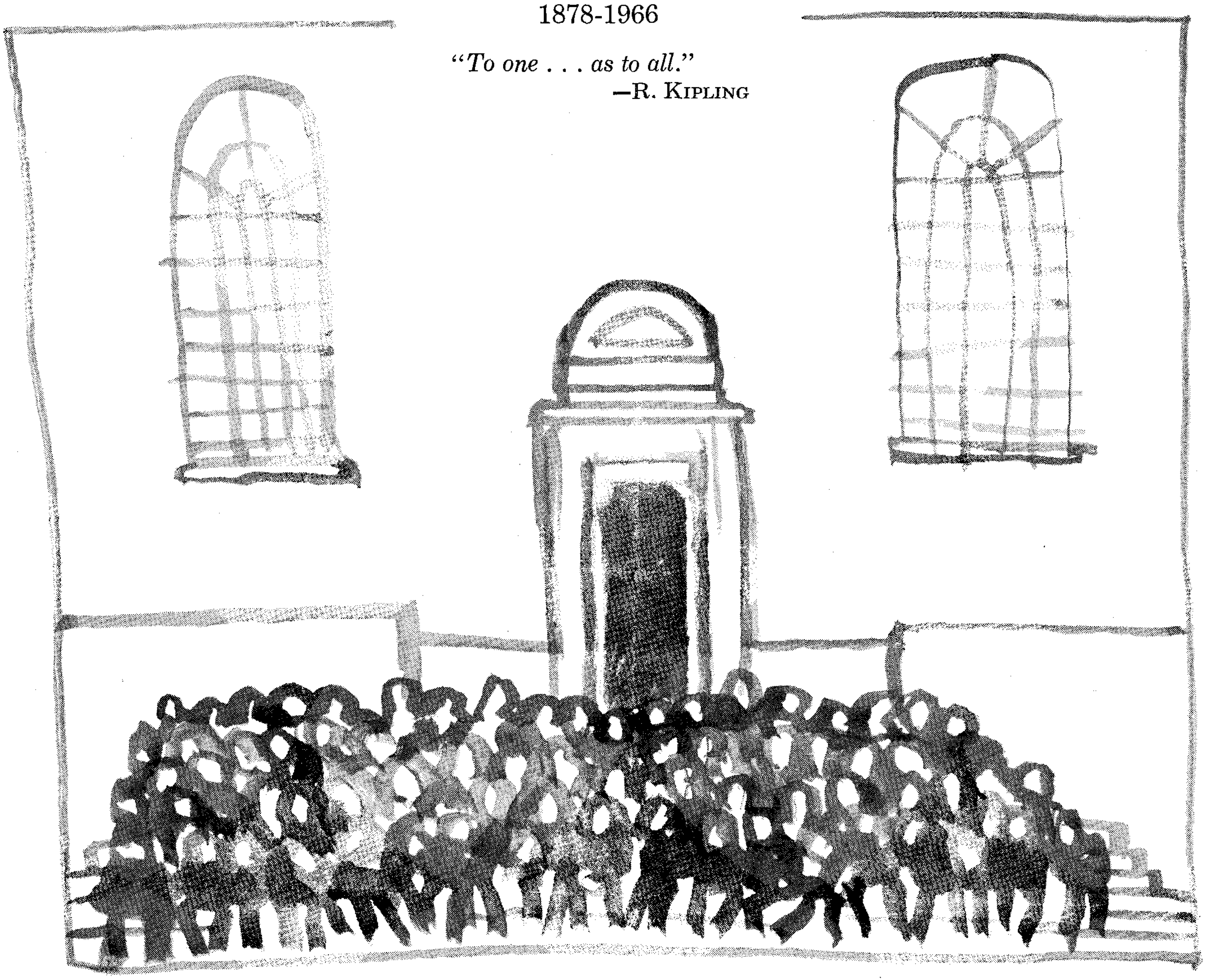


Mr. Ward
Mathematics

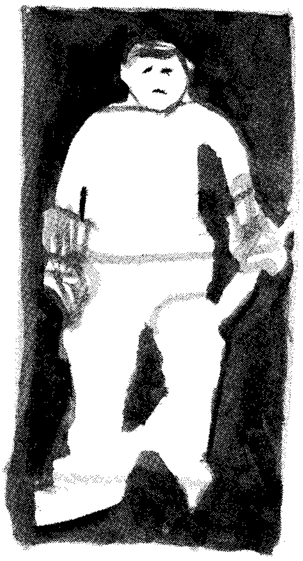


Dedication: The Founder
1878-1966

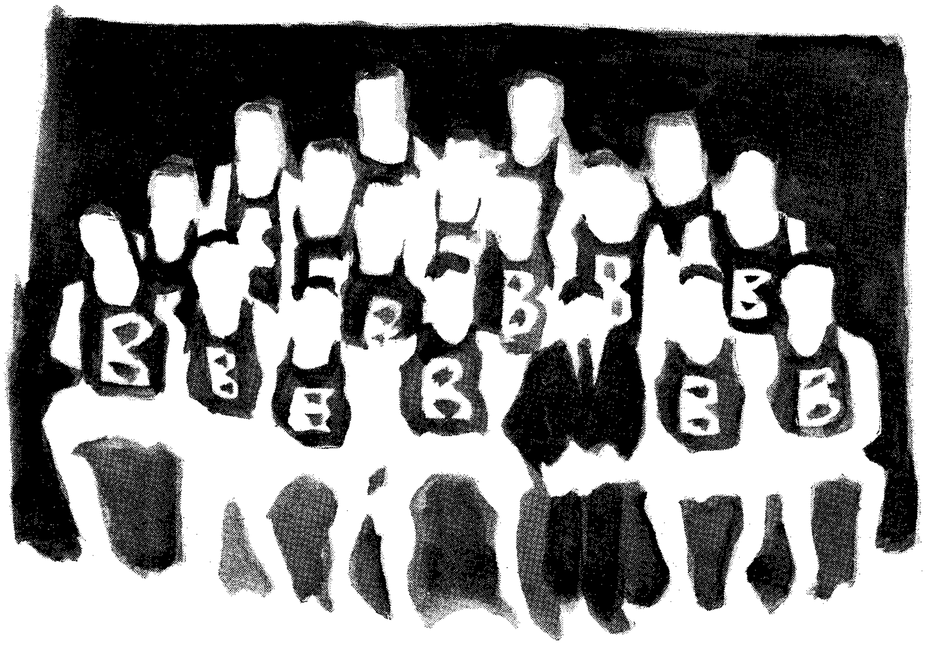
"To one . . . as to all."
—R. Kipling



Senior Class

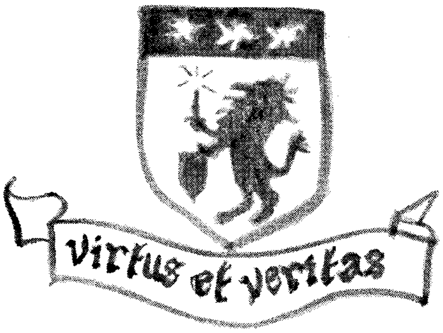


Dan Holt
Hockey Captain

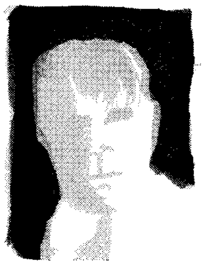


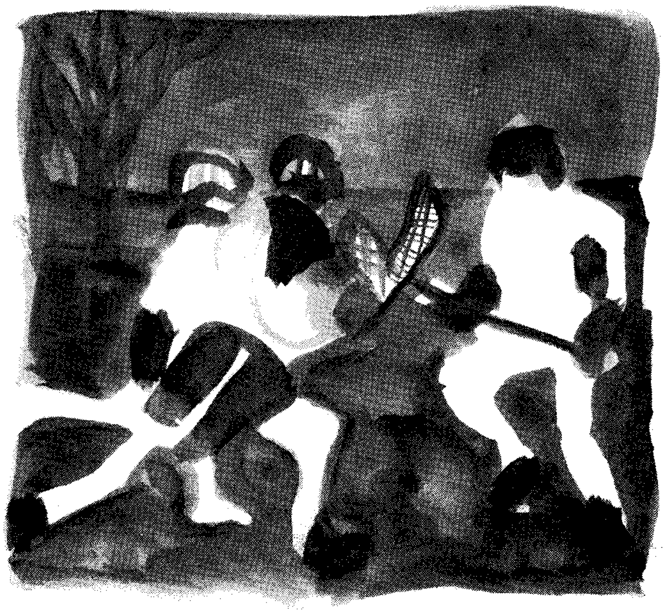
Track Team

School Arms

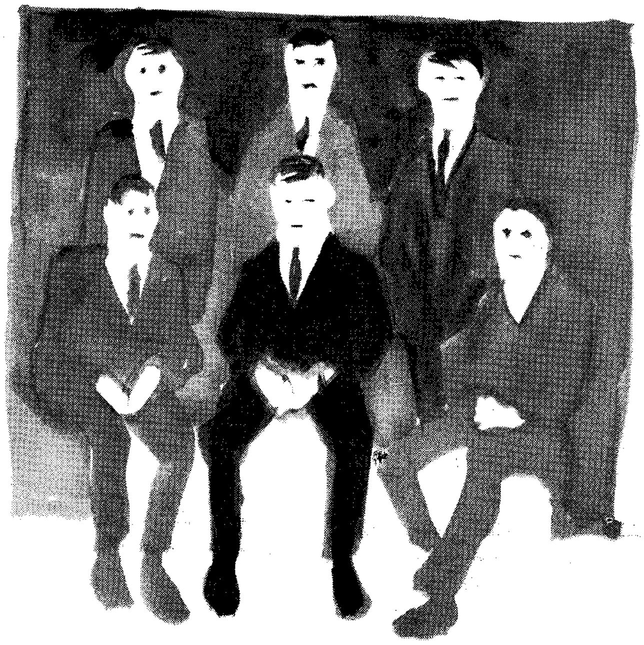


virtus et veritas

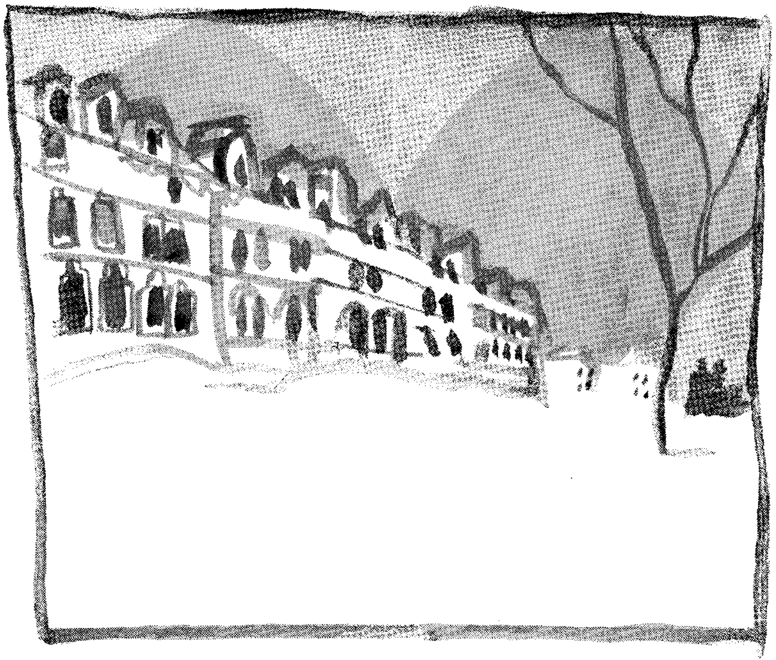




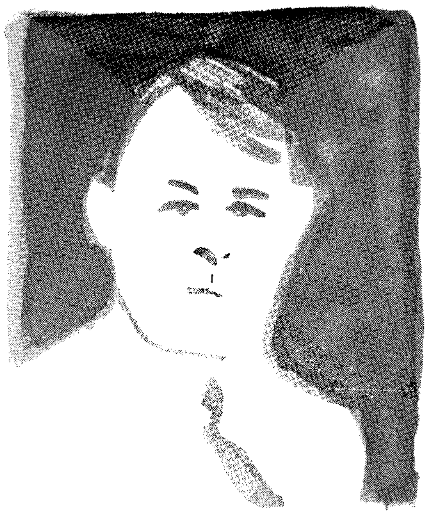
Lacrosse



Student Council

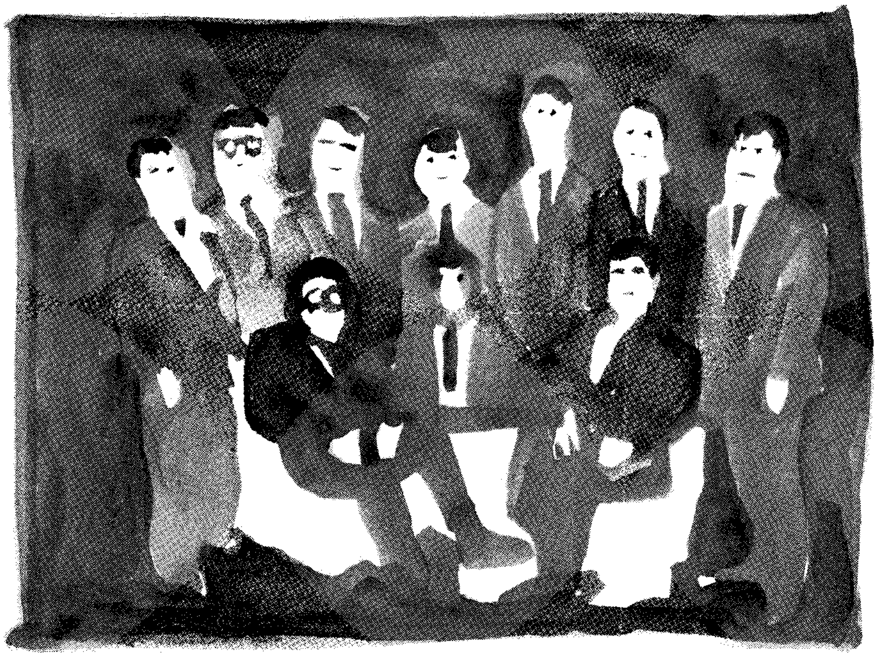


Bosley Hall in Winter

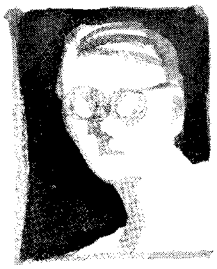


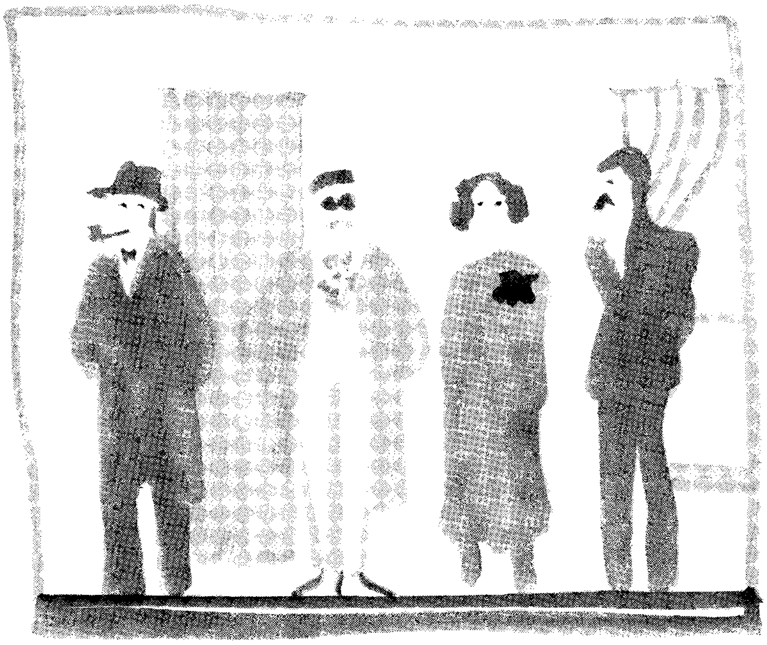
Ronald Louis Chadwick
Done Most for School

Oland Blake
Best-Liked

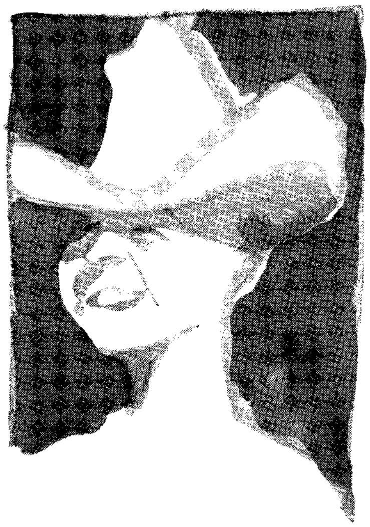


Yearbook Board

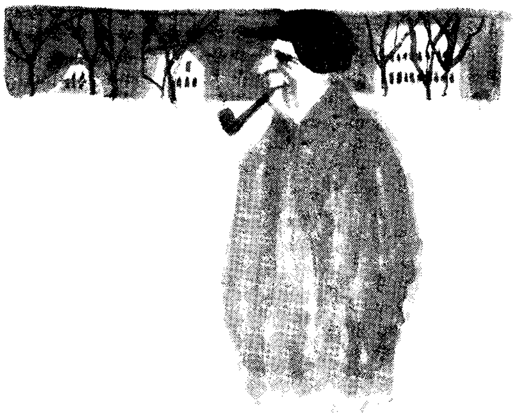




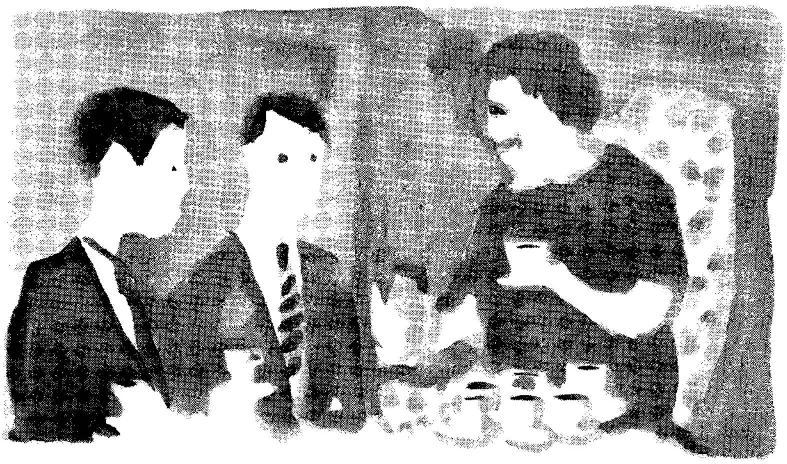
SCHOOL PLAY



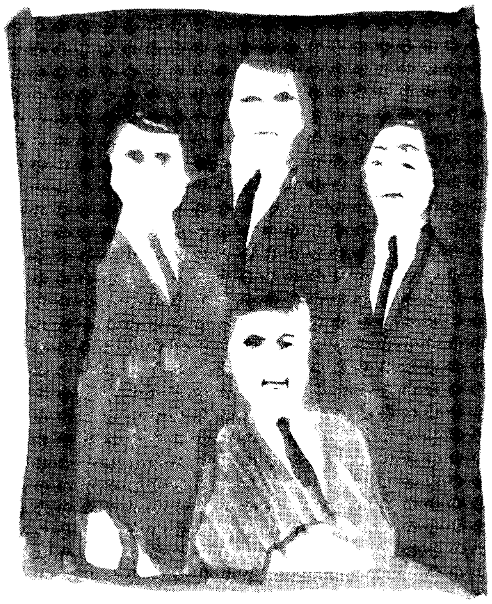
HAROLD (HAL) MOORE
Funniest



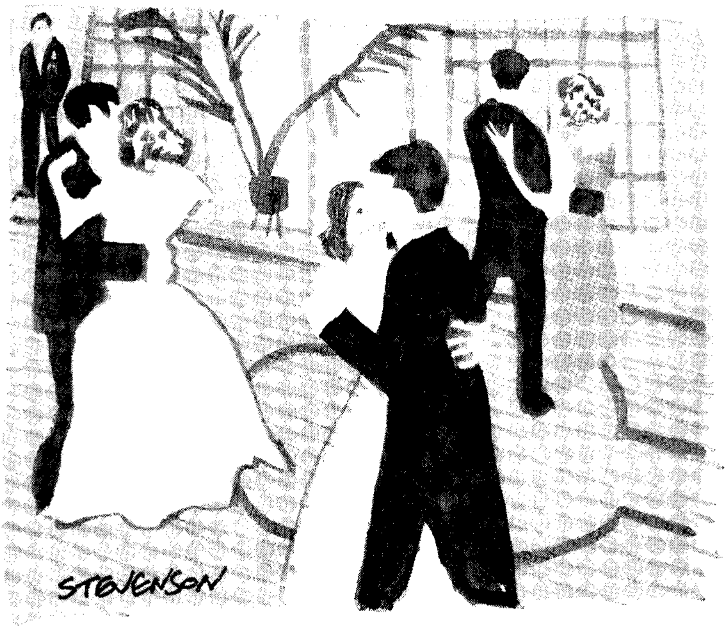
MR. TURNER
Superintendent of Grounds



SUNDAY-AFTERNOON TEA



DEBATING TEAM



MIDWINTER PROM

A BAD COLD

THE grated window overlooked a not very busy street, full this noon with weakened sunlight. He stood looking out of it to avoid looking at his two children, who kept coming in and out of the living room. He could not stand to look at them because, as he often remarked to his wife, "Each of those children is actually smoking forty cigarettes a day, the air pollution is so bad. Do you realize it? It's been medically ascertained that everybody in this city is doing that, just by breathing. You don't even have to light a match. You don't even have to think of tobacco. Since I learned that, every time I see them they seem to be chain-smoking." This impression was especially bad by daylight; at night, smoking himself, with enough to drink inside his head, he forgot it. Anyway, at night you seldom got the full impact of air pollution, because you did not have to see the sunlight being diluted by it. Now he was at home with a cold, and he further imagined that the air pollution was making the cold worse.

He did not want anything but soup. If some was already open, he would take that. His son, Henry, stood by the refrigerator door, having just put out one of those *invisible* cigarettes, and asked what he was looking for.

"Some soup," he said. "Leftover will do."

"It's in that," said Henry, pointing to a small covered dish.

"Get away from me," said his father. "I've got this awful cold."

"It's past time for catching it," said Henry, and began to swing on the chrome door handle. "Mother said so."

"That doesn't make it true," he said.

"Oh, yes, it does," said Henry.

Henry was a stout soul. When he asserted something of a sincere emotional nature, his father never argued.

"Yesterday a balloon flew by the window," said Henry.

"What color was it?" he asked.

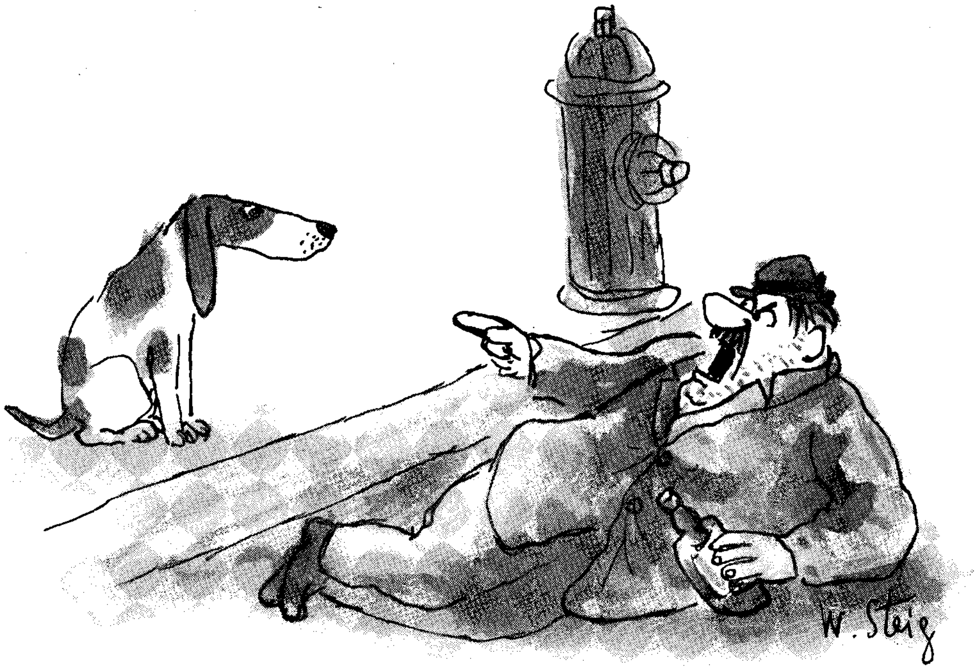
"Brown."

"I never heard of a brown balloon."

Henry did not reply. He had been right about the location of the soup, which was leftover vegetable alphabet. His father dumped it in a small saucepan and flicked on the gas. He stirred it so it wouldn't stick. In a minute, he began to smell it—the first smell in two days.

The phone rang in the hall. He heard his wife come out of the far recesses of the apartment, from a small back room she had fitted out as an office, and hasten toward it. It was much nearer to him, and he would have reached it first, but the soup was beginning to boil. He had to watch it or turn it off. So she completed her dash, catching up the receiver just after the third ring.

She had been back there typing. Every few days, she got little packages of dictated tapes to type, brought to the door by messenger. This occupation was paid for by the typed word and earned her a substantial sum each month. No sound of this ever came to the children or to him. The tape was unpackaged and fitted into a smart gray-and-blue metal tape recorder made in Western Germany. It talked directly into her ears through tiny wired earphones. Even her electric typewriter was almost soundless, and could never be heard through the door. This highly insulated and completely impersonal arrangement worked two ways. She could not be disturbed by the usual humdrum, unextraordinary sounds the children made, but could hear them shouting if they were in some crisis that needed her attention. She could also hear the doorbell or the telephone.



"A little respect, if you don't mind!"

She needn't have run, he thought. Probably she forgot I'm here. He switched off the gas under the soup and heard her say, "I'm awfully sorry . . . Yes, I know . . . It's just that Pete's at home sick."

"Who was that?" he shouted at once. "Your lover?"

She did not answer, but hurried back down the hall, heels going clack-clack, and clacked shut the door. She's paying me no attention, he thought, and decided to torment her. He went in after her with the soup in a cup, eating it with a teaspoon. Having closed the door, he began to gnaw at her neck. He said he wanted to make love.

She shut off the tape recorder, switched off the typewriter, and took the little earphones out one at a time. They were different colors, for left and right ear. "You what?" she asked.

He repeated it, and she replied, "That's what I thought you said." They looked rather tipsily at one another. "At high noon, with the children every which way?"

"It would be better for them than all that mechanical world you keep on dealing with. And don't tell me I have a bad cold. Anyway, colds always make me feel sexy. They dull certain senses and sharpen others. I feel definitely like reclining luxuriously. And not alone!" He growled the words in a sidelong, wolfish fashion.

She broke out laughing.

"Besides," he said, "the children are both busy smoking. They have to get through their two packs a day."

"They are not," she said. "They want their lunch, I bet. What have you got in that cup?"

"Vegetable alphabet soup. Who was that on the phone?"

"Mavis."

"In town again? But she just left for that trip."

"It didn't work out. Bermuda isn't very warm. She was disappointed and came back. Bad weather, to boot."

"I think it was your lover. Otherwise, why did you make a break for the phone with me only three feet away from it?"

"I forgot you were here. It was reflex action. You're never at home."

"But that's the first thing you said. You didn't forget at all. 'Pete's home,' you said. 'Pete's home'! Why, pray, would Pete being home keep you from talking to Mavis about the weather in Bermuda?"

"I didn't have time to talk to her, that's all. If you hadn't been here, I would have said—well, something else. Like 'Mavis, I'd love to talk, but I have to call you back. I have a whole set of company promotion-announcement letters to type up, plus letters regretfully accepting the resignation of—oh, of people nobody knows.' "

He glared at her. "I don't believe it. Men get their regular secretaries to do work like that."

"I sometimes get work like this when they're short-staffed. I work for an agency. I told you a hundred times."

"I don't believe it this time. Let me hear. Put the little anodes in my ears."

"Oh, stop it. You're just acting dreadful. I do have to finish things today."

"If you won't let me hear what's on those tapes and you won't let me answer the telephone and you won't let me make love to you, what can I do?"

"You can finish your soup. It must be getting cold."

"I think it is your lover who writes passionate letters to you, has them tape-recorded, and sends them to you by messenger. He is wealthy. The messenger is his servant in disguise. You sit back here with the typewriter, all hooked up to that thing, pretending to type up routine letters, and all the time your soul is drinking from fresh fountains. Every few days he sends you more."

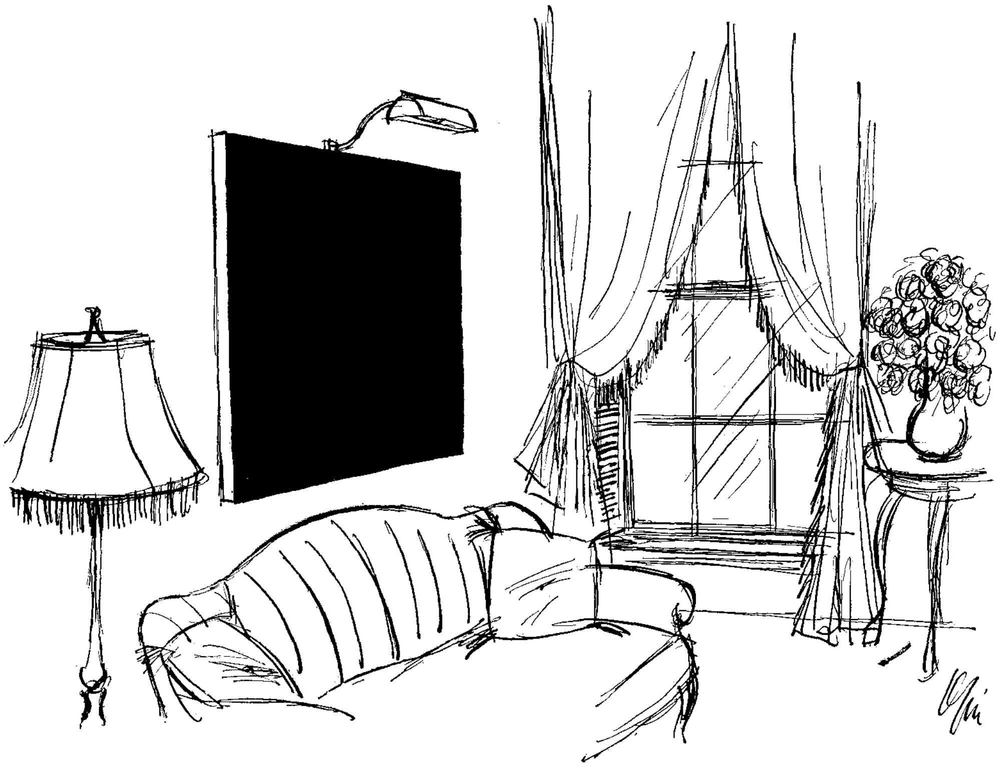
"When do I meet him?"

"Not often. You can let several weeks go by. You like it this way. He objects. He calls on the phone at noon. It is his words you lust for. This whole setup is completely phony. You take money from him not because you want it but to make me think that you are really working. If I am not right, why won't you let me answer the telephone, why won't you let me play the tape recorder?"

"You are trying your best to give me that cold," she said. "You have been from the first sneeze."

"No one can catch a cold after the incubation period. Henry said so."

"Henry can be wrong."



"In this case he isn't. Where is Phyllis?"

"Sewing. On that funny miniature electric sewing machine you gave her for Christmas."

"What does she make?"

"Different things for dolls. She's fascinated with it now, but I guess she'll soon get tired of it. Do you know, Pete, you can go to stores to get supplies for that little machine—all sorts of tiny parts, little patterns for doll dresses? It's all worked out, down to the last detail."

He took the rest of his soup and sat on the daybed, first carefully moving aside the sheets of neatly typed letters. "I wonder why I'm happy," he said.

"You're happily married. You have two fine children, who are healthy and well cared for. You have a good job, which interests you. You have a quick mind, which invents amusing things, so you're never bored. You know, you're never really boring, Pete. I mean, even when you are boring, it still has something coming up in it, something interesting is cooking in what you say."

"That isn't why I'm happy. The other day, when I was getting this cold, I was walking down in the West Forties somewhere, because I had to go over three blocks to another drugstore to get some 4-Way cold tablets, because the one I went to first was out of them. On the way, I passed a sort of a run-down seafood restaurant, and there were some run-down lobsters in the window. At first I thought they were made of red wax, like artificial flowers, and then I thought, Holy cow, they're real but stone dead, and who would go in that place wanting ptomaine poison in addition to a bad cold? And then I saw one move. Just a little groping movement with one poor old claw. God, it was sad. Do you know why it was especially sad to me? Because I knew what the lobster was saying. Whether the lobster knew it or not, whether anybody would pass and think of it or not, I knew. It was saying, 'Where is my world? Oh, where is my world, my own true world?' Over and over. On and on. How can I think about that poor damned lobster and still be happy?"

She came right out and told him. "O.K., I'll tell you. You're happy because of me."

"And why are *you* happy? Don't think I don't know. It's because of what comes out of that machine."

Exasperated, she snatched up a handful of equipment; red, black, and pink plastic wires dangled in an abstract pattern from her fingers. "Do you actually want to hear what is really on those tapes? Do you? Just listen, then. Go right ahead!"

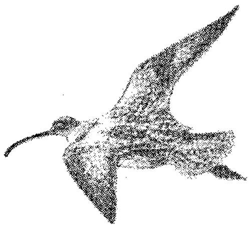
"Of course I won't. Do you take me for an eavesdropper, a keyhole watcher, a happiness killer? Do you think I'm destructive?"

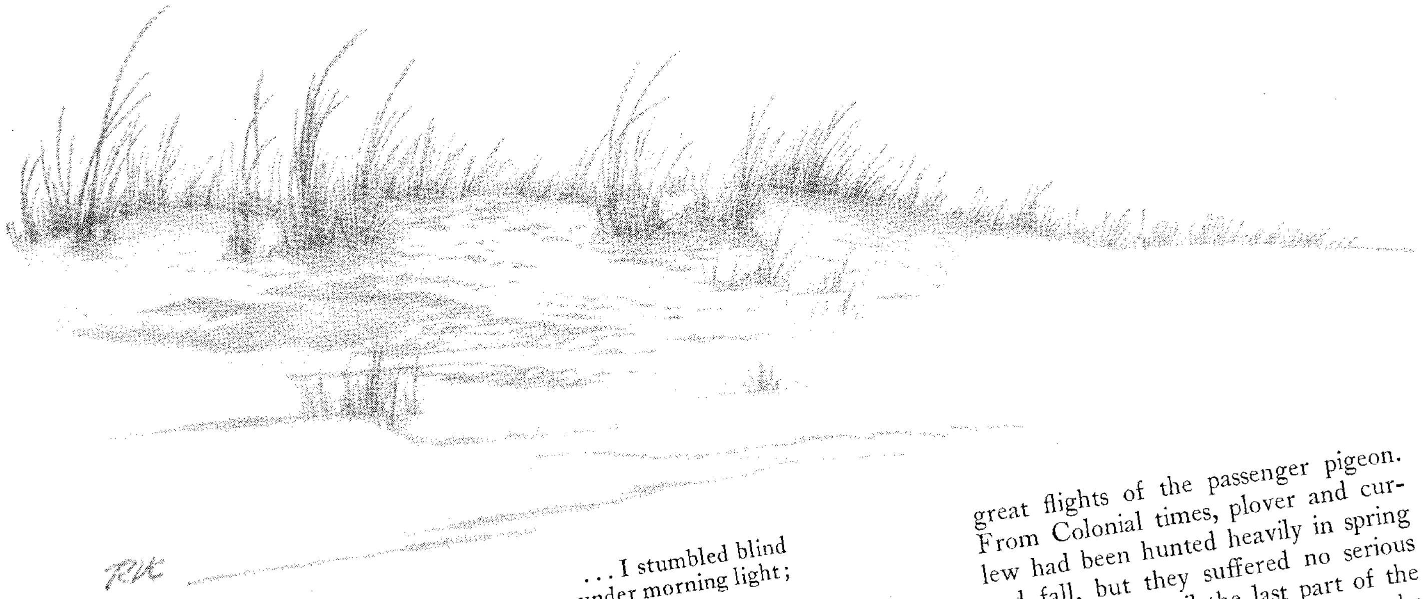
Hunched over his cup and spoon, he devoured the last of the soup, smiling through a provoking haze of headache, sore throat, bleared eyesight, and severe nasal congestion.

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WIND BIRDS—I





. . . I stumbled blind
Among the stones and thorn-trees, under morning light;
Until a curlew cried and in the luminous wind
A curlew answered; and suddenly thereupon I thought
That on the lonely height where all are in God's eye,
There cannot be, confusion of our sound forgot,
A single soul that lacks a sweet crystalline cry.
—*"Paudeen," by W. B. Yeats.*

THE pond at Sagaponack, where I live, has its source in a small woodland stream that drains Poxabogue Pond and Little Poxabogue, farther inland. From the west windows of my house, a fringe of trees parting the fields winds into view; here Sagg Pond, like a wide meadow river, curls down through miles of warm potato country to the sea. The Long Island farmland fills the landscape to the north and west and spreads toward the south; Sagg Pond widens, turned back upon itself by the hard white of the dunes, below the hard blue of the sea horizon. The pond bends like a great hook; it is now a mile across. But seasonally, in storm or flood, the pond is open to the sea. Then this lower reach is salt, a place of tidal creek and shallow flat that is today, as it has always been, a haunt of shorebirds.

On the Fourth of July of 1870, a Boston gentleman, George H. Mackay, killed twenty-seven woodcock at "Poxybang Pond;" a few days later, thirty-nine "dowitch" were gently slain at Sagaponack. Though the woodcock still comes to Poxabogue and the dowitcher to Sagaponack, the dowitcher—its odd name may derive from "Deutscher snipe," because of its popularity among the Hessians in Revolutionary times—is now protected legally from guns, a circumstance that Mr. Mackay, one of the rare naturalist-sportsmen in an epoch of mighty game hogs, would doubtless find astonishing. Mackay and his contemporaries pursued the shorebirds with such vigor that when he died, in 1928, the hosts that flew down the long seacoasts of his youth had been reduced to fugitive small bands.

On September 28th of 1964, after a day and night of onshore winds, a flock of sixty-eight golden plover pitched into the potato field between my house and Sagaponack Pond; in that small flock there flew more golden plover than the total I had seen in twenty years. Yet Audubon once reported a flight of "millions" of golden plover near New Orleans, of which some forty-eight thousand were killed in a single day. The golden plover is thought to have been even more numerous than the Eskimo curlew, whose multitudes have been compared to the great flights of the passenger pigeon. From Colonial times, plover and curlew had been hunted heavily in spring and fall, but they suffered no serious diminishment until the last part of the nineteenth century, when, with the fading of the wild pigeon, market guns were turned upon shorebirds and waterfowl. Even the least sandpiper met a violent end when the larger species were in short supply, though its minuscule roast would scarcely make a mouthful, bones and all; in one account, ninety-seven of these "ox-eyes" were cut down with a single shot.

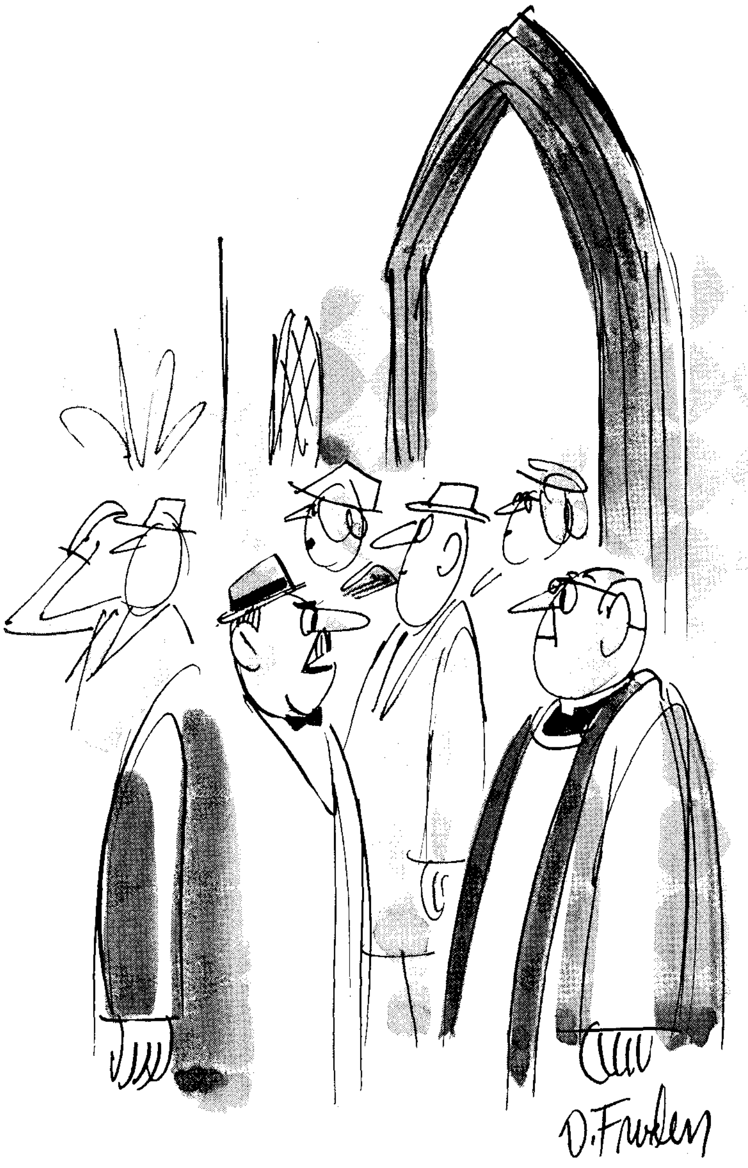
But the plover and curlew were the favorite birds, not only because of their great numbers and fine taste but because they were unsuspicious to a fault. The Eskimo curlew would circle back over the guns, calling out to its fallen companions—a habit it shared with the dunlin, dowitcher, and many others. That the dunlin was called the "simpleton" on Long Island indicates the low esteem in which its brain was held (the piping plover was known as the "feeble" and the willet as the "humility," though the first name derived from the plover's call and the second from a family trait of feeding in the "humble mud"), and the buff-breasted and solitary sandpipers were celebrated far and wide for stubborn innocence. Dr. Elliott Coues, taking advantage of a rare convention of solitary sandpipers, once collected seven of this species, shooting one at a time, before the eighth and last, suspecting that something was amiss, took leave—"I will add, in justice to his wits," wrote Dr. Coues, "in a great hurry."

Under the circumstances, one wonders that any shorebirds survived into the present century. Not only were they trapped and shot but great numbers of knots and other species were taken by "fire-lighting," a nocturnal practice much in favor on Long Island's Great South Bay and elsewhere, in which the resting flocks, blinded but undismayed by a bright beam, stood by patiently while market men stepped forth from punts and wrung their necks. Night hunting took such a toll of a then common source of public nourishment that Massachusetts in 1835 passed a law forbidding the take of "Plover, Curlew, Dough-bird, and Chicken-bird" after dark. (The Dough-bird was the Eskimo curlew, and the Chicken-bird was the ruddy turnstone.) A decade later, Rhode Island passed a law forbidding spring shooting of woodcock and snipe, but this admirable and precocious measure on behalf of the two species that least needed it was repealed in the face of public outrage, and for the next seventy years almost nothing was done to slow the destruction of the shorebirds, whose narrow migration paths, close-flocking habits, and chronic foolishness contributed heavily to their own decline.

By the turn of the century, George Mackay was growing concerned about the shorebirds, which were rapidly disappearing from his hunting circuit. Mackay's notes on the fall migrations of the Eskimo curlew and golden plover in the eighteen-nineties are among the first warnings we have of the curlew's rapid disappearance; a "fute" at Montauk in 1891 was the last of this species ever seen on Long Island (four were reported at Montauk in September of 1932, but the sighting is not generally accepted), and in New England no more than three were seen again in a single flock after 1897. In that same year, Mackay inquired publicly, in an ornithological journal, "Are we not approaching the beginning of the end?"—though his private journal reveals that he was still blazing away at shorebirds of all descriptions and was out before dawn in vain pursuit of the very bird whose passing he so lamented. "Although hopeless," he writes, "I was driving over the western plover ground at daylight, hoping I might find a few tired birds." In this period, "fire-lighted" knots still sold in Boston for ten cents a dozen.

Whether uneasy or discouraged at the meagre sport, Mackay did little hunting after 1897, and later he was to lead campaigns against spring shooting. But in 1916, at a time when the golden plover was fast following the Eskimo curlew toward oblivion, Mackay and his party "succeeded in shooting" one forlorn specimen at Nantucket, where, a half century before, both curlew and plover had appeared in waves that were said to have darkened the sun. And he was still at it in October of 1921, flanked now by younger generations of Mackays. "We saw in all eight Black-breast plovers, young birds, and I shot four. On picking them up, one proved to be a young Golden plover (pale-belly). If I could have a little practice I feel I could come back to my old shooting form fairly well." One can't help feeling affection for this doughty old gentleman—he was then very close to eighty—who led in the public fight for the protection of the shorebirds without once questioning his private right to kill them.

George Mackay's last shorebird, a ruddy turnstone, was shot illegally in 1922; the species had come under the protection of the Federal Migratory Bird Treaty Act four years earlier. By 1932, all shorebirds except the snipe and woodcock had been removed from the list of game birds. But the Eskimo curlew had apparently already passed the point of no return (though it has made a miraculous reappearance every time it has been mourned and buried; two Eskimo curlew were reported at Galveston Island, Texas, as recently as 1963, and a solitary specimen, in September of the same year, was shot by a hunter in Barbados), and the Hudsonian godwit and buff-breasted sandpiper, the long-billed curlew and golden plover are still dangerously reduced. Probably these species will remain uncommon, for their breeding and wintering grounds in both Americas are ever more threatened by



"I say we don't beat our swords into ploughshares until Ho Chi Minh gives us some indication he's willing to beat his swords into ploughshares."

LEFT FOR ME

Nora, listen . . .

When you are here, your prayers
like aproned aunties say,
"Hold that ladder whilst I wash
that top window."
"In Ireland, only hunting ladies drink,
but *you're* part man like them."
Rosy from an evening trot
to St. Paul's Altar Guild,
you lock the door—
"God grant we have a quiet night."

Nora . . . the saints have gone on vacation.
There are no lights when I come home.
But the spring is here;
the lilies you helped me plant
break the soil with purple thumbs.
I carry compost basket by basket.
I hope my back will break.

I take my mug of coffee
to drink in the morning sun. The Chinese cherry
shakes coral budded braids,
drying its green hair. Drifting from the dark,
quiet, I am an old shrub
agreeable to trying once again.

Laid out like an offering
on the stone coping that guards my Red Jade Weeper,
a dead rat—a young rat with a pink tail,
pink in the ears, silk-coated,
its snout grinning in a gut-split joke.

I am not loving, Nora. I do not love
all God's creatures. Goodness chokes
at the dustpan, the quick-dug hole,
the jointless effigy.

At night, I dream of a house
with broken windows, its roof raw
from sucking snow and rain.
When I lived there as a child,
the windows closed with a solid snap
and the roof was a tight slate helmet.
In my dream I have to put it right.
Why? I left that house and
I am leaving this place, day by day,
unlatching the tendrils,
feeling the taproot shorten,
not hearing the telephone,
surprised by the doorbell.

A delinquent wind escaped last night,
ripping young leaves, snatching unfinished seeds.
New things that could not cower broke.
My garden was a rented hall
dishevelled with green tatters, sour
with oozing sap . . . and left for me,
like a dead hors d'oeuvre, an unhaired fledgling
flattened on an earthen dish.

Tell me—
while you watch the sun come up on Glengariff,
before your plane, that golden goose,
settles into your Cousin Bridget's open arms—
where did you put the scissors?
The ones with silver teeth.

—Margoret Smith

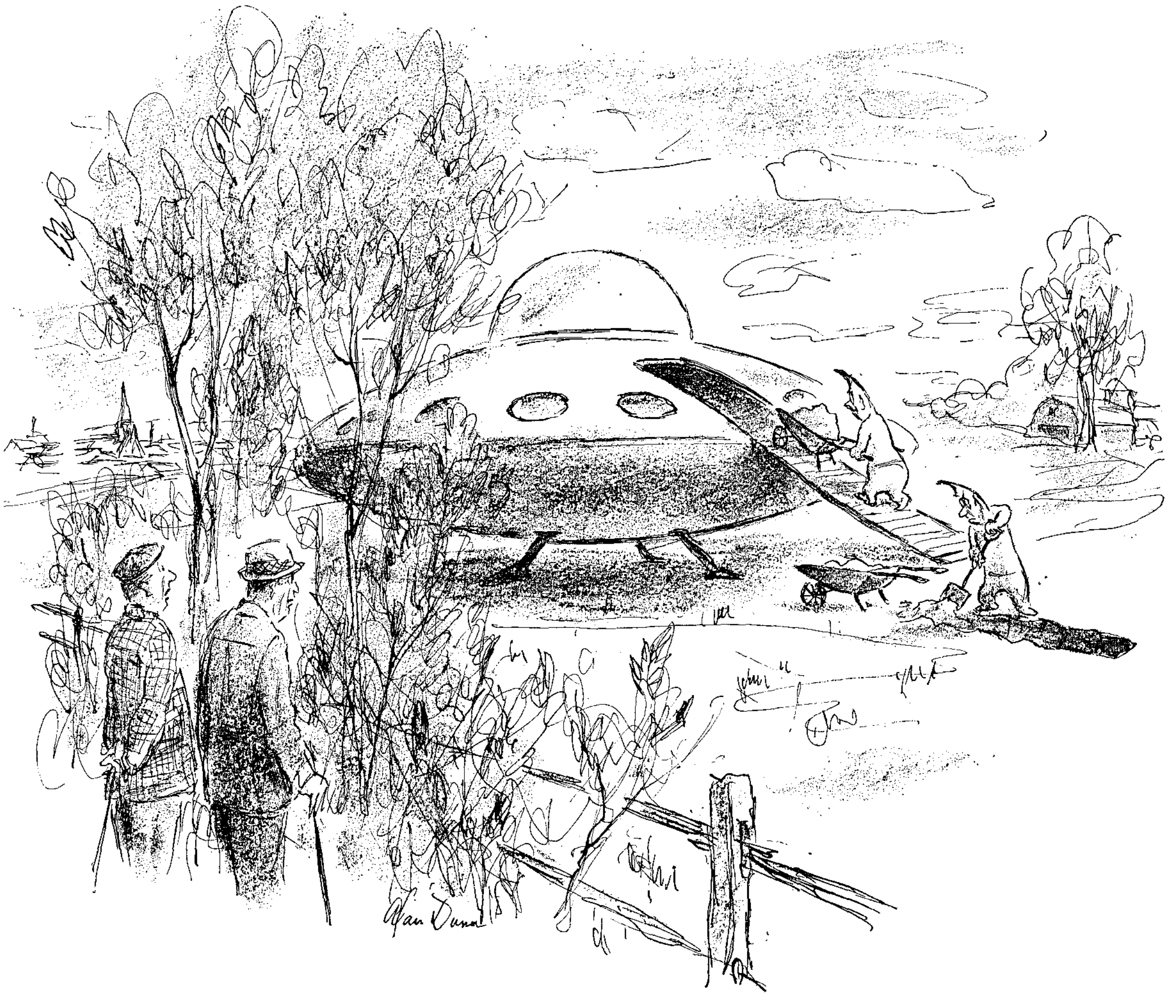
• •

man, but they are no longer fluttering at the edge of the abyss. The Eskimo curlew excepted, the Hudsonian godwit is the one North American shorebird whose future now seems precarious. In 1926, hope for the species was all but abandoned. A decade later, the godwit had almost vanished. In recent years, it has recuperated, and is even common here and there in spring in the Mississippi Valley, but a flock of twenty-four that I watched one misty August afternoon of 1963 on the salt flats of Monomoy Island, south of Cape Cod, represented a large percentage of the Hudsonian godwits that still occur on the coasts of the Atlantic in the fall; except for a solitary bird that came one Indian summer to Sagaponack, they were the only Hudsonian godwits I have ever seen.

THE restlessness of shorebirds, their kinship with distance and the swift seasons, the wistful signal of their voices down the long coastlines of the world make them, for me, the most affecting of wild creatures. I think of them as birds of wind—as "wind birds." To the traveller confounded by exotic birds, not to speak of exotic specimens of his own kind, the voice of the wind birds may be the lone familiar note in a strange land, and I have many times been glad to find them; meeting a whimbrel one fine summer day of February in Tierra del Fuego, I wondered if I had not seen this very bird a half year earlier at home. The spotted and white-rumped sandpipers, the black-bellied and golden plovers are birds of Sagaponack, but the spotted sandpiper has cheered me with its jaunty teeter on the Amazon and high up in the Andes (and so has its see-sawing Eurasian counterpart, the common sandpiper, on the White Nile and in Galway and in the far-off mountains of New Guinea); one bright noon at the Strait of Magellan, the white-rump passed along the shore in flocks. I have seen golden plover on Alaskan tundra and in the cane fields of Hawaii, and heard the black-belly's wild call on wind-bright seacoast afternoons from Yucatán to the Great Barrier Reef. The voice of the black-bellied plover carries far—a stirring *toor-a-lee* or *pee-ur-ee* like that of a sea bluebird—and is often heard before the bird is seen. In time of storm, it sometimes seems to be the only bird aloft; one day this plover flew across the first winds of a September hurricane, wings stroking fiercely through gray murk and tumult, before that fluting, melancholy cry was whirled away downwind, a forlorn note of life high in the maelstrom.

Judith Shahn

With its wingspan of two feet or more, the black-bellied plover is a strong flier; circumpolar and almost cosmopolitan, it migrates down across the world from breeding grounds within the Arctic Circle. Yet as a wanderer



“*Well, I suppose we asked for it.*”

it is rivalled by several shorebirds, not least of all the sanderling, which ranks with the great skua and the Arctic tern as one of the most far-flung birds on earth. The sanderling is the white sandpiper, or “peep,” of summer beaches, the tireless toy bird that runs before the surf. Because of the bold role it plays in its immense surroundings, it is one sandpiper that most people have noticed. Yet how few ever ask themselves why it is there or where it might be going. The diminutive creature making way for us along the beaches in July may be returning from an annual spring voyage that took it from central Chile to nesting grounds in northeast Greenland, a distance of eight thousand miles. One has only to consider the life force packed tight into that puff of feathers to lay the mind wide open to mysteries—the order of things, the why, and the beginning.

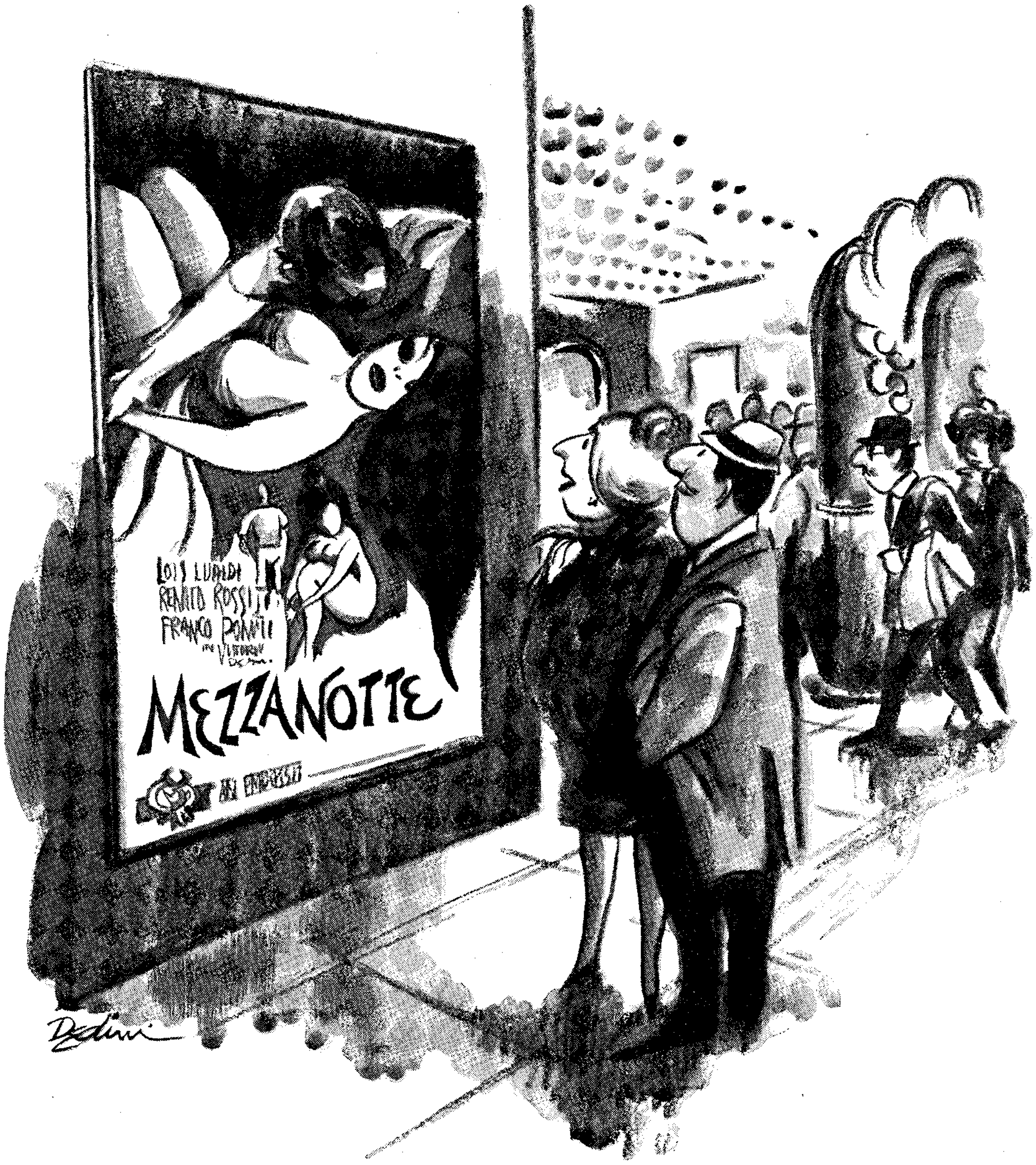
But let us proceed objectively, laying aside the essence of the shorebird to consider its identity—its taxonomic rank in that order of life which man has erected like a pyramid. There at the broad base the protoplasmic lowlife swarms, and there on the sharpest, highest ridge, a head taller than the more hairy hominoids, stands man. Or so we perceive it; we are the rose on the dung heap. But one student of evolution informs us that there is more difference in every way between a jellyfish and an eel than there is between an eel and a man. And birds are much closer to us than the eel is. They are high up on the pyramid, in the class Aves of our own phylum Chordata, sharing not only our vertebrae but our warm blood and central nervous system, and not a few behavioral traits besides.

Descending systematically through phylum and class, we find the shorebirds in the order Charadriiformes, which also includes the gulls, terns, and auks; the suborder Charadrii, one step down, excludes all creatures but shorebirds and their strange relative the jaçana, which is usually considered a transitional form between the shorebirds and the rails and would otherwise be homeless. The Charadrii are the subject of this essay. In one definition, “This group, briefly, has its skull schizognathous, oil gland tufted, feathers with aftershafts, wing diastataxic, ambiens muscle present, and head completely feathered.”

The delicate remains of birds do not survive well in the form of fossils, so the ancestry of many species is obscure. But the Charadrii appeared on the fossil record no later than the Eocene, and some of the species familiar to us today were flying the silent shores of the emerging continents perhaps fifty million years before early man reared up on his hind legs. Shorebird families are so widespread—the snowy plover and at least one race of stilt are found on every continent, and even the specialized jaçanas, in one species or another, are found in the tropics of both Old World and New—that their place of origin is difficult to trace. However, the shorebird’s close relatives the rails and cranes, which share the shorebird’s arrangement of feathers as well as its tufted oil gland and its outsize caeca, are thought to have originated in the Old World. The jaçana and the thick-knee point up the inexactitude of the terms “shorebird” (American) and “wader” (British), used to distinguish the suborder Charadrii from the so-called “marsh birds”—the herons, wood stork, ibises, rails, and cranes. The troublesome jaçana is a bird of freshwater marshes, while the thick-knee is addicted to arid regions and does not wade; other shorebirds, such as the upland sandpiper and the mountain plover, are rarely found on shores, either fresh or salt. Still, the kinship with the gulls and auks (through an Old World shorebird family known as pratincoles) suggests a maritime origin for the Charadrii, and the term “shorebirds” is a useful one for most species found in North America.

Depending on one’s taxonomist, there are between a hundred and eighty and two hundred species in the suborder Charadrii, representing eleven families; one-third of these species, divided among six families and twenty-four genera, occur in North America. The two great shorebird families of our continent are the Charadriidae (the plovers and their allies) and the Scolopacidae (the sandpipers). The four other families—oystercatchers, jaçanas, thick-knees, and stilts and avocets—have only six representatives among them. Most shorebirds frequent open areas and water's edge, and, because of their feeding habits, are comparatively scarce on steep shores like those of eastern Maine and in regions of negligible tide. Most are brown or gray above and pale to white below, and have the long legs of wading birds and the short tails and sharp falcon wings of fast fliers; they are among the few birds in the world that are swift on the ground as well as in the air. The plovers are distinguished by dovelike heads and short bodies, bills, and necks; the plover's eye is large and gentle, and most species lack a functional hind toe. Sandpiper bodies, which range in size from the six inches of the least sandpiper to the twenty-four or more of the long-billed curlew, tend to be more tapered, with longer and more slender bills, either straight or curved. Seen from a distance in mixed flocks, feeding undisturbed, the plovers are those which run and snatch, while most sandpipers walk and probe. But in North America the fifteen-odd plovers and thirty-odd sandpipers vary widely in their habits and appearance, and for every general statement made about them here there flies at least one blithe exception.

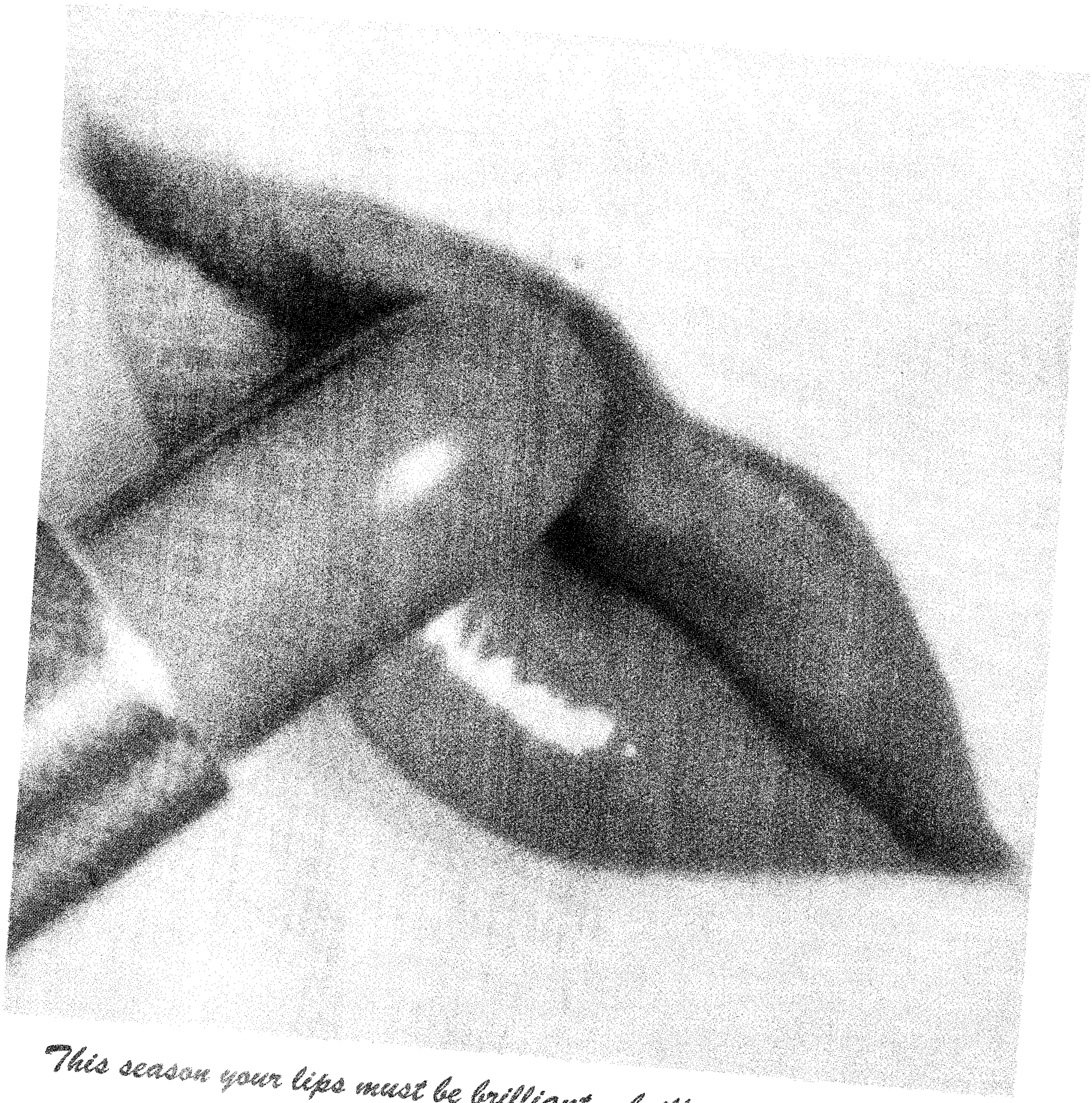
THAT a species may be determined or a kinship established on the basis of behavior is the postulate of the modern discipline of ethology. (The term was used first by John Stuart Mill to describe the science of character; in animals it is the study of comparative behavior.) Thus, the fact that the jaçana indulges in elaborate distractive displays in defense of eggs and young—a habit very pronounced among the shorebirds—may be more significant in determining its kinship than its spidery great feet, which are a weight-spreading adaptation to its lily-pad environment. An early experiment with shorebird behavior was performed by Mark Catesby, whose "Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1754) was the sole New World natural history of distinction before Alexander Wilson's "American Ornithology" of 1809. Catesby provided a ruddy turnstone with stones to turn, the better to observe the feeding trait that gives the bird its name. In a time when scientific experiments were less complex than they are today, the bird was furnished systematically with stones that had nothing beneath them, whereupon, "not finding under them the usual food, it died."



"They say it's a film that does no moralizing. It lets you draw your own conclusions."

Study of captive birds has taught us little, even when, unlike Catesby's unfortunate turnstone, the prisoners are given food. In the old days, in the South of France, the Eurasian woodcock was so poorly understood that it was thought to be the offspring of the polecat (*père de la bécasse*), and the American woodcock, which in Colonial times was dismissed vaguely as a "snite" or "simp," remains a bird of mystery to this very day, despite the closest scrutiny of its habits. That the woodcock can consume twice its own weight in earthworms in a twenty-four-hour period—one of the few interesting things that have ever been observed about a confined specimen—is a poor and irrelevant phenomenon when compared to the bizarre activities in the natural state of what one admirer called "this mysterious hermit of the alders, this recluse of the boggy thickets, this wood nymph of crepuscular habits."

In its guarded way of life, the woodcock is an exception among shorebirds, which are the easiest of all birds to observe. Most species are by nature very tame and, in their season, are exposed to view across the open places of the



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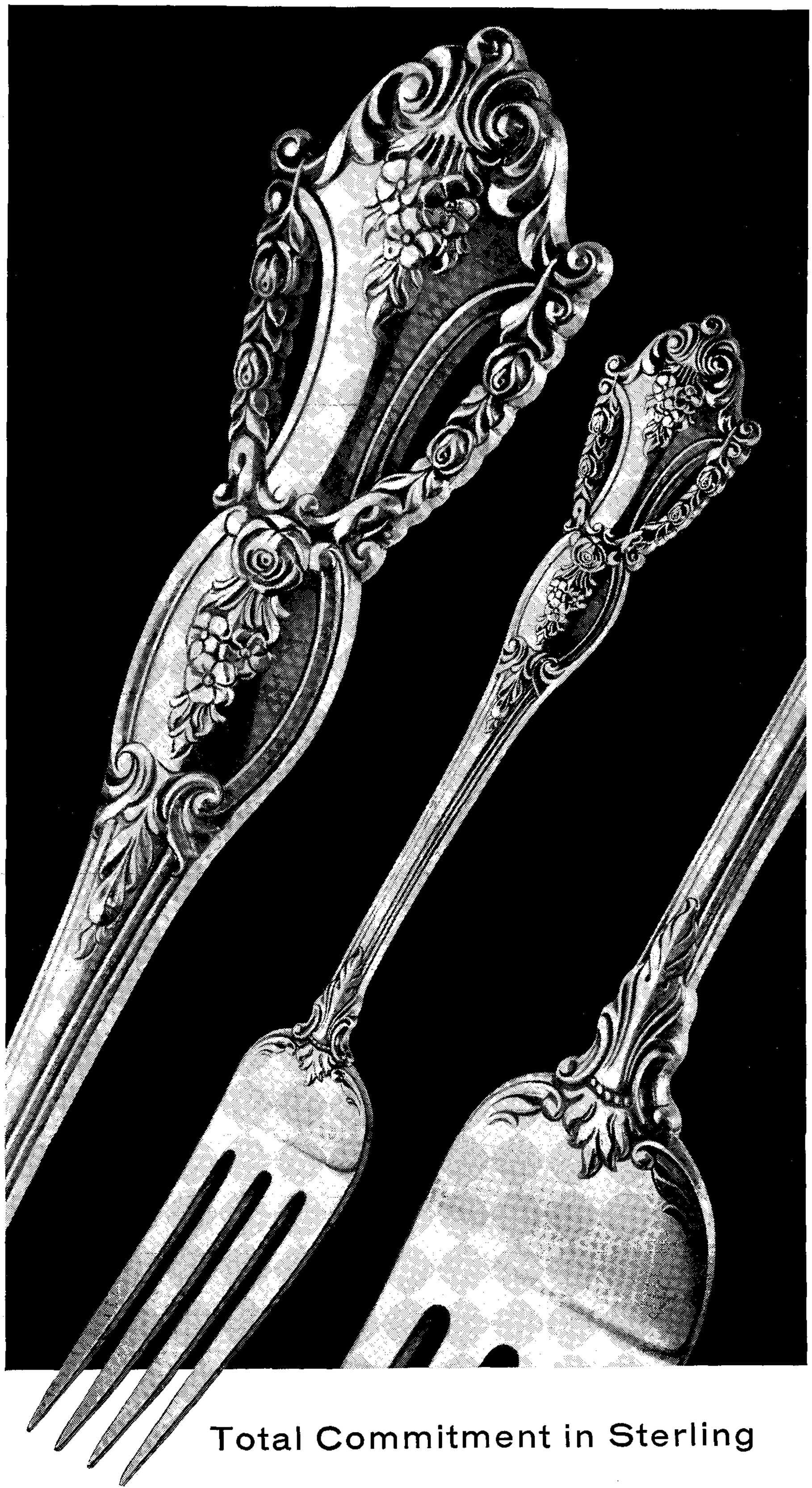

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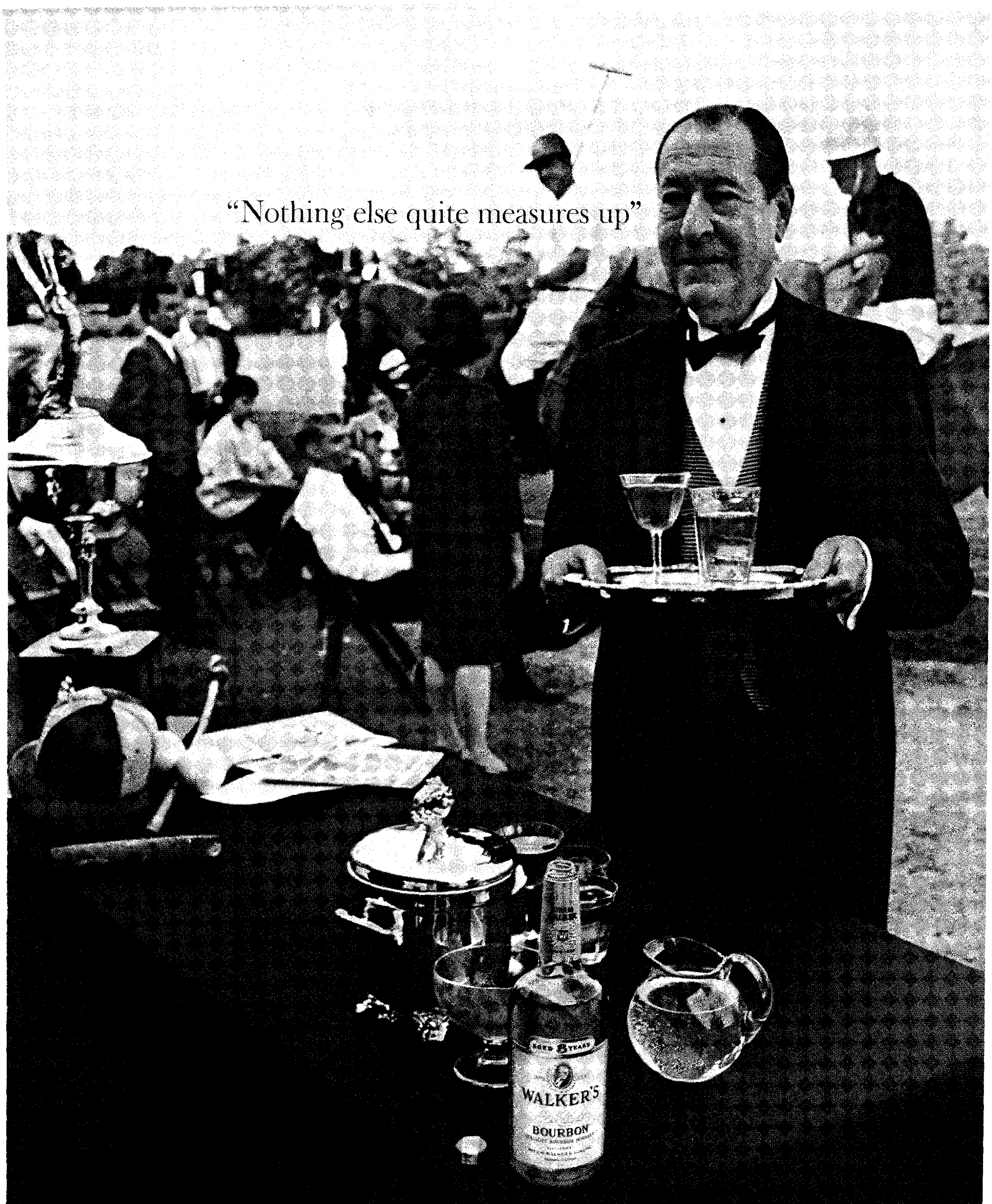
world. In spring and summer, breeding plovers may be found on beach, hill pasture, alkali flat, and stony plain, and sandpipers, too, may be seen inland in numbers in the spring migrations, especially on the plains and prairies of the central continent. As a family, the sandpipers are more northerly than the plovers, and most will nest in Canada or Alaska, in the wet muskegs and tundras to which their feeding habits are so well adapted. An exception is the spotted sandpiper, which breeds almost throughout the United States; another is the willet, a breeding bird of both East Coast and Western prairie. The woodcock is ubiquitous east of the Mississippi, and the upland sandpiper, a grassland species, still nests here and there throughout a range that once extended from Texas and Virginia to southern Alaska. The marbled godwit and the long-billed curlew may also breed south of the Canadian border. Nevertheless, the great mixed flocks in which sandpipers are seen to best advantage are largely composed of northern nesters and, except in spring passage on the inland routes, are rarely observed far from the tide flats of the coasts. It is there, in spring or fall, that one must go to see these birds in their true element.

A shorebird flock is best approached at flood tide, when the feeding flats are covered over; the flock will then be concentrated on high beach or sandbar, and its individuals, until now scattered and moving, not only will be standing still but will usually have sought out, within the congregation, *other members of their own species.* More often than not, the smaller species will gravitate toward the leeward end, leaving the large birds to the fore. All face the wind and take advantage of the flood to preen and doze.

In drawings, shorebirds are often shown sleeping with heads tucked beneath their wings, and though at first they do seem given to this carefree habit, the heads are actually laid among the back feathers. But the one-legged stance also portrayed is accurate enough; the smaller species so persist in it that they will often hop one-legged for considerable distances, and one day at Sagaponack a pectoral sandpiper, after circling the pond, alighted neatly without troubling to lower both its legs. One-legged shorebirds are commonly recorded, and while such individuals do occur, one must all but execute the more stubborn cases to get at the truth of the matter.

Except in wind, when the whole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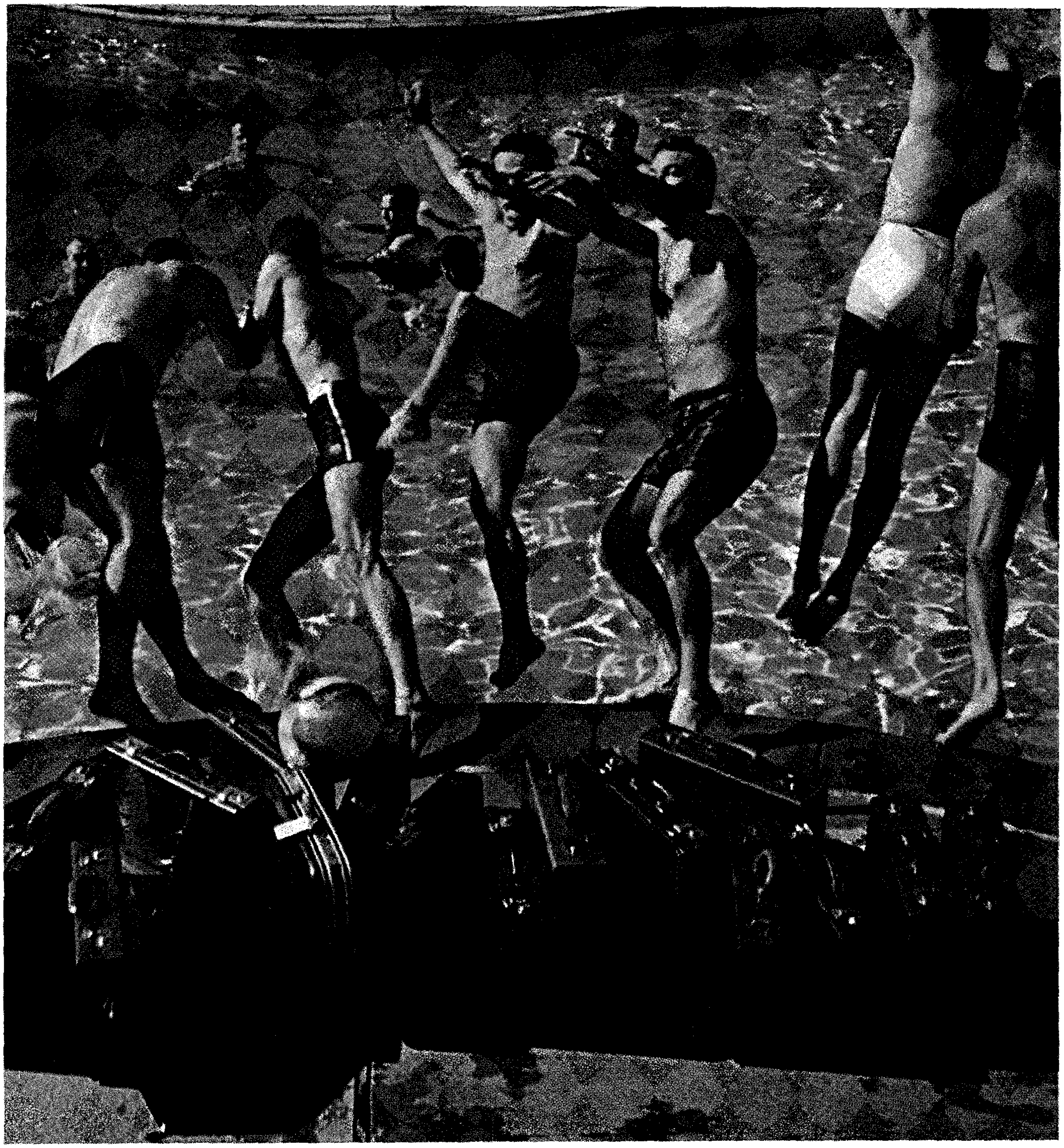

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group looks hunched and wretched (the ruffled feathers are not a sign of misery but, rather, a measure taken by the bird to increase its insulation against cold), there is usually a certain amount of vague activity—a sort of yawning, for example, in which one wing is stretched back across an outstretched leg on the same side, or a bill scratching performed with the long toes, as if the creature were intent on putting its own eye out. (One day, a lesser yellowlegs at Sagaponack scratched its bill while moving at speed over the pond—a maneuver that, for one wild second, made this attenuated bird fly like a sprung umbrella in a gale.) Some rumpled birds will be bathing in the shallows, squatting and splashing and tossing water up onto their backs, and others will be poking and preening with their bills, applying oil from the uropygial gland at the base of the upper tail feathers. This gland, which protects not only feathers but leg scales and bill, is especially well developed in birds such as ducks and shorebirds that frequent the vicinity of water.

Approached by observers, the shorebirds stir a little, as if embarrassed by the intrusion; a few do their best to take no notice, replacing their heads among their back feathers. The sentinels among them—the whimbrel, black-bellied plover, and greater yellowlegs are three wary species in a bird tribe noted for its trustfulness—have long since raised their heads, and now they run a little distance. Unlike the others, the yellowlegs most often moves into the water prior to taking flight. Avocets make nodding motions before flight, and dunlins and others may lift their wings above their backs in sign of uneasiness; whimbrels move toward the leader of the flock. (The rock sandpiper of the North Pacific coasts has the bad habit of gathering for flight on the tops of boulders, from which the Aleuts knock the birds in numbers with well-aimed sticks.) The larger birds are now engaged in head bobbing, a characteristic of the wind birds in time of stress; the bobbing is also thought to be a preparatory motion for flight. The vertical head movements—the tail drops as the head rises, but the body remains stationary, producing a remarkably mechanical effect—are executed while the bird is standing still; in open surroundings the birds are thus enabled to judge the distance of the approaching threat by obtaining a fix at different angles to the horizon.

Now the yellowlegs give cry. The greater and lesser yellowlegs are mem-

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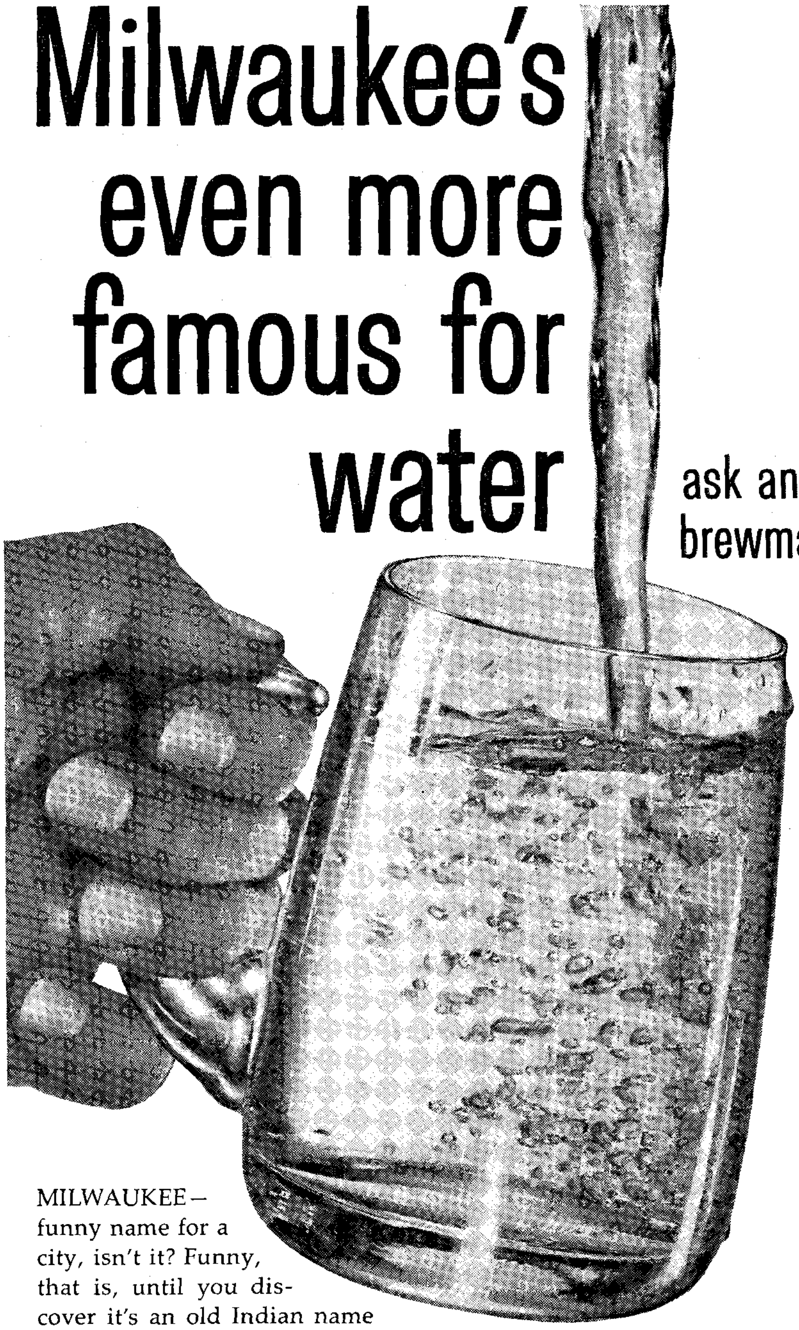
bers of the group of sandpipers called tattlers (other tattlers in North America are the wandering tattler, the willet, and the solitary and upland sandpipers), all of which are addicted to bobbing and nodding even when unmolested. While some tattlers are relatively silent, the lesser yellowlegs responds to the various situations and predicaments that confront it with at least thirteen variations on its usual flight notes, gathering calls, chuckles, screams, and yodels. Even so, it is less noisy than its larger relative. According to one old account, "Many a yellowlegs has been shot by an angry gunner as a reward for his exasperating loquacity." (The black turnstone, a noisy sentinel of the Pacific Coast, was often silenced for the same offense by hunters of the sea otter.) On Long Island, the greater yellowlegs used to be called the telltale tattler, and the lesser yellowlegs the lesser telltale.

On days of wind, the shorebird bands are restless, and abruptly the flock takes wing; most of the birds will defecate in one neat burst as they leave the ground. (Nervous evacuation is a trait of all the higher animals, including man, but in flying creatures there seems to be, if not good reason for it, at least the incidental benefit of reducing weight for a quick getaway.) They whirl off in small groups, by species rather than as individuals, according to a wariness that seems to increase with the species' size. Immediately upon gaining altitude, the flocks burst apart in sudden dives and other evasive tactics—the usual defense against birds of prey, now inappropriately induced by man. They close again, for the wind birds are formation fliers; whirring down across the water gleams and shining mud, they twist and flare in a semaphore flight that turns the flocks from light to dark to light again. The bellies flash toward the sun and hold, for the birds are flying on their sides. Now they pick up other flocks from the bars and margins, filling the air with arabesques of birds.

The wind birds alight, raising both wings vertically as soon as their toes touch the ground, and while still running. Then they are off again, like a quick puff of gray smoke.

The flocks flash past. They flare, dip, merge, and part again, and disappear over dark water; moments later, another flash of white, like a burst of confetti against the blue. Then, out of innocence or inertial reluctance to quit a feeding place, they return to the starting point, hooking around upwind at the last moment and sweeping in



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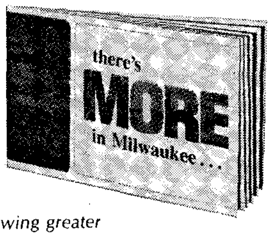

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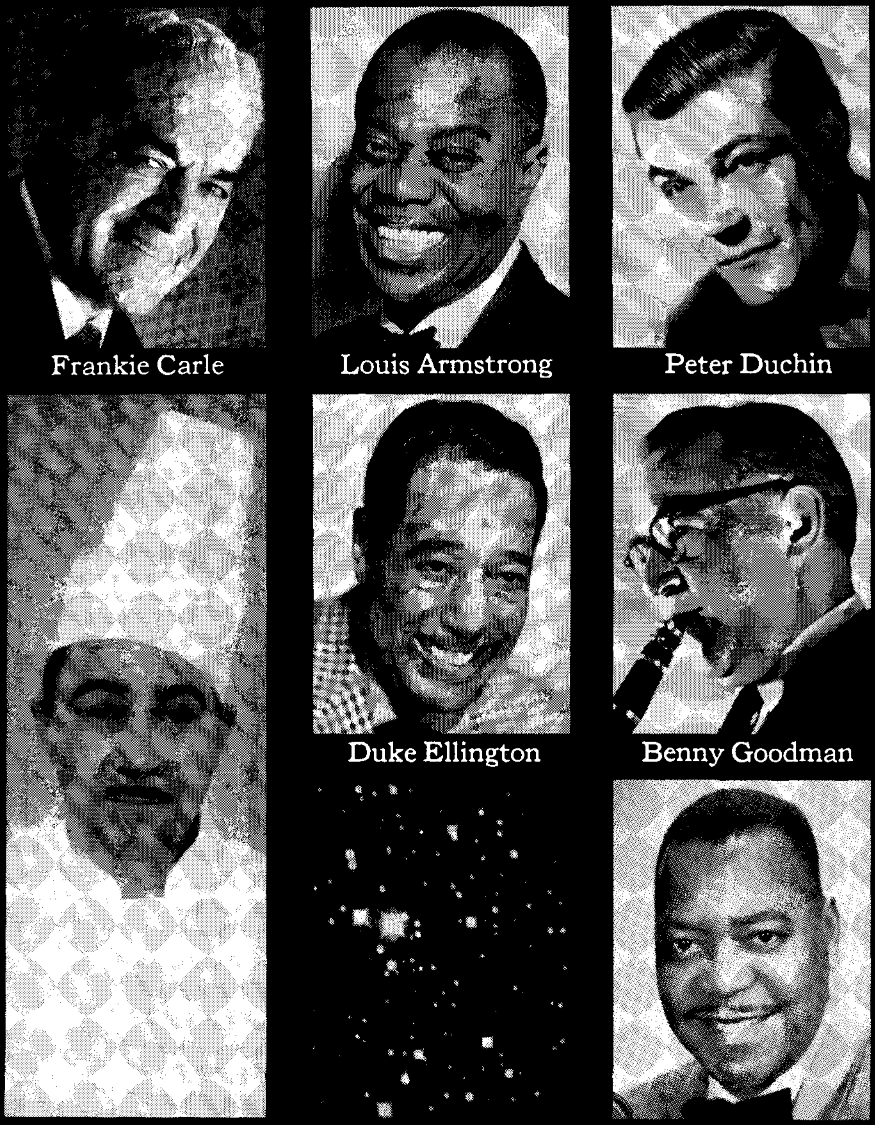

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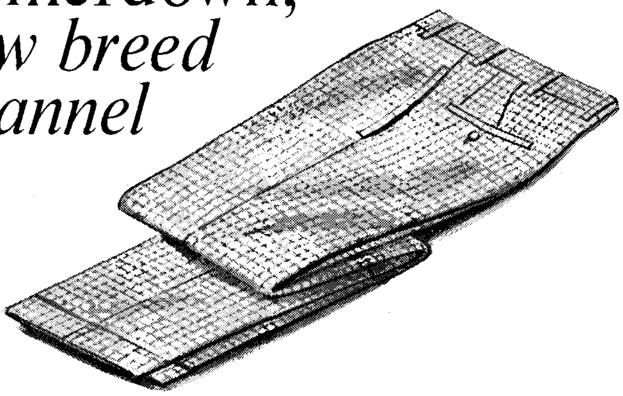

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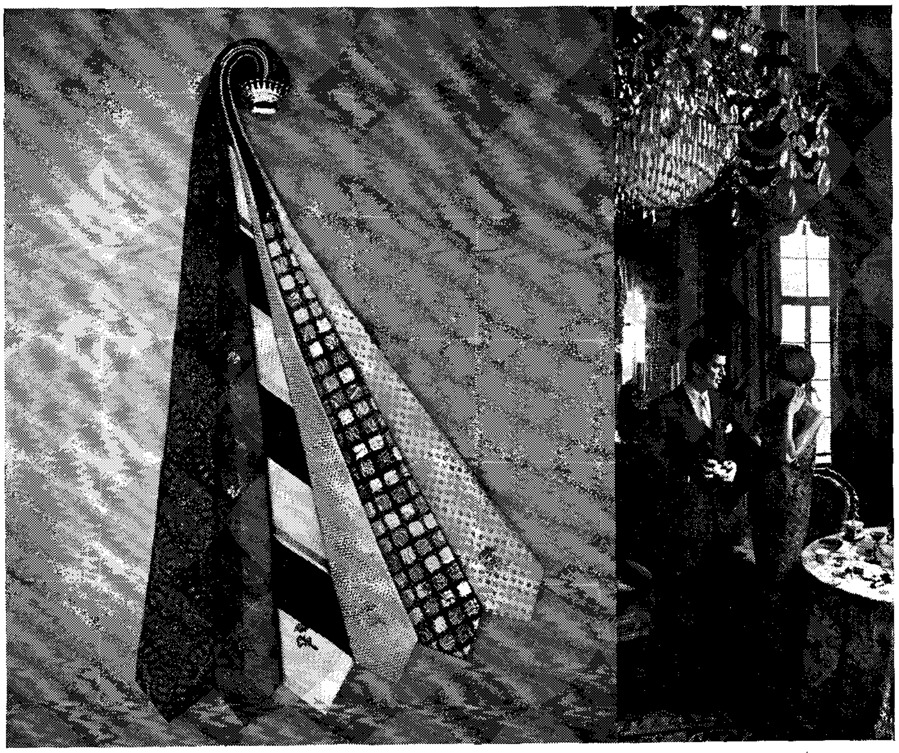

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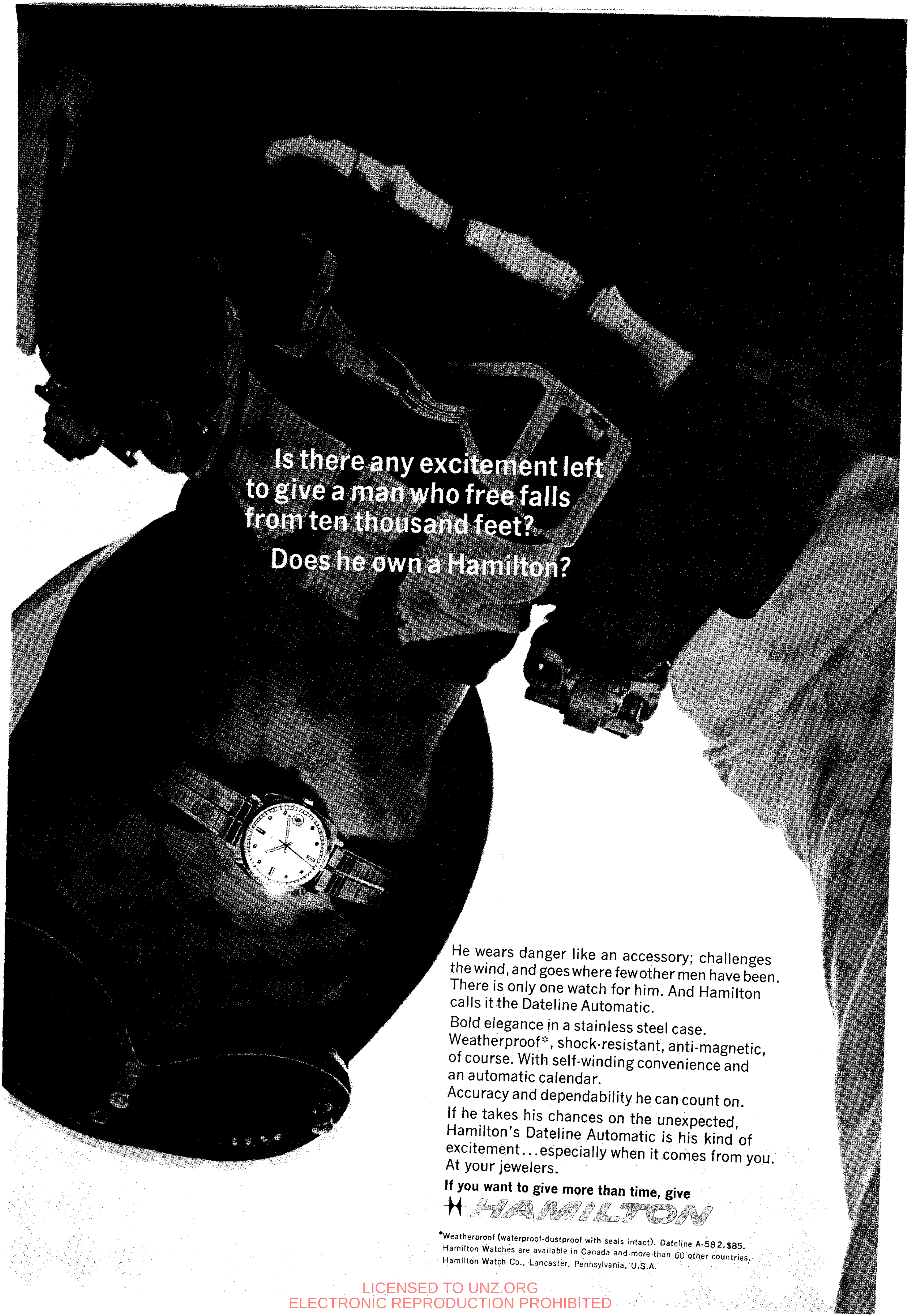
like a gust of petals. Most sandpipers seem as convivial when alighted as they are in flight, rushing everywhere together in a body. But the plovers tend to scatter upon alighting, raising their wings fastidiously over their backs, as if to keep them from being soiled by the madding peep. Chattering, the birds dart at one another or give ground, but in seconds the peck order is reaffirmed and places are taken as before. The cycle of bathing and preening, dozing and stretching starts again. Though from a distance the flock looks tranquil, there is a constant shift and flutter up and down the line.

The slack tide has come and gone, and the water falls away, faster and faster. Soon the first birds move out into the shallows and commence feeding.

SHOREBIRDS, like rats, crows, men, and other widespread and prosperous creatures, are euryphagous—partial, that is, to a variety of plant and animal food. Knots and other species that arrive in the Arctic early may live on saxifrage buds and old crowberries of the previous summer until insects and pond organisms are released by thaw; and the crowberry, or curlewberry (*Empetrum nigrum*), is a favored food of southbound birds in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. For the avocet and the stilt sandpiper, plant foods may compose as much as one-third of the normal diet. But most species, except under special circumstances, feed largely upon animal life; it is difficult to think of the least sandpiper as a carnivore, but such it is. Some shorebirds will even pirate eggs of other birds. Egg predation has been charged against the bristle-thighed curlew, ruddy turnstone, and golden plover in the seabird colonies of small Pacific islands—the curlew will snake an egg out from beneath an albatross as that bird lifts to shift a little and resettle—and also against the Eurasian oystercatcher in the tern colonies of Holland, and perhaps most shorebirds will at times succumb to this sort of opportunism.

Food taken from the ground may be laden with sand or mud, and many shorebirds wash their food by dropping it in water. The animal food taken by shorebirds is largely composed of small invertebrates (insects, worms, crustaceans, mollusks), but the greater yellowlegs and the red phalarope have a pronounced appetite for fish, the long-billed curlew fancies toads, and a stilt sandpiper has been seen to devour a frog—inadvertently, perhaps, for, ac-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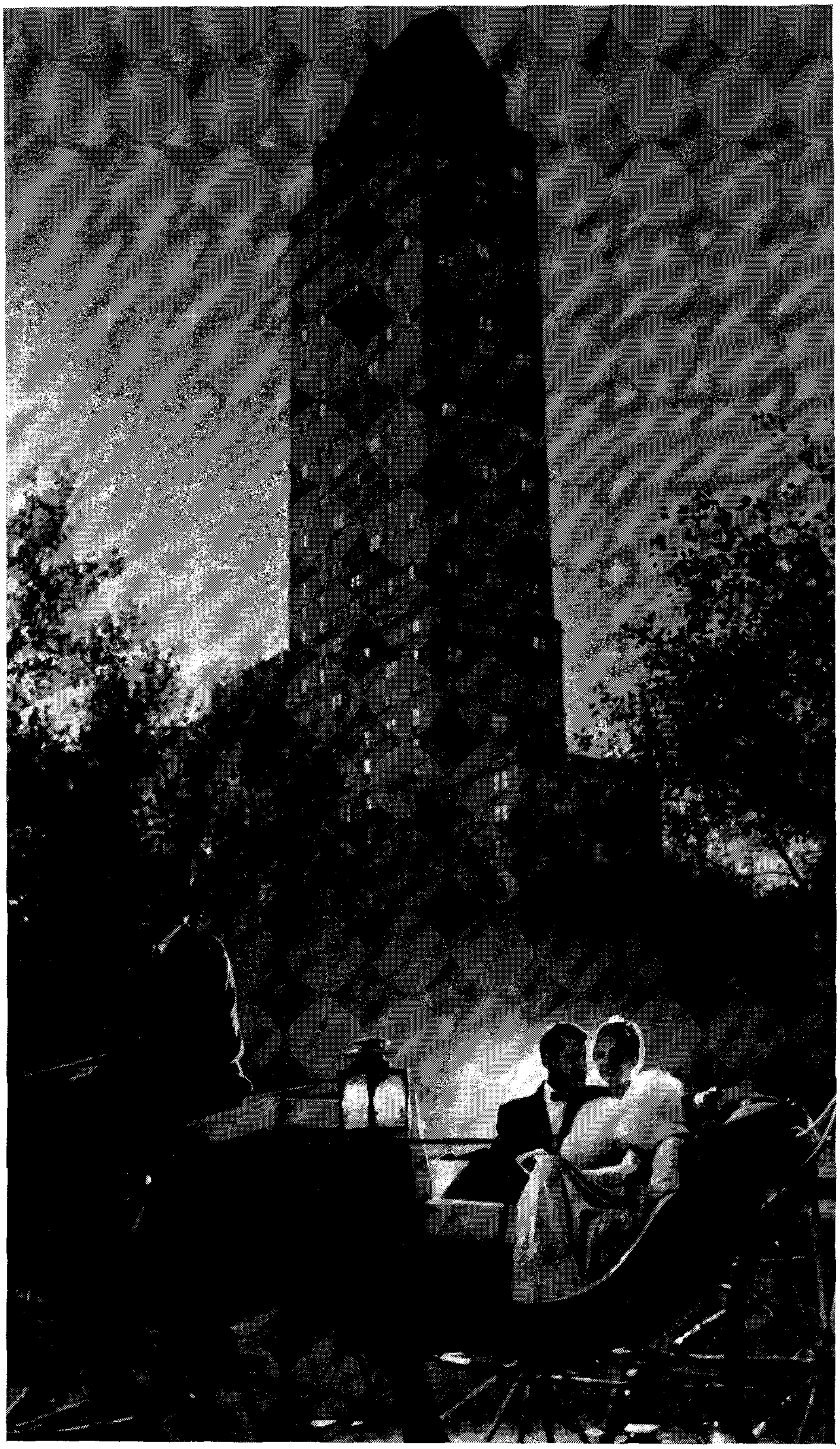
cording to the account, it stood about for some time afterward looking stunned. This species, in company with the Wilson's phalarope and the avocet, commonly swings its bill back and forth through the water, straining out its bits of food in a motion known as side-sweeping; to make the technique more effective, the bill of the stilt sandpiper has become broadened at the tip. At other times, the stilt sandpiper pauses tensely with its bill deep in the sand, as if that member had been seized by some small humorist below. The avocet's long bill curves upward in such a way that the bottom of the curve may be swept back and forth across the shallow bottoms of the freshwater marshes and alkali lakes that the species prefers. This bottom-feeding habit, often performed in stagnant water and necessarily indiscriminate, has given the avocet chronic tapeworm and the rankest taste, so it is said, in all its delectable tribe. But it is a striking beast for all of that: it has a white body, white-and-black wings (like many white-winged birds—white pelicans, gulls, gannets, storks, the whooping crane—it has black wing tips, because white feathers, lacking pigment, are less resistant to wear and tear), a chestnut head, and elegant blue legs; and its body, like the body of a duck, is laterally depressed, as if it had been stepped on. This is an adaptation to the avocet's aquatic habits. Like the duck, it has dense waterproof feathers on the breast and belly; it can dive under water and, when in distress, can swim all but submerged, stretching its neck out on the surface as if resigned to its own beheading. Ashore, this elaborate bird may form a crowd with its companions and circle slowly in a ring dance, like the one described in Edward Howe Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States":

> In a submerged grove where patches of mud appeared above the water hundreds of Avocets were congregated. One little mud island that differed from others in that it was quite round seemed to have a fascination for the birds, and they were packed together upon it in a mass which covered the island to the water's edge. As the island was about 12 feet in circumference the number of birds probably approximated 150. This mass of birds continued to revolve about from left to right, and being so crowded the movement was rather slow and their steps short and measured, so that the impression was that they were all marking time in the marching. Birds on the rim of the circle avoided walking off in the water and crowded inward against the mass. Every moment or two, birds would leave the milling body and fly to a neighboring mud island, and as many from nearby



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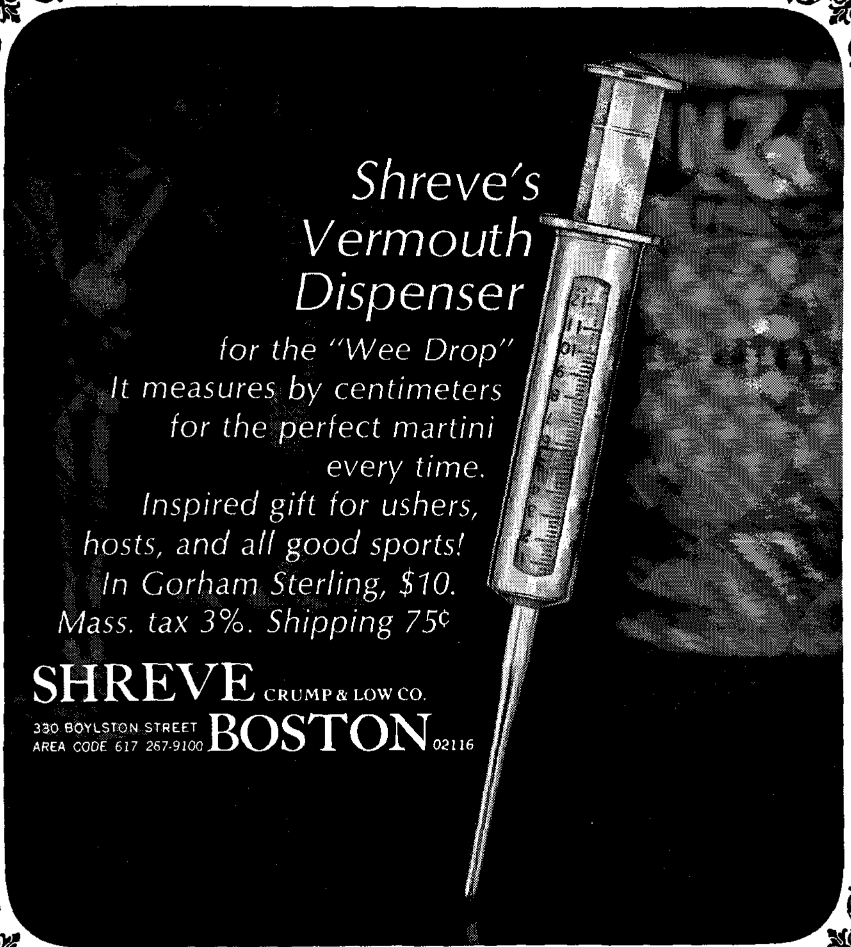

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would fly to take their places and join the dance.

The recurved bill of the avocet and its close relative the black-necked stilt (not to be confused with the stilt sandpiper) has given the name Recurvirostridae to their exclusive family. In North America, all plover bills are modest and consistent, varying only in degree; a field mark of the Wilson's plover, for example, is its relatively heavy bill. The bills of the true sandpipers, conversely, are so various as to make it incredible that all the owners of such bills can be close relatives. Yet bird bills, in the evolutionary sense, are very "plastic;" they respond so readily to any changes in environment or feeding habit that taxonomically they are all but insignificant, except in cases such as the Recurvirostridae, where they are diagnostic of the group.

Bills are no more than compressed layers of epidermal cells—the "lips" of the reptile ancestor, more and more protruded. The shorebird bill is tubular, and it is usually hardest at the tip, although the turnstone bill is hard throughout. Most bills are of a piece from end to end, but in woodcock, snipe, and dowitchers, which may probe so deep into stiff mud that to open the bill would be like opening scissors stuck into a tube, the tip of the upper mandible may be opened separately in order to grasp the prey. This tip, the better to detect worms, is fitted out with tactile corpuscles analogous to those in mammals.

Distinguished bills are also found on the curlews and the oystercatchers. The curlews have decurved bills, like avocet bills turned upside down. (Chicks of both avocets and curlews start out in life with short, straight bills.) These probes are well suited to pursuit of fiddler crabs into their holes; the crabs are a main item of curlew diet. (The wry-billed plover of New Zealand has the outer quarter of its bill bent to the right, which apparently aids it in extracting small insect fugitives from their crannies.) Oystercatchers have long, hard, knife-edged bills, used in dislodging limpets, smashing sea urchins and mussels, and seizing minnows. The birds do not pry open oysters, as was once thought, nor do they slice the adductor muscle with which the oyster valves are closed; they jab into the bivalve's gape and paralyze its nervous system with the action of the bill. Occasionally, an oystercatcher is undone by its own prey, for should a large oyster clamp shut quickly on its bill, the bird may be held fast

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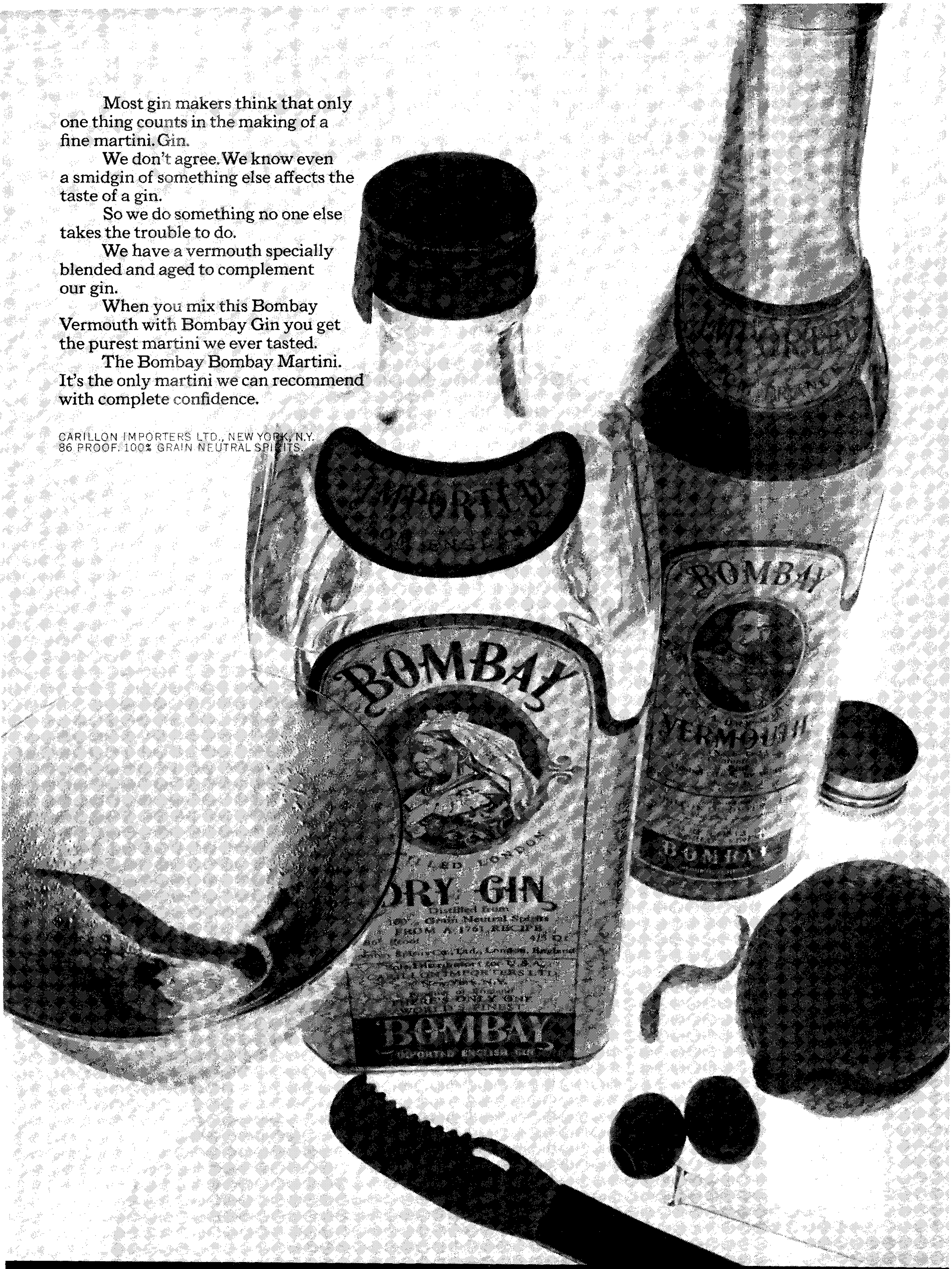
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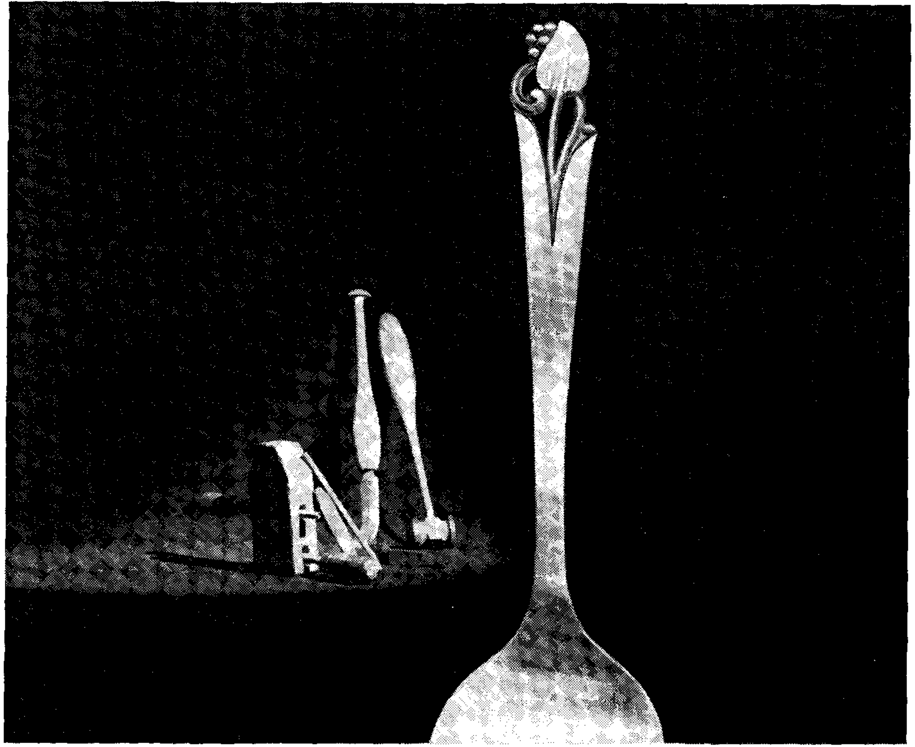

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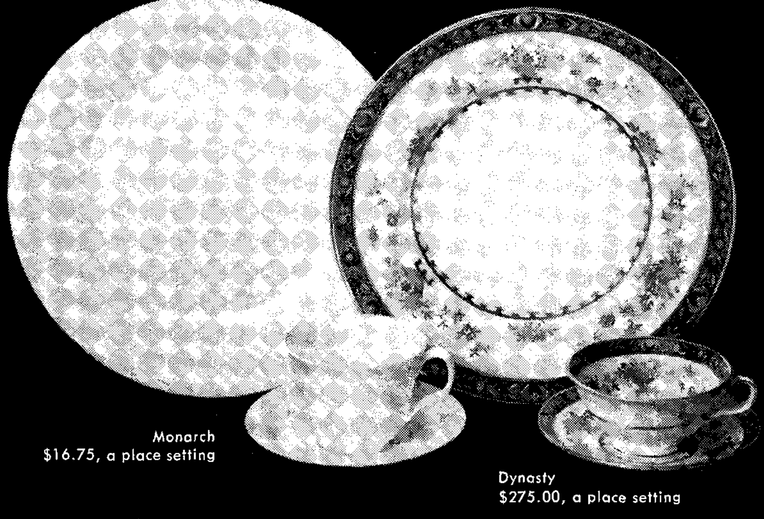

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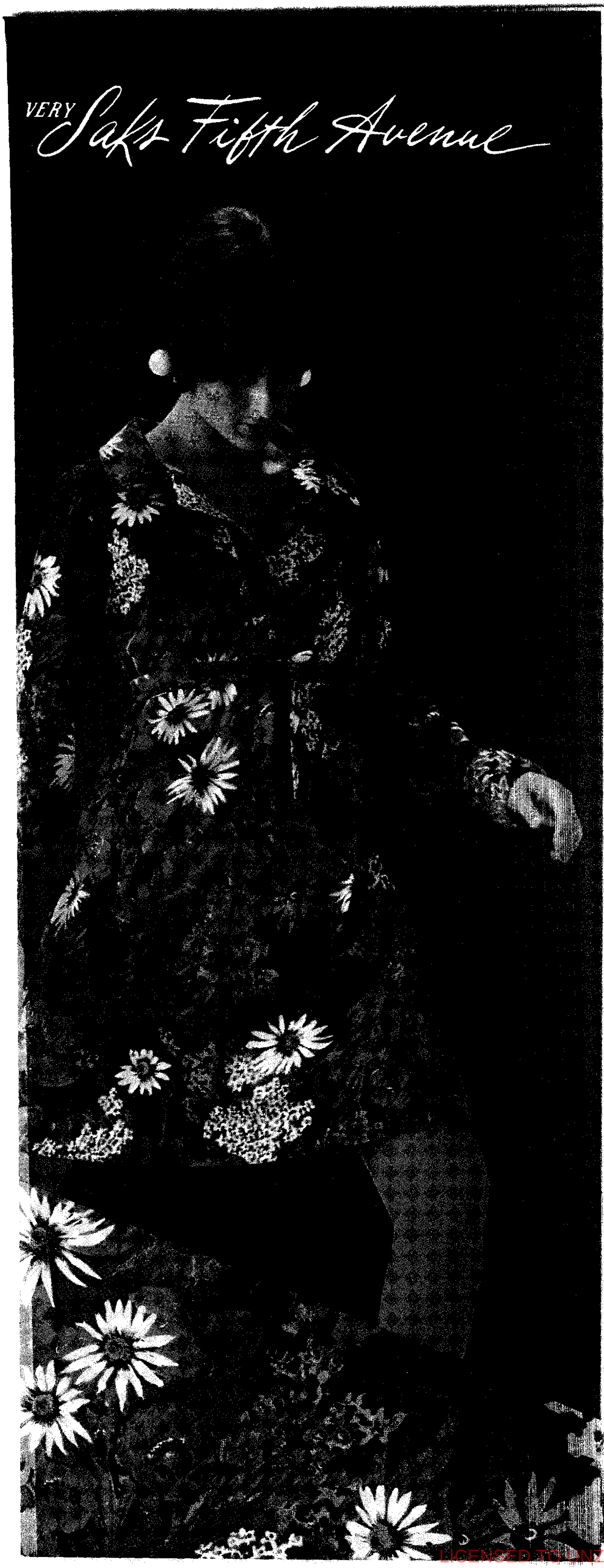
by its dour opponent until drowned by the tides. American oystercatchers are most common in such regions as Cape Romain, South Carolina, with its combination of heavy tides and open flats of oyster clumps, but in the northern part of their range, where oysters do not occur in the intertidal zone, the birds forgo this favorite food entirely.

If the bills of sandpipers vary in shape and size, their feeding techniques vary even more. Almost every species has a special trick of one sort or another—a circumstance crucial to coexistence among birds that for the greater part of the year live and travel in mixed flocks and feed over common ground; were feeding habits identical, the stronger species would soon drive the others out. Among the peep (the "stints" of Britain), the least sandpiper prefers grassy mud flats, while the semipalmated sandpiper favors open sand. The Baird's sandpiper tends to feed back from the water's edge, while the western sandpiper usually feeds farther out into the shallows than its cousins—so far at times that its head must submerge over the eyes. Knots and dowitchers feed customarily in compact groups, shoulder to shoulder, while most plover, the greater yellowlegs, and the upland and buff-breasted sandpipers scatter widely. Both of the yellowlegs and certain other sandpipers "snatch" their food, as plovers do, rather than probe, and the greater yellowlegs shares with the avocet a technique of communal fishing: both will form a line with others of their kind to drive small fish into the shallows. In groups or alone, the fishing yellowlegs will sometimes tilt itself far forward and pitch drunkenly ahead, weaving and sideslipping as if struggling to keep its balance. The reason for this behavior is unknown, but one can guess that the swift and erratic descent of the feet must be confusing to small fish and may cause them to bunch and mill rather than flee. The surfbird and the spotted sandpiper stalk insects, while the semipalmated sandpiper takes them on the run; all three hunt with tail high and head low, apparently to obscure the outline of the head from the dim perceptions of their victims.

Plovers inspect loose sand or mud with a gull-like technique known as foot-patting, or puddling. Similarly, the solitary sandpiper stirs freshwater bottoms with its foot—miraculously, without roiling the water—and snaps up the escapees; this bird nods and bobs almost continuously, as with an ague. The woodcock thumps its damp haunts with its feet to lure worms upward to



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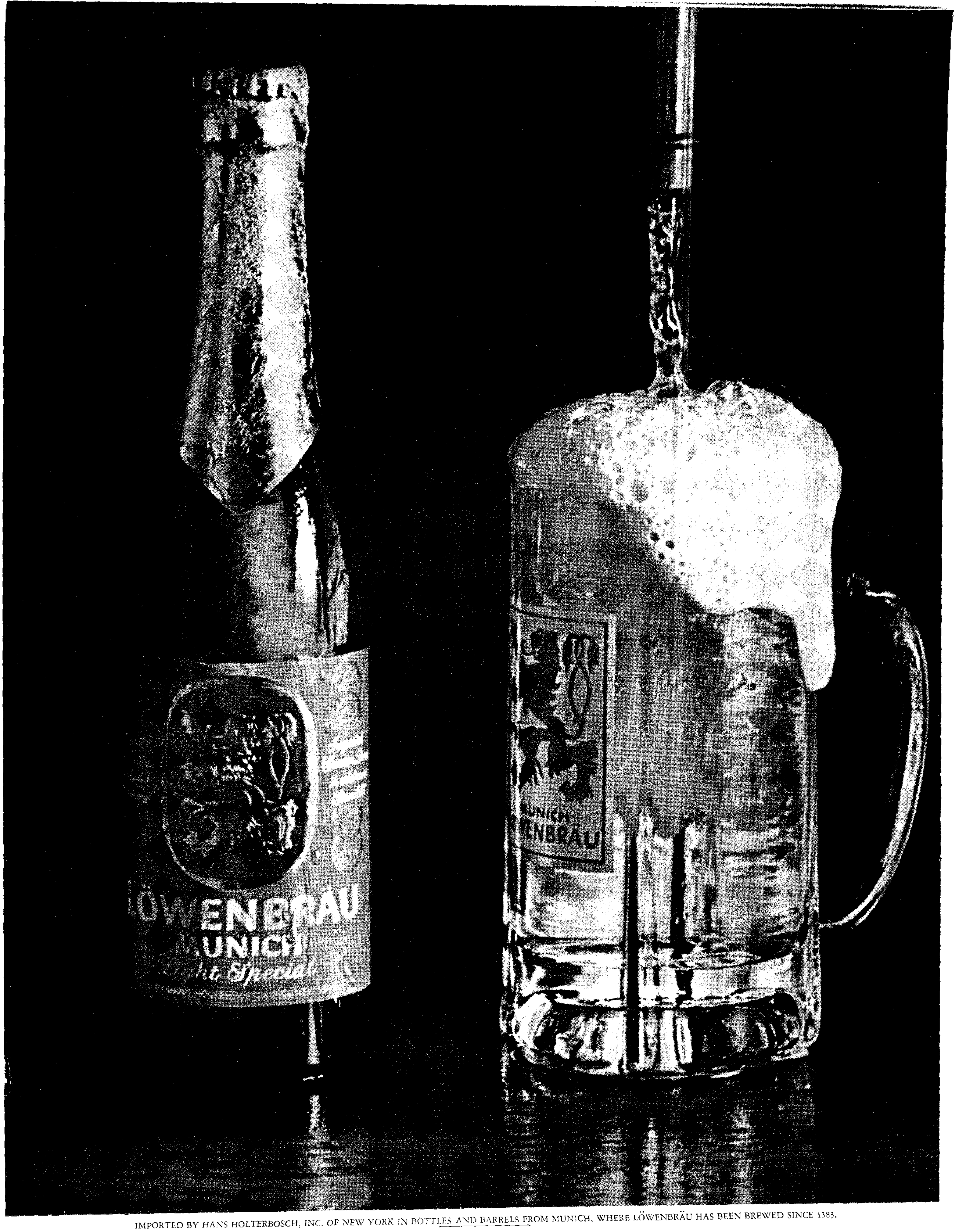
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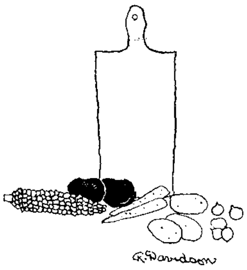
their doom; why thumping should hold this fatal attraction for the earthworm is not clear, but one recalls that rain will draw worms upward, and doubtless an inspired woodcock can drum like a local thunderstorm. The worms are sucked up intact, like spaghetti, and in more epicurean times these wholesome worms from the woodcock's stomach were prized as a delicacy, called "trail."

Knots and sanderlings follow the ocean beach in search of sand fleas and crustaceans exposed by the surf's retreat; their nonchalance in rough weather is matched by the surfbird, purple sandpiper, and wandering tattler, which hunt where the seas crash on the rock coasts, and by the red and northern phalaropes, "the swimming sandpipers," which dart and flutter, magically unharmed, at the very crest of breaking waves. Another trick of phalaropes, the spin-and-dab technique, in which the floating bird spins round and round like something unwinding, is thought to stir up mosquito larvae so that they may be dabbed, often at the rate of five per second. This pirouetting is apparently confined to still, cold waters, where the larvae are inert and invisible. In warm or rough water, the habit is dispensed with, as it is on the ocean, where phalaropes feed on the crustacean known as brit, as well as minute fish, jellyfish, and other members of the plankton community. The red phalarope sometimes feasts on parasites that it finds on the backs of whales. Adaptive characters of these ocean swimmers—the red and northern phalaropes, neither one much larger than a robin, occur on all the seven seas and spend most of the year upon the deep—include the large salt glands of true pelagic birds; dense breast and belly feathers with a layer of down, like those of ducks; flattened tarsi for swimming, like those of grebes; and lobate swimming feet. So well adapted to a floating life are phalaropes that they seem to scud before the slightest breeze, like feathered ping-pong balls.



The semipalmated sandpiper, as its cumbersome name indicates, has partly webbed feet, as do the willet, the black-necked stilt, stilt sandpiper, dowitchers, and godwits; the avocet's feet are fully webbed. The jaçana's great, attenuated toes enable it to stay afloat on lily pads, while the black oystercatcher, which frequents slippery wet rocks, has feet equipped with calks. The deep-wading black-necked stilt has the longest legs in proportion to its size of any bird on earth except the flamingo; as in most wading birds, the elongation of the leg occurs chiefly in the tarsus, and there is a corresponding elongation of the bill and neck, so that the bird may keep its plumage dry while feeding. All these adaptations to their environment improve the shorebirds' chances of maintaining their species in the remorseless competition for survival.

THE great majority of the wind birds are characterized the year around by protective coloration, often so effective even on bare beach and open flat that the bird goes unseen until it moves. Most shorebirds and other small vertebrates—including many fish, frogs, snakes, and songbirds, certain rodents, and small hoofed animals—are abetted in their obscurity by countershading, which occurs in many unrelated creatures and is therefore a striking example of the phenomenon called parallel evolution: in countershading, the outline of the creature tends to dissolve when a dark dorsal area, shading gradually to a ventral that is light, merges imperceptibly with the ground shadow when the sun is overhead. It is the violation of the countershading principle that causes unmolted golden and black-bellied plover, light above and dark below, to stand out at great distances on pale ocean beaches in the fall. Another concealment adaptation, often found in the same countershaded creature, is disruptive coloration. (One is tempted to say that the greater the number of streaks, stripes, spots, and speckles the more effective the disruptive coloration, since all these tend to blur the outline; yet against the monotones of a mud flat a great speckled bird would stand out like an ostrich.) The least, pectoral, and white-rumped sandpipers will sometimes crouch down on their tarsi behind reed stumps or lumps of mud rather than fly, so excellent is their camouflage, and both snipe and woodcock are celebrated for "lying close"—depending on concealment, that is, until the final moment, when they burst from beneath the boot of man or nose of dog. By flattening themselves against the ground, shorebirds are able to decrease or eliminate the telltale shadow that gives them away, and this is true especially when the wings are slightly spread, forming a kind of flange that tapers all but imperceptibly into their

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surroundings. The thick-knee's dependence on disruptive coloration is often so exaggerated that it will permit itself to be picked up from the stony ground on which it crouches; it seems convinced, despite the bad turn that events have taken, that it is nowhere to be seen.

More subtle is the camouflage of the piping plover, whose black broken collar and black streak of folded-wing feathers are just enough to melt its sand-colored outline on the high beaches it prefers. These black accents blend so neatly with scattered black bits of dried algae, drift sticks, broken clamshells, and the egg cases of skates that the plover is difficult to see even when running; it glides like a tiny shadow, like wind-shifted sand. The snowy plover of the white alkali flats and the white coral beaches of the Gulf Coast is more faded than the piping plover, while the semipalmated plover, which favors wet beach and mud flat, is correspondingly darker, not only in general coloration but in the size and fullness of its black collar. It has been theorized that their close relative the killdeer has two collars instead of one because in this much larger bird two collars are necessary to form a disruptive pattern; a single collar would be conspicuous.

A different sort of plumage adaptation is the white rump of the white-rumped sandpiper, black-bellied plover, dowitchers, and other shorebirds; as in animals like the white-tailed deer and cottontail rabbit, the white "flag" may communicate alarm to other members of the species and is thought to distract pursuers as its owner flashes back and forth. Perhaps the willet's wing serves this same purpose, breaking the outline of the bird for the hawk attacking from above.

In the ringed plovers (genus *Charadrius*—in North America the piping, snowy, semipalmated, Wilson's, and killdeer) and in birds such as the surfbird, oystercatchers, snipes, pectoral sandpiper, upland sandpiper, long-billed curlew, and marbled godwit, plumages are much the same all year, probably because none of these species, even when nesting, varies much in its choice of terrain; for example, the surfbird, which deserts the Pacific seacoast for the central mountains of Alaska, seeks out a rock-heap environment in both habitats. Other species of stable appearance, like the avocet and stilt, nest in colonies, where camouflage is not required. On the contrary, colonial nesters are often white or otherwise brightly marked, possibly as a means of signalling across great distances the presence of

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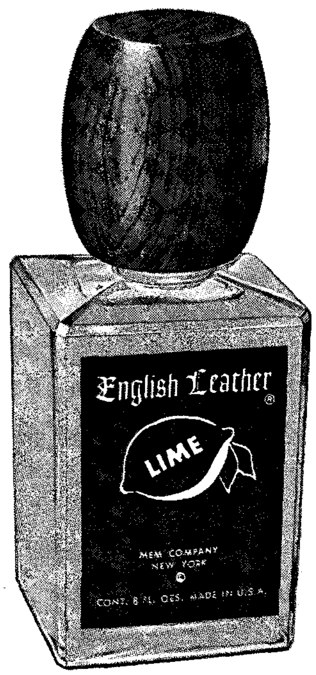

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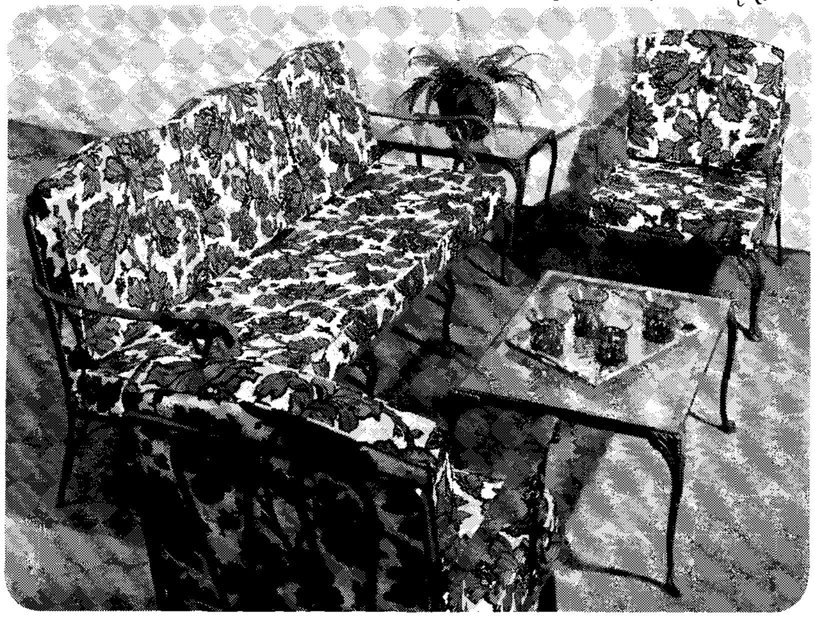

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food or other reason for convention. But beach species that breed inland, such as the knot and various peep, change from littoral grays and stony browns to the streaky grass buff and warm rusts that meadow birds such as the pectoral sandpiper wear all year round. Even the bright nuptial plumage of the golden and black-bellied plovers may serve as camouflage in the dark-earthed fields of the spring route, inland, and on the tundra lichens sought by both species; in combination with their head and neck stripes, their black bellies make a disruptive pattern no less difficult to pierce because it is bold in coloration.

The pervasive monotones of bare terrains, encouraging cryptic markings, have made the wind birds rather subdued in plumage, and such bright color as they have is often found in leg and bill; even the avocet, American oystercatcher, and ruddy turnstone are more striking in pattern than in hue. But, inevitably, a thing adapted perfectly to its place—a snowflake, a sailing ship, a spoon—acquires a true beauty of refinement; the soft dove brown of the buff-breasted sandpiper, the marsh gold of the golden plover, and the leaf tones of the woodcock are as lovely as the plumages of more flamboyant birds. Like essences of earth and grass, they carry with them the warm shades of sunlight, cloud shadow, and the swift seasons.

THE piping plover of the Sagaponack dunes might be regarded as a highly modified theodont reptile (the theodonts were small bipedal creatures of the Triassic), related quite closely to the huge, slow, cold-blooded beasts of vanished ages. *Archaeopteryx lithographica*, the crow-sized link between the birds and reptiles, has been called by some a "specialized dinosaur"—bird feet, feathers, and all. *Charadrius*, the genus that includes the piping plover, and *Numenius*, the genus of modern curlews, are found in the fossil records of sixty-five million years ago, and to this day the piping plover retains the body scales, condyle bone sockets, air sacs, nucleated red corpuscles, eggs, and egg teeth in the young that are the heritage of its reptile ancestor. Yet *Charadrius melodus*, the piping plover, is far more changed from *Archaeopteryx* than pictures might suggest, and nowhere are the improvements better shown than in the mechanisms and adaptations necessary for long-distance flight.

Extensive flight, in fact, would be impossible without the modern sternum, which long ago replaced the rib-cage

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Professor and friends: All questions welcome, and a good many of them answered in the current Annual Report. Please write or phone if you would like to have it.

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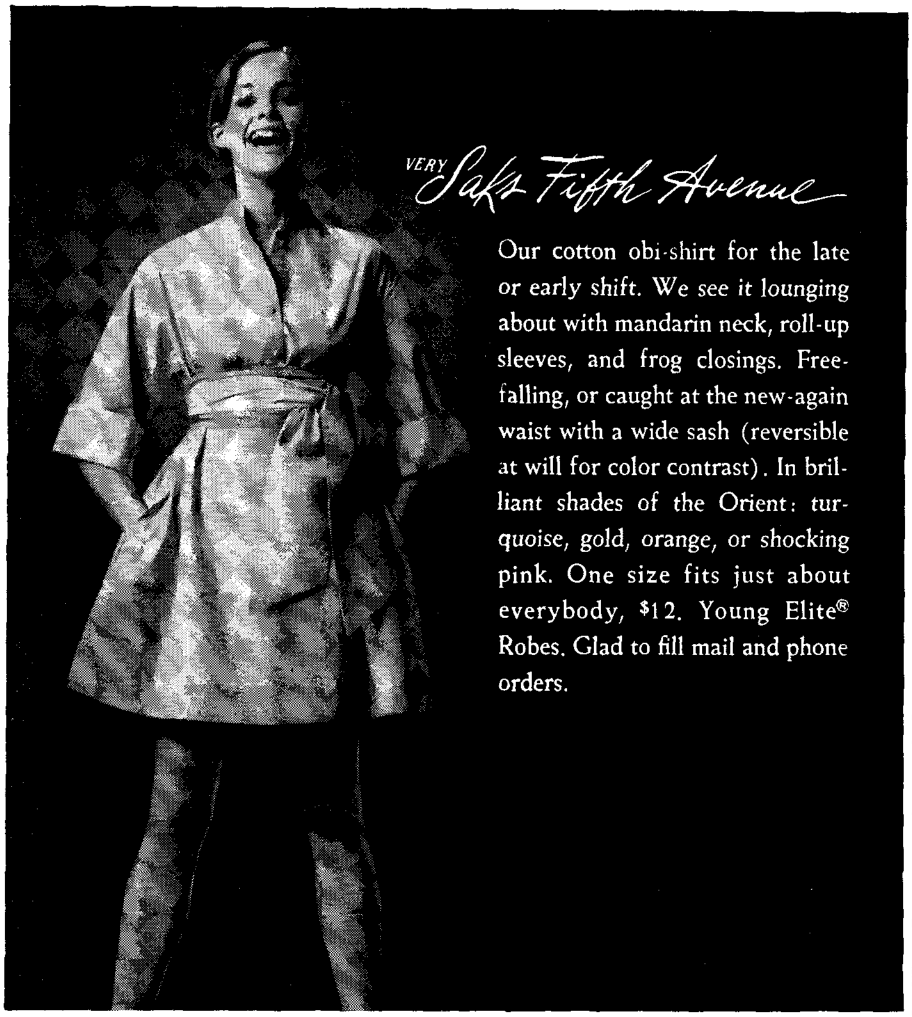
structure of *Archaeopteryx*. The sternum is a kind of breastplate with a projecting keel, familiar to all those who have ever carved a bird, and the keel serves as a base for the huge wing and breast muscles that sustain strong, rapid flight; these muscles form the breast meat. Dark breast meat is the sign of a rich blood supply—the blood brings the fuel and oxygen that are burned rapidly in flight, and carries off the wastes—and it is characteristic of wild birds. Even non-migratory grouse and quail have darker meat than domestic fowl, which, grounded for many centuries, have gone pale in wing and breast while retaining dark meat in the legs.

Flight muscles are extremely heavy—in some birds they constitute half the total weight—but this weight is balanced out by lightness elsewhere. Modern birds have hollow bones, and they have dropped the teeth of *Archaeopteryx* at one end and its tailbone at the other; swifts, shorebirds (the upland sandpiper is an exception), wild duck, and many other strong fliers have scarcely any tail at all. Separate bones of pelvis, vertebral column, and wrist and hand have become fused, and other small bones have disappeared entirely. Most skin glands are absent, and the heavy gonads atrophy to insignificance after the breeding season. A large, four-chambered heart, high blood pressure, and a complex respiratory system (though birds have small and compact lungs, their lung cells receive more pure fresh air than those of mammals) are other components in an exquisite mechanism, tuned and honed and pruned and pared by the winds of ages.

The fuel for this machine is a rich and concentrated food used so efficiently that a strong flier like the golden plover, drawing great energy from a blood-sugar concentration nearly twice that found in mammals, may lose no more than an ounce of body weight in a flight of a thousand miles. Its economy is a condition of this plover's immense journeys: the flight between Hawaii and the Aleutians—two thousand and fifty miles at a minimum—has been computed to require thirty-five hours at about twenty-eight and a half yards, or two wingbeats, per second. Lacking mammalian skin glands, the plover retains almost all the water that it takes in and eliminates not urine but a crystalline uric acid in the feces. When one considers that the domestic pig, an animal esteemed highly for its efficiency, converts but twenty per cent of the energy in its food to products usable by man, one can appreciate the niceties of bird digestion. Yet, despite



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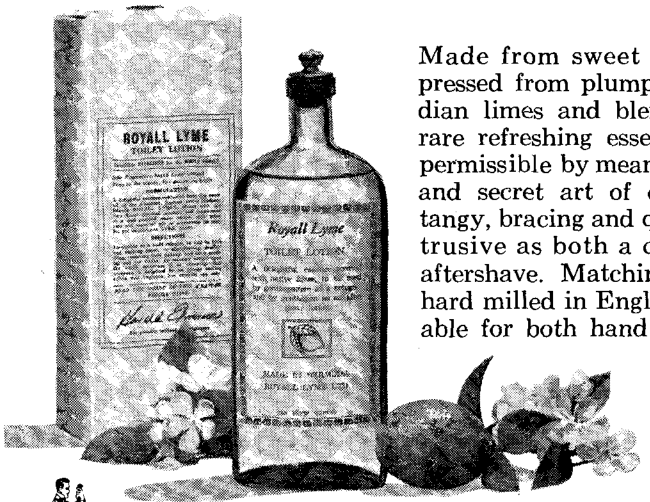


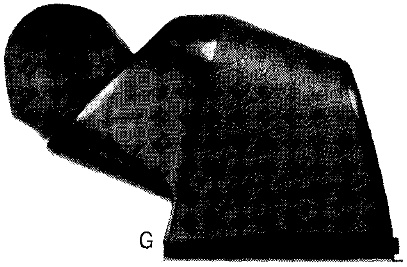
The Hasselblad system...
and a few reasons why the serious photographer needs it.

If you're serious about your photography, (and you wouldn't be reading this advertisement if you weren't), then you are probably already the proud owner of a so called "system" or a "system camera." You like it, because you like to do a lot of shooting, and you like the versatility and freedom that the "system" idea can bring to your photography. Probably the "system" that you have is 35mm ...right? And it's great because you can shoot lots of exposures, then print up your best shots. But you'd be the first to admit that there's a big loss in image quality when you blow up that 35mm negative to "Exhibition" print size. And did you ever get mad because you had a black and white film loaded and then all of a sudden that chance for a great color shot happened. Of course if you have two bodies, and keep one always loaded with color, then you're in great shape...do you have two bodies? And did you ever get mad at your wife when she wanted to see the pictures of that weekend trip you both took, then complained about the size of the contacts? O.K. so some of the things we've mentioned may be a little exaggerated, but they do point out a few things that can happen if you own a 35. None of these things can happen if you own the Hasselblad System. You see Hasselblad is the one camera system that can do anything that any 35mm camera system can do and at the same time give you all the advantages of the 2¼ square format. Plus the Hasselblad System of interchangeable lenses with built in Compur shutter and interchangeable film magazines.

Here's what the Hasselblad System consists of. Firstly, the 500C, the standard camera in the system[A]. It accepts all seven lenses available for the Hasselblad, and is a single lens reflex viewing camera. The 500C always shows you exactly how your final picture will turn out on the ground glass screen, in the same way a view camera does. This allows you to concentrate on the setting up and composition of your picture, no matter what lens or accessories you are using on the camera.

The lens, magazine, focusing hood and winding knob of the 500C are all instantly interchangeable.

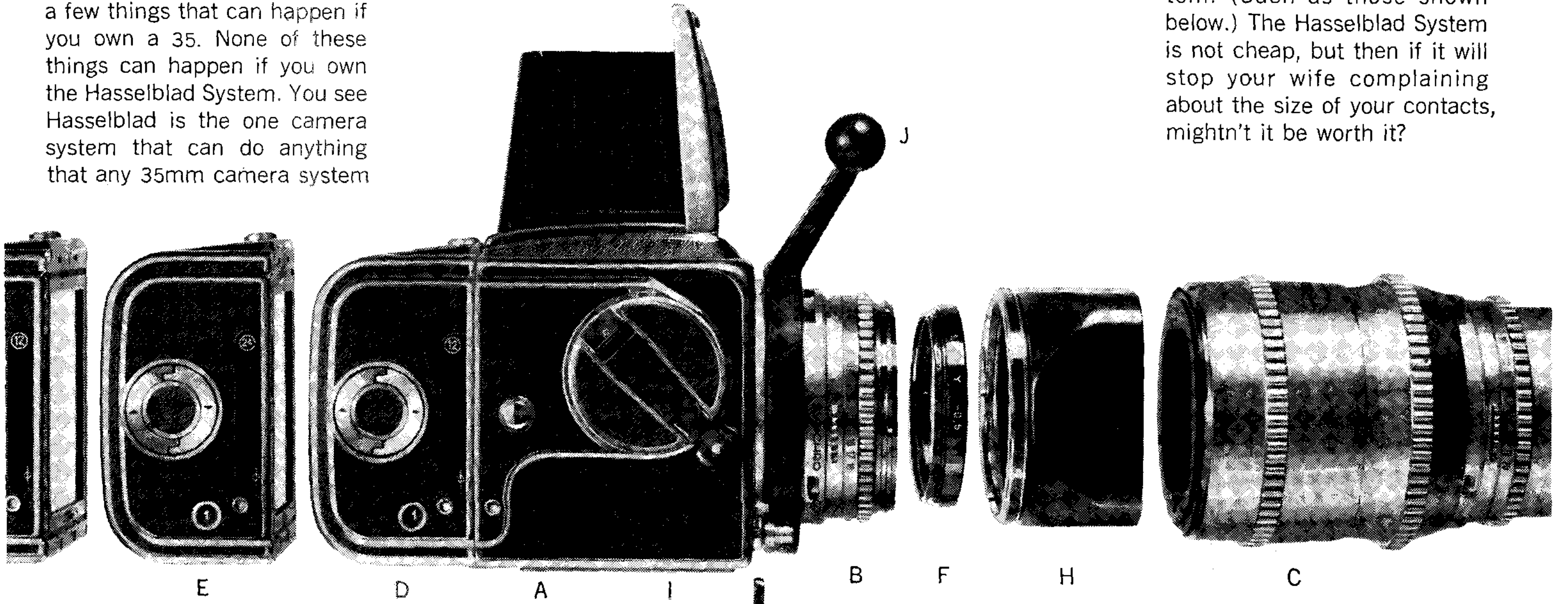
Next is the Hasselblad Superwide C. The camera that caused a breakthrough in 2¼ square photography. Equipped with a 38mm, 90° angle of view Zeiss Biogon f/4.5 lens, this camera allows you to take pictures previously considered impossible.

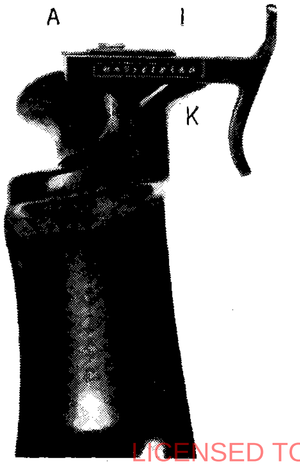


The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. Depth of field at an aperture of f/22 is from 26 inches to infinity.

The newest camera in the Hasselblad System is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, allowing a rapid series of exposures to be made, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer or remote radio control. The 500EL accepts all the lenses and most accessories available for the 500C. Obviously one of the advantages of this camera is that the photographer is freed from the actual mechanics of picture taking and can, therefore, devote himself completely to the subject.

The use of the 500EL with the Hasselblad 70mm film magazine, (up to 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film) allows the photographer, working on a job where a large number of exposures are required, to handle his work load much more quickly and efficiently.





There are seven Carl Zeiss lenses in the Hasselblad System, 40, 50, 80[B], 120, 150, 250[C] and 500mm. Each lens has a built in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization allowing the use of flash and strobe at all speeds up to 1/500th of a second.

Five different instantly interchangeable film magazines are available. These magazines allow the photographer to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film[D], 24 exposures on 220 film[E] and 70 exposures on 70mm film. The magazines also allow the choice of 3 formats, (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). This allows not only for speed of operation, but the convenience of being able to change either film type or format in mid-roll.

Completing the system is a huge range of accessories that includes extension tubes and bellows extensions for close up work, filters[F], transparency copy holders, cut film backs, eye level prism finders[G], sports view finders, sun shades[H], rapid winding crank[I], quick focusing handles[J], grips[K], underwater housings, ring lights, tripod quick coupling, microscope attachments and carrying cases.

We are not suggesting that you need the entire system all at once. But we do believe that the quality of your photography, and the pleasure that you get out of it, can be increased many times over when you own a small part of the Hasselblad System. (Such as those shown below.) The Hasselblad System is not cheap, but then if it will stop your wife complaining about the size of your contacts, mightn't it be worth it?

This description of the Hasselblad System has been necessarily brief. If you would like a Hasselblad catalogue or further literature or if you have a specific technical inquiry, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Rd., Linden, N.J. 07036

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the efficiency of its machine, the obstacles that must be overcome by such a fragile organism as the wind bird remain formidable.

The swift metabolism demanded by the shorebird's rapid digestion and expenditure of energy has its disadvantages. The reptilian scales still visible in bird legs and claws are modified in the feathers to conserve warmth—bird plumage, ruffled, provides thick insulation—and there is a relative absence of bare skin and fleshy limbs. Nevertheless, a bird as small as the least sandpiper must eat frequently, for otherwise in a very few hours it would starve to death or die of cold; like all small warm-blooded creatures, it suffers from a drastic disparity between its comparatively large heat-losing surface and small heat-producing engine. (It is often said, correctly, that warm-blooded creatures smaller than hummingbirds and shrews could not feed fast enough to keep themselves alive even if they devoted all their energies to eating.) This disparity is the basis of an ecological principle known as Bergmann's rule, which states that creatures living in cold climates tend to be larger than their relatives of warm climates. The purple sandpiper, one of the largest of the genus *Calidris*, is the most northerly in year-round range, while the least sandpiper is the smallest and most southerly in the same genus. The purple sandpiper is also the darkest-colored of its genus, supporting Gloger's rule that black pigment tends to be produced by wet climates, brown by drier ones. Also, this obliging bird has comparatively short legs and wings and bill, in seeming illustration of Allen's rule—usually applied to mammals—that creatures of cold climates have smaller appendages than their more southerly relatives, to reduce loss of heat. The shorebird habit of standing on one leg may derive from an instinct to keep the exposed surfaces to a minimum.

The speed and endurance that reflect the efficiency of the shorebird's machine are matched by its maneuverability. The flock evolutions that many species make repeatedly and at high speed are so unified and intricate that one can scarcely believe that the birds fly by sight or signal. The flock seems to travel as a single bird, a single soul—as if, in the intensity of flight, it had pierced some dimension of knowing in which all signals were superfluous.

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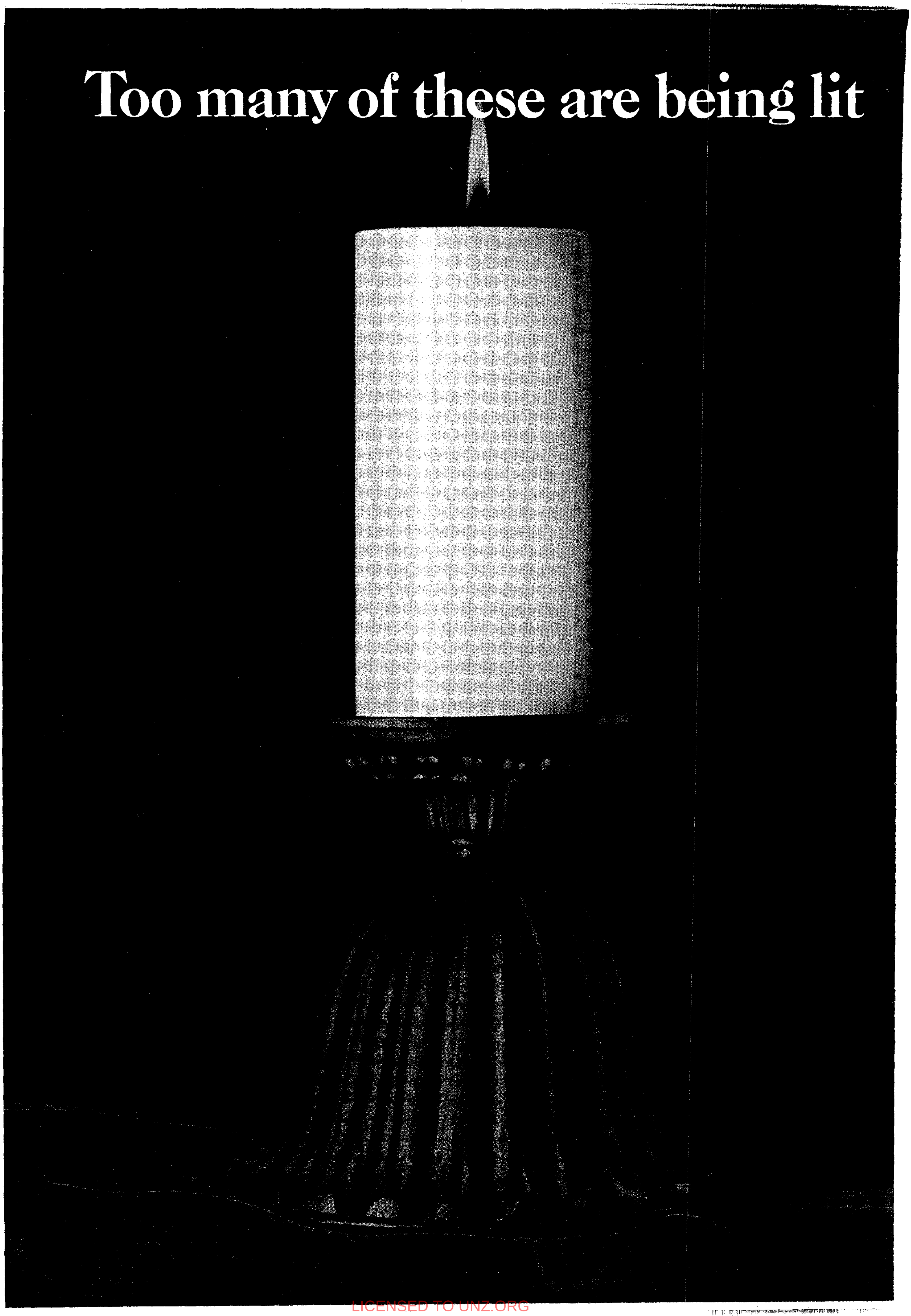
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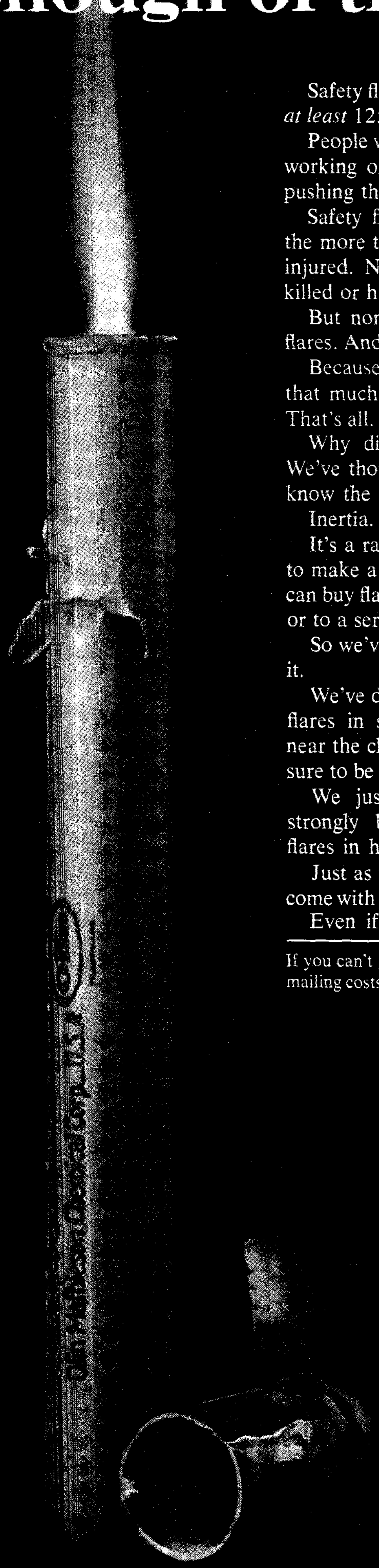

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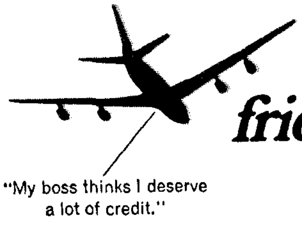
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cloudy, may have seen the masses of these birds at a distance, when the whole were only visible, appear like a dark and swiftly moving cloud, suddenly vanish, but in a second appear at some distance, glowing with a silvery light almost too intense to gaze upon, the consequences of the simultaneous motions of the flock, at once changing their position, and showing the dark gray of their back, or the pure white of their underparts.

This description in Wilson's "American Ornithology" was inspired by the "ash-colored sandpiper," *Tringa canutus* (named by Linnaeus after King Canute, who loved to eat it, but now assigned to the genus *Calidris* and called knot), but applies as well to other small shorebirds that travel habitually in flocks. Sometimes these performing flocks are mixed, but in this case the several species are of a general size and conformation, so that uniformity of flight can be maintained. Here is another description, this one from Forbush:

> The afternoon sun leans its rays into the repose of the marshes, when suddenly one of these tremendous floods of life surges over them, sweeping down in the distance like a cloud detached from the sky, an invasion of Valkyrie with all the wild discipline and exultation of speed and none of the menace or terror. The little birds approach over the water in a dense column of perfect order, in a humming volume of a sea-like monotone, accompanied by a soft purr from thousands of throats. . . . Changing pattern, direction, color and formation with every turn, each individual yet keeps the same distance from his neighbor, the same momentum, and the same angle of the body, as though pulled hither and thither with lightning rapidity from the ends of an infinite number of invisible and equidistant threads, all radiating from a common point. Thus they cut one design after another out of the fabric of space—three thousand leaderless birds, executing intricate movements with the single cohesion of one body, supported upon one pair of wings.

Such flight would not be possible without the shorebird's high-speed wings—blade wings of low camber and high aspect ratio, bearing a minimum of drag. Not all shorebirds are as swift and gifted as the knot and dunlin, nor do all of them have pointed wings, but the few exceptions, like the stilt, avocet, and woodcock, make short migrations or, like the jaçana, none at all. The stilt sandpiper and the two dowitchers have relatively short wings, and possibly they are somewhat slower than their relatives, though this has to be proved. A flock of dowitchers twisting down across the Sagaponack flats looks as swift as any other.

The snipe and the pectoral sandpiper—and the least sandpiper when

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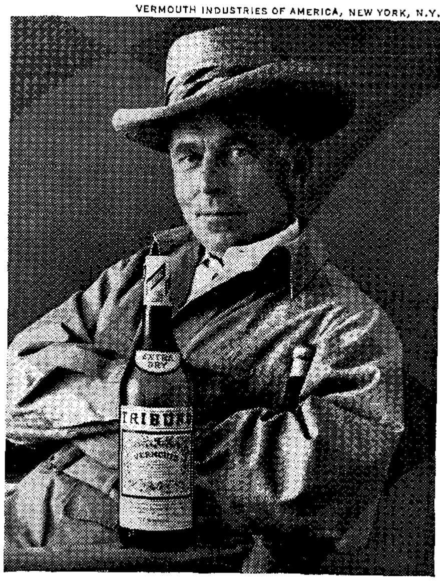

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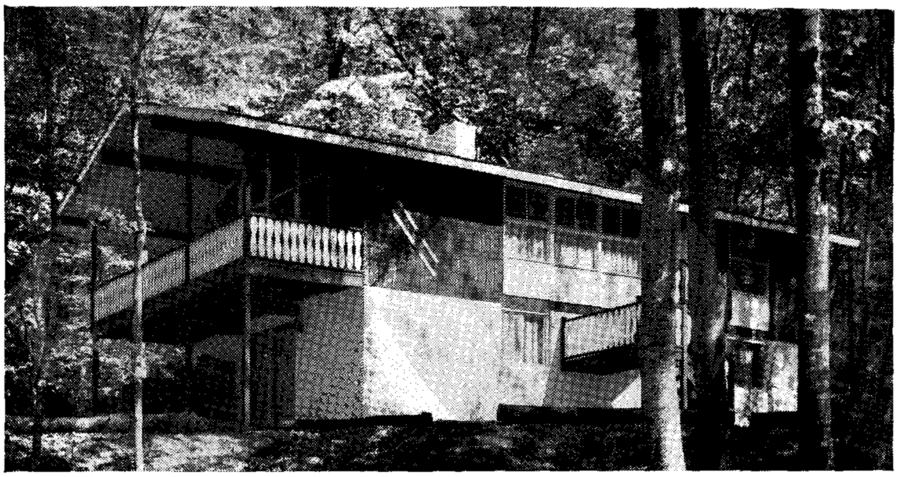

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flushed while all alone—have a wild zigzag escape flight, as all gunners know who have ever tried to shoot one. It is probably not coincidence that the three zigzagging species are all partial to grassy mud flats, yet no explanation can be offered for this parallel behavior, unless one considers it pure imitation. Imitation in birds is so pronounced that an individual will often preen or feed simply because others are doing so, and will often doze away, unfed and hungry, in the vicinity of food if others, which have eaten, are dozing also.

The woodcock, of course, does not need the speed of the birds of open spaces. Its wing, like the wing of many woodland birds, is of an elliptical shape designed for navigation among tree limbs, and it has perfected a "rocketing" takeoff that carries it straight up through the branches and away, like a tiny helicopter. The spotted sandpiper and wandering tattler share a technique in which only the tips of their outstretched wings are "shivered" to maintain flight—a trait that will identify them at almost any distance. Curlews and turnstones and mountain plover may indulge in a flapping-and-sailing flight, like that of ibis; the upland sandpiper and lesser yellowlegs drift like gulls high in the blue. The long-billed curlew sometimes flies in V formation, like wild geese, and the V formation has also been noted in the golden plover and other shorebirds in migration time. It has long been assumed that the V formation gives aid and comfort to all but the leader of the flock, each bird gaining lift as well as rest by following in the slipstream of another; while this is debatable, some aerodynamic advantage is certainly involved.

THE habits of migratory birds demand, if not reasoning, at least the ability to learn by trial and error and habituation. In the words of one authority, Joel Welty, homothermism, or warm-bloodedness, which permits bird activity all year round, even in cold climates, "makes possible a continuity of experience that powerfully supports the learning process." A simple example of trial-and-error learning might be the consumption by the stilt sandpiper of a frog too large for it, cited earlier; the sandpiper learned that its eyes were bigger than its gullet. Habituation, on the other hand, is based on an acquired tolerance of local conditions; killdeer soon learn to remain calm in the near proximity of gunfire, provided the gunfire is not directed at themselves. There is no

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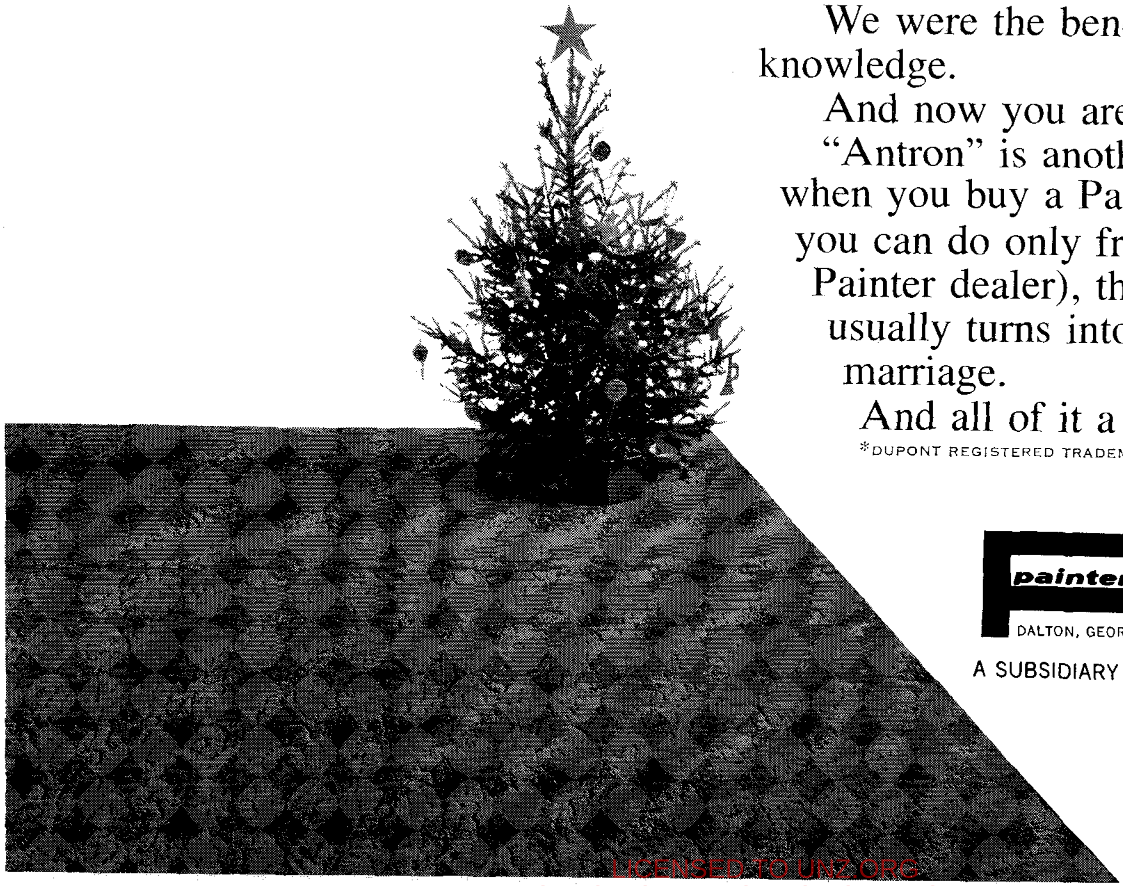

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example among shorebirds of what is called insight learning—an apprehension of relationships that permits certain birds to use tools (Galápagos woodpecker finches, Indian tailorbirds), to count (crows, up to three), or to operate devices of man's construction that reward their ingenuity with food (titmice).

Whether one takes the mechanistic view that birds are simply reflex organisms, whose every act, no matter how elaborate, can be accounted for in terms of instinct, or the vitalist view that besides following their instincts birds often act on individual initiative—the truth is almost certainly somewhere between—one must concede that they are unintelligent. Ironically, the power of flight, which we regard as the bird's most magnificent attainment, has also been the evolutionary adaptation that has held it well behind the mammals in intelligence. "In effect, flight has become a substitute for cleverness; birds solve many potential problems merely by flying away from them," Welty writes. Yet quick and positive reactions are demanded of the wind bird, or of any bird that moves at high speeds, migrates great distances against great obstacles, hunts food, and escapes enemies. Many such problems—solved by mammals with conscious movement—are referred by the shorebird to a complex central nervous system that in part replaces true intelligence.

In addition to being dull of mind, birds seem to have almost all their sensory perceptions blunted. Their powers of touch and smell are rudimentary (though certain pelagic birds and at least one species of vulture have demonstrated a sense of smell), and for most birds the ear serves chiefly as an organ of equilibrium, despite the important role of calls and birdsong. But some shorebirds have ear openings of different sizes on the two sides of the head—an arrangement (noted especially in owls) that apparently serves to fix the location of important sounds. Deficiencies in these senses are more than offset by the excellence of bird vision; the small bird head seems little more than a kind of eye case, in which the convex surfaces of the eye sockets may even touch. Shorebird eyes have color vision and high resolving power, and some are equipped with twin foveae—small rodless areas in each retina that afford a sharp, wide view of the surroundings. The eyes of the woodcock, a bird of crepuscular habits, are relatively large, like those of owls, and the thick-knee is also crepuscular; after dark the eyes of both birds reflect

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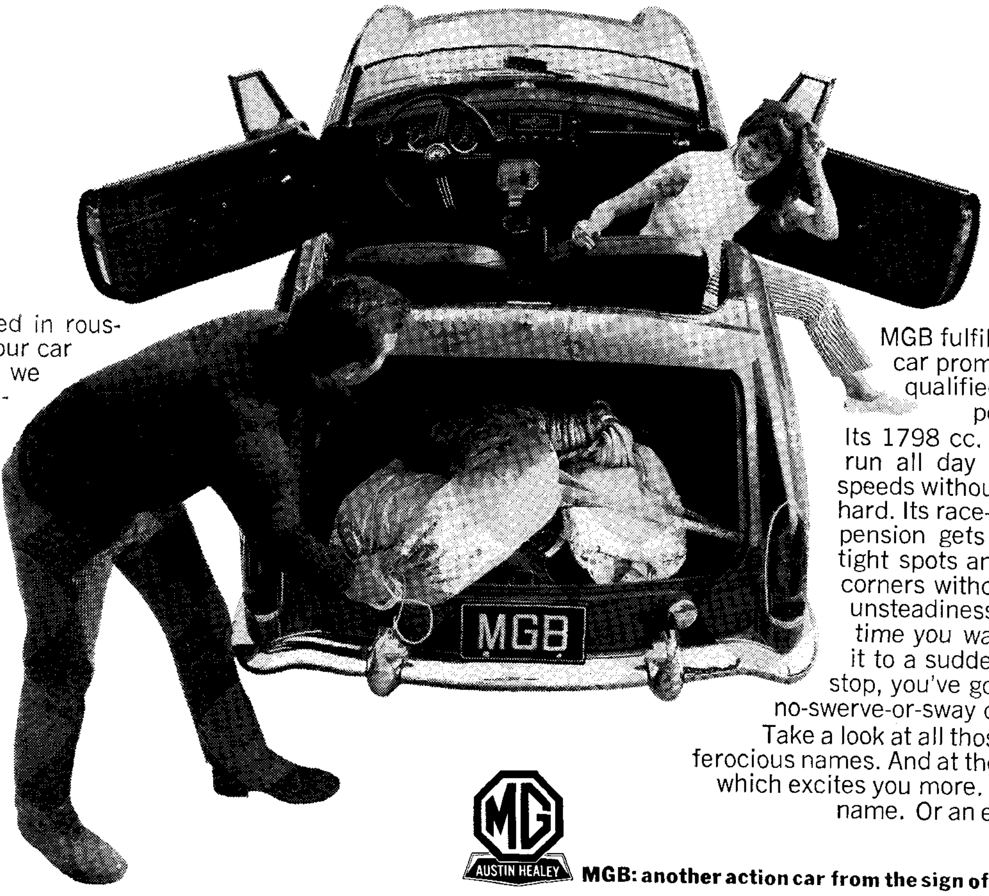

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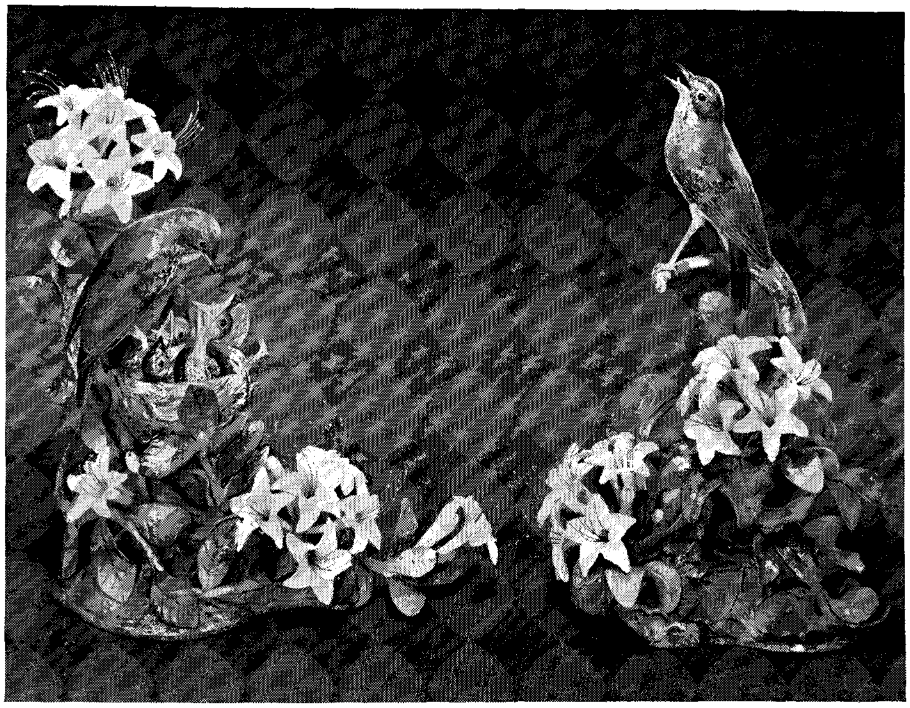

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light with an eerie glow, as red as coals.

Most shorebird eyes are laterally placed, enabling them to see equally well up, down, and on all sides. (The owls, which do not have to concern themselves about attack, have eyes facing directly forward, while the down-directed eyes of the bittern can look straight ahead only when it stands, as it is wont to do, with its bill pointed at the sky.) The eyes of the woodcock, however, crowd upward toward its crown and are set slightly to the rear, the better to detect foul play that might come at it from above and from behind; that it actually sees better backward than forward may or may not account for the woodcock's occasional tendency to collide with tree limbs.

THE wind birds are strong, marvellous fliers, averaging greater distances in their migrations than any other birds on earth. Of the several hundred migratory birds of North America, only thirty-five winter as far south as central Chile, and in this group the barn swallow, black-poll warbler, and Swainson's thrush, the osprey, broad-winged hawk, and peregrine, and a few gulls fly that far only irregularly. All the rest of the thirty-five are shorebirds, several of which go all the way to land's end, near Cape Horn. The white-rumped sandpiper, which flies nine thousand miles twice every year in pursuit of summer, is exceeded in the distance of its north-south migration only by the Arctic tern, and the golden plover far exceeds the tern in the distance covered in a single flight; it is thought to travel well over two thousand miles non-stop on both its Atlantic and Pacific migrations. The bristle-thighed curlew, which flies from Alaska to Polynesia and New Zealand, is another distance flier of renown; and so are the ruddy turnstone, wandering tattler, and sanderling, which may be found on the most far-flung strands and atolls throughout their enormous range.

Because of the great distances the migrants must travel, they make preparations to depart within a few months of their arrival; the flocking and re-flocking that are evident on the summer coasts and pampas of the Southern Hemisphere are a symptom of premigratory restlessness. This restlessness is not entirely attributable to activity of the glands, for castrated birds will migrate, borne along, perhaps, by the northward tide of movement. Migration is part of an annual cycle that also includes breeding and molt; what

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who's done wonders for my skin. She's a turtle. And if you have a dry skin problem like mine, you should know about her.

"For years, I'd wake up in the morning with skin so dry I felt as though it might crack when I smiled. And, as if inheriting a thin fair Irish skin wasn't enough trouble, there was wind and indoor heat, air-conditioning, sun, and let's not even mention smog. Today's climate and hectic pace are not exactly kind to our complexions.

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is not yet fully known is the exact pattern of stimuli, physiological or external, or both, that puts this cycle into motion.

Temperature, which was long assumed to be the controlling factor, is now thought to have no direct effect, but it is generally agreed that the onset of warm weather, with an increased food supply and a lessened heat loss, gives the bird the excess energy that is expressed in migration and reproduction. Food supply, seasonal rains, and many other forces, including internal rhythms of the glands, may help incite the reproductive dance, but the strongest goad of all appears to be reaction to a change in light as the season turns; this reaction, in both plants and animals, is called photoperiodism. The growing intensity of illumination is probably less important than the longer day in which to remain active. Thus, birds that winter in the West Indies or the Southern states are thought to be stirred in early spring by the lengthening of the days. But the spotted sandpiper may fly to the region of the equator, where day length is constant throughout the year; and where the white-rumped sandpiper winters, in the southernmost land of the hemisphere, the summer days of February, far from lengthening, grow shorter with the advent of the Capricornian autumn. Unless the equatorial migrants possess some internal chronometer quite independent of external stimuli, they must be awakened from the sameness of their days by some such phenomenon as a change in the rains or the northerly drift of the sun, while the species wintering in austral latitudes may be stirred by the *shortening* of days.

By February, in Tierra del Fuego, male white-rumped sandpipers are already engaging in mock battles with other males of their own kind. The birds circle like midget roosters, leaping up and down with sexual rage, but they never touch. Their mock fights are a sign not of distaste for their own kind but of an impulse to perpetuate it; the time of premigration courtship has begun. Within the body of the sandpiper, strange stirrings are taking place. Its gonads quicken and enlarge, though not so grossly as to slow its flight in the great journey to come; full development of the gonads has little or no effect on the migratory impulse, though the impulse is stimulated by partial development of these glands. Deposits of fat—the fuel for the journey—begin to form beneath the skin. The amount of fat is dictated by the rigors of the bird's migration. The Eskimo curlew

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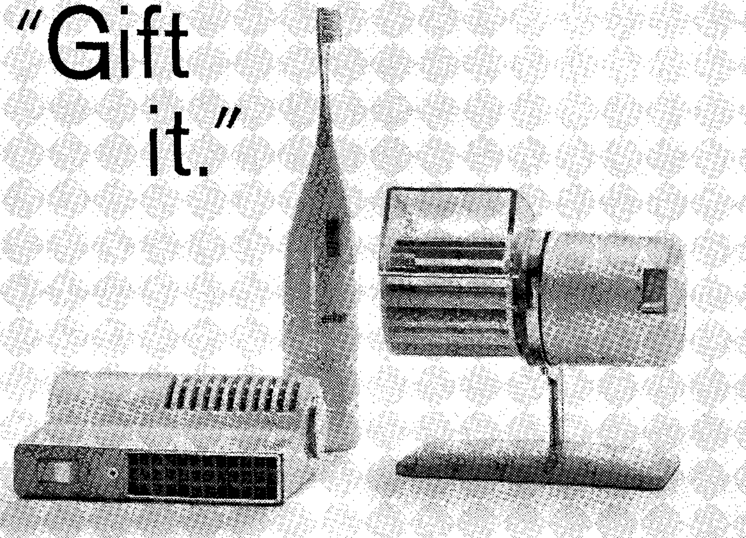

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"Three of these offered boats which interested me enough for me to draw up similar operating charts, and to set down a sort of balance sheet of the Hatteras, and compare the two boats. It was only after having done all this that I finally decided on the Hatteras 41′ Twin Cabin.

"After I had put it all down and measured it against what I personally wanted in a boat, there was no question but what the Hatteras 41′ is the boat for me."

—Vermont Royster, New York, N. Y.

"My tool chest is forgotten"

"I have now had my Hatteras 41′ Double Cabin for about six weeks. I have never owned a boat that has given me so much pleasure.

"My wife and I have lived on the boat, bringing it from Morehead City, N. C., to Lake Worth; across to the Bahamas and out islands. We are now starting back.

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"This is our third season on the Hatteras 34′ and it is without a doubt the most comfortable and delightful boat we've ever owned. We have just

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finished scrubbing her from top to bottom with cleanser and 'Scotch Brite,' and then waxed her. Honestly, she looks dazzling in the sunlight!!

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With the exception of 50-100 and 150 hour factory recommended engine maintenance checks and oil changes, no one has laid a wrench on either of the engines or—for that matter—any other piece of equipment aboard.

"Contrast this with previous years 'cruise-awhile-fix-awhile' routine aboard previous boats and it's a most welcome change—a contrast that's assuredly a marked one.

Also eliminated were the twice a month teak deck bleaching sessions, the spring and midseason bright work refinishing requirement, etc.

This summer a water hose and 10 minutes were the only necessities for restoring show boat condition and you'll never get us back into anything but fiberglass from now on.

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"We cruised for four full boating seasons, and none of the family have missed any space lost in the 6 foot cut-back.

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—Richard R. Hall, Nashville, Tenn.

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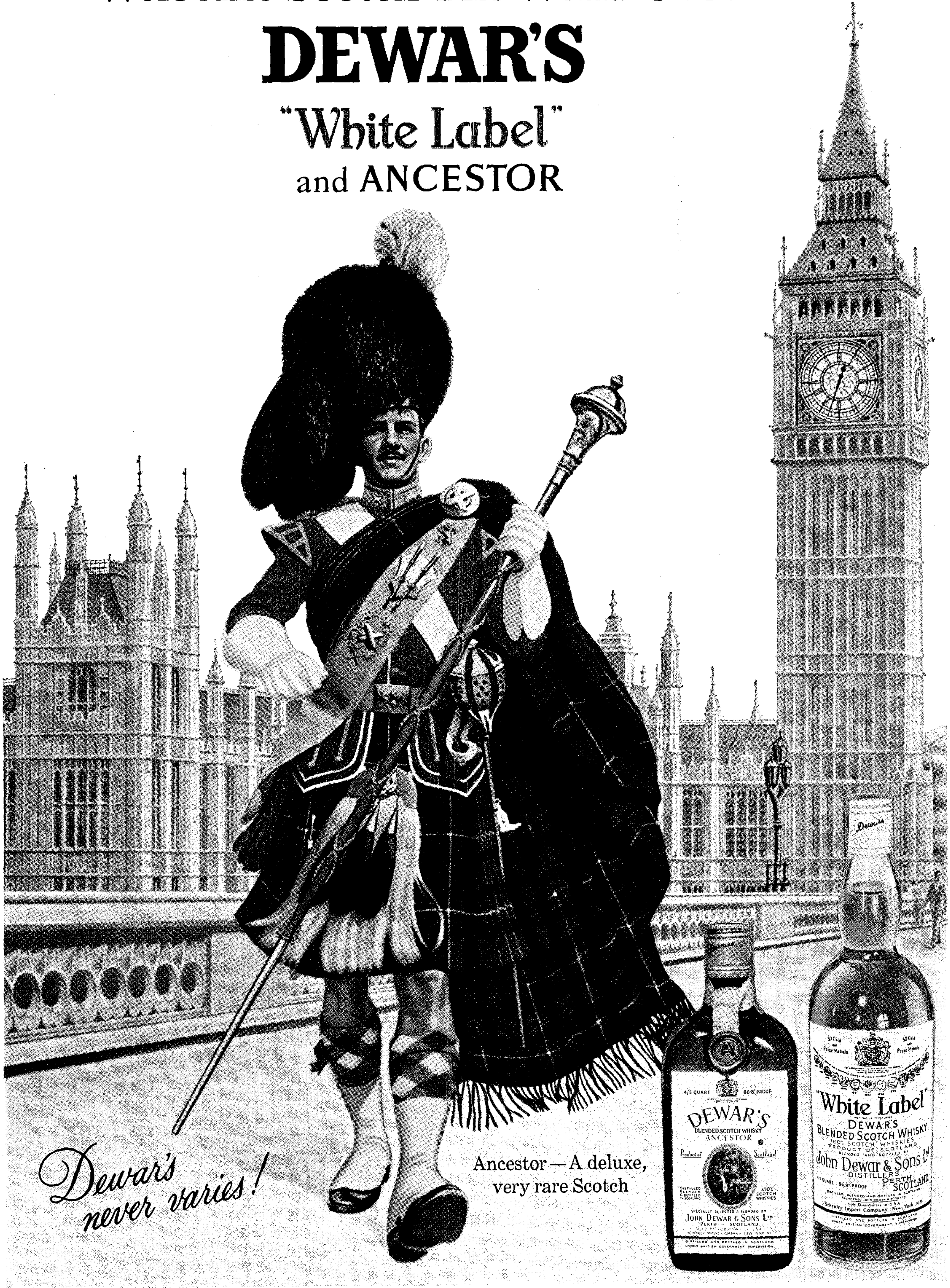
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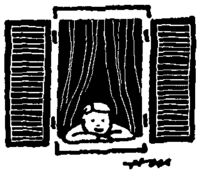
made long transoceanic flights, and its thin skin was stretched so taut with stored-up fat that in the days when it was shot from the sky by the thousand the fat would sometimes burst out of its breast when it struck the ground. In New England, for this reason, it was called the doughbird.

The gland quickening and fat accumulation that encourage the whiterump's hypertonic belligerence also produce a condition known as *Zugunruhe*, or migration restlessness, which is confined to migratory birds; many shorebirds travel through the night, and a wild bird held captive in its time of passage will sleep for a short time after sunset, then become more and more fretful until nearly midnight, when the fever of flight begins to taper off. *Zugunruhe*, which is inhibited in spring by a turn of cold weather and in autumn by a spell of warmth, is ordinarily accompanied by compass orientation; if placed outdoors where it can see the stars, the captive will face the north in spring and southward in the fall. The urge to migrate is strongest in birds of the cold climes of the northern continent, where seasonal changes in climate are most pronounced; while a few austral species migrate *south* to breed, returning northward to escape the Antarctic winter (the lesser seed snipe nests in Tierra del Fuego and winters in central Argentina, while the Magellanic snipe winters north to Uruguay), the migrations are much shorter, for the range in temperature is less.



Migration routes apply more rigidly to species than to the individual shorebird, which may adjust its heading, and even its route and destination, from year to year, depending on whim and circumstance. But the piping plover and ruddy turnstone have been known to return to the same nesting ground, in what is known as *Ortstreue*, or place faithfulness, and spotted sandpipers—presumably the same pair—have occupied the same nest site in consecutive years. Possibly *Ortstreue* occurs in shorebirds generally.

As the time to migrate nears, the shorebirds rise and form huge flocks and veer apart in small ones, accumulating in the air again like bits of mercury, and resettling aimlessly for a moment before breaking away anew. They are frantic to be off, yet the last impulse has not come that will whirl them from the shore and send them spinning to the altitudes, perhaps three miles in the air, that are best suited to the spanning of the earth. Electricity in the air affects the migration behavior of curlews, oystercatchers, and others, though these effects are not well understood. And unlike birds of fixed migration dates, such as certain swifts and swallows, shorebirds may be delayed a month or more by high-pressure areas to the north. This indicates that the migration impulse, however strong, is not likely to run away with the bird in the face of adverse conditions. On the other hand, bad weather encourages the flock instinct in birds by inhibiting spring sexuality and belligerence. Cold or famine or the dangers of migration tend to draw the birds together; as social creatures, they need one another, and in hard times the need triumphs over the seasonal intolerance brought on by awakening hormones.

Most birds of open spaces are gregarious by nature, as if otherwise, in the vastness of a world where all horizons are distant, they would be no more than windblown fragile scraps. Shorebirds are no exception to this rule, and most sandpipers choose the company of kin over any other, even in large mixed flocks. The flock, with its cumulative sense of direction, serves as protection for individuals against straying off into infinities; a tired bird can benefit by the experience of the leaders. The flock is also a defense against predators; hawks seem daunted by the unity or just plain bulk of a close flock. Most shorebirds, like ducks and other birds, cluster together in time of peril, and white-rumped sandpipers may rush at a predator in a body and scatter in its face in a "confusion" attack that usually turns it aside. But the Wilson's plover, in company with the snipe and woodcock, the spotted sandpiper, and most of the tattlers (the lesser yellowlegs is an exception), is a casual flocker at best; the solitary sandpiper, even if apprehended in a group, will scatter when it takes flight—entirely unlike the great majority of sandpipers, whose habit of snapping together in the air like magnets was of no small convenience to the gunner in the days when they were shot. Some non-flockers have either a short migration span or inland habitats where flocking would be a nuisance, but the greater yellowlegs flies careless of company all the way from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska.

THEN the flocks are gone. The tide flats that at twilight of the evening past had swarmed with shorebirds

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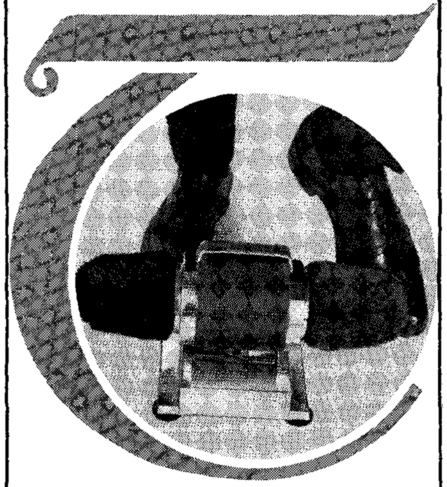

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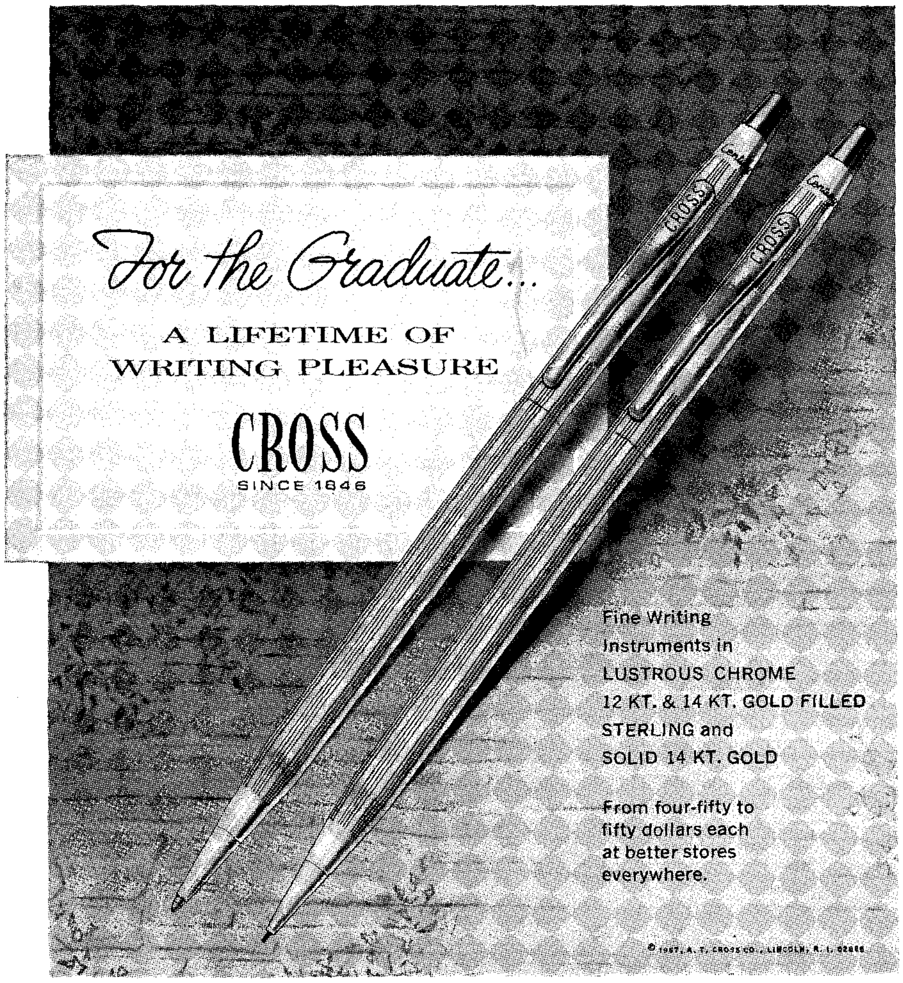
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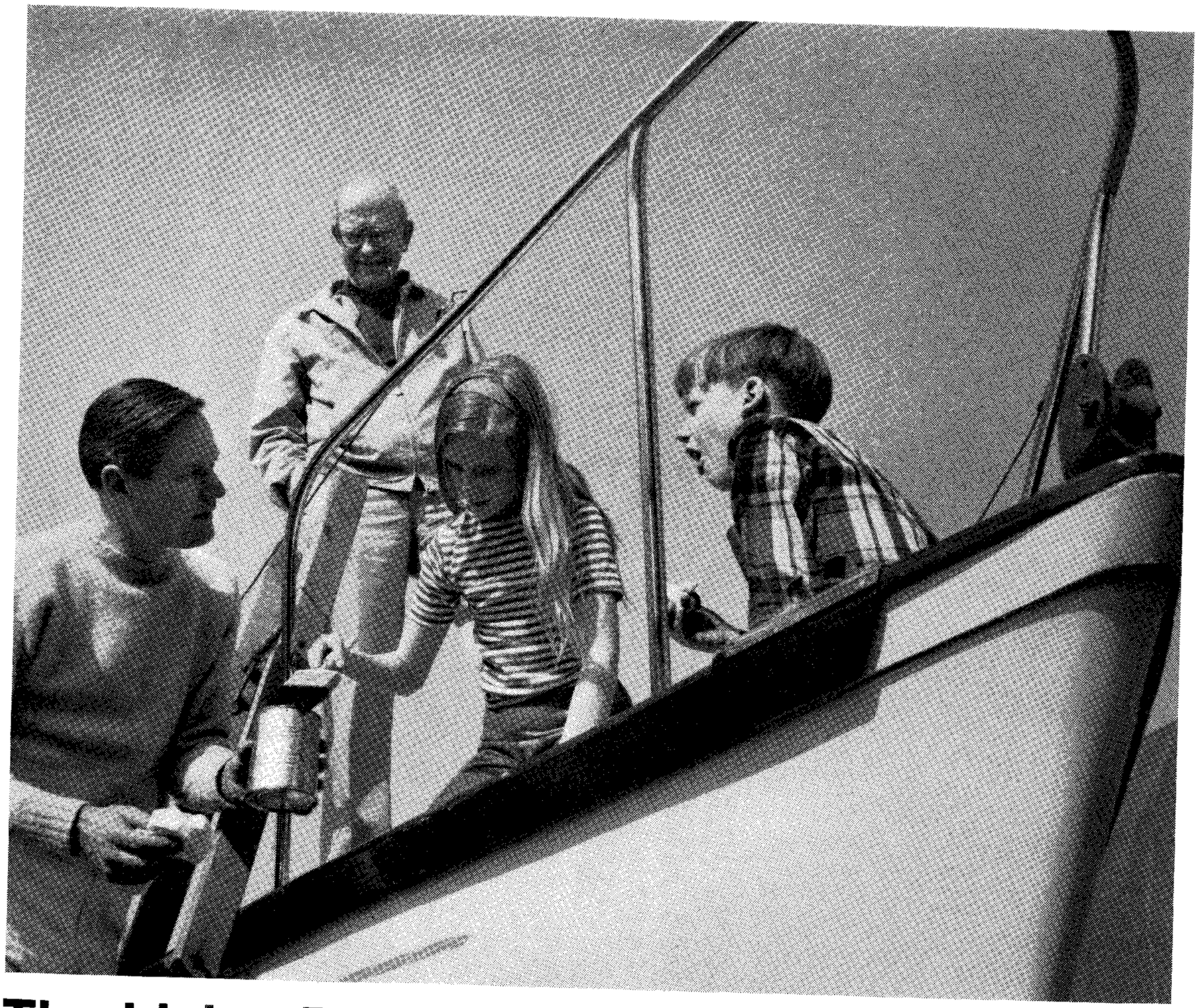
are now immense with lifelessness. Dirtied feathers drift across white-spotted mud, along with hard shreds of dried algae, and brown spindrift, and the husks of dead crustaceans. The solitary birds that pass look forlorn and indecisive, and, in the emptiness, their calls receive no answer; these are the sick, weak, injured, and immature, whose impulses were not strong enough to hurl them upward at the northern stars. Now, scattered all across the wastes of Patagonia, they must wait out the southern winter.

Most of these non-migrants are yearling birds. Even in species that are sexually mature in their second year, not all individuals go north to breed; in the surfbird, for one, it is doubtful whether yearlings visit the breeding range at all. And the mature birds make no attempt to breed on winter grounds; there is no nesting record on its winter range for a true migratory species that flies south from North America. The jaçana, killdeer, Wilson's plover, American oystercatcher, and black-necked stilt that do nest in South America are resident there. It is possible that other species will one day join them; in the Old World, *Tringa hypoleucos*, the common sandpiper, has established a nesting population in its former winter quarters in South Africa. The fact that certain populations have become non-migratory where conditions suit them suggests that migration is not innate behavior but, rather, an evolutionary response to external pressures; the glaciers of the Pleistocene, which forced huge populations southward and encouraged a northward surge as the ice withdrew, must have affected the migration patterns of nearly all shorebirds of the northern continent.

By early March, the flocks have left Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia; moving north, they join those relatives that wintered on the pampas, or along the tropical rivers and savannas, or on white coral shores of the Caribbean. On the moonlike desert beaches of Peru, shrouded by fogs drifted in off the Humboldt Current, the black-bellied plover runs and watches, runs and watches; already the plumage of its silver breast has taken on a fretting of the bold black that it will carry northward to the Arctic. On ocean coasts from Panama to California and New England are left behind those individuals whose energies got them under way but did not drive them to complete their journey. These birds—the ones seen in the Northern states on the beaches in late June—may have set out with their



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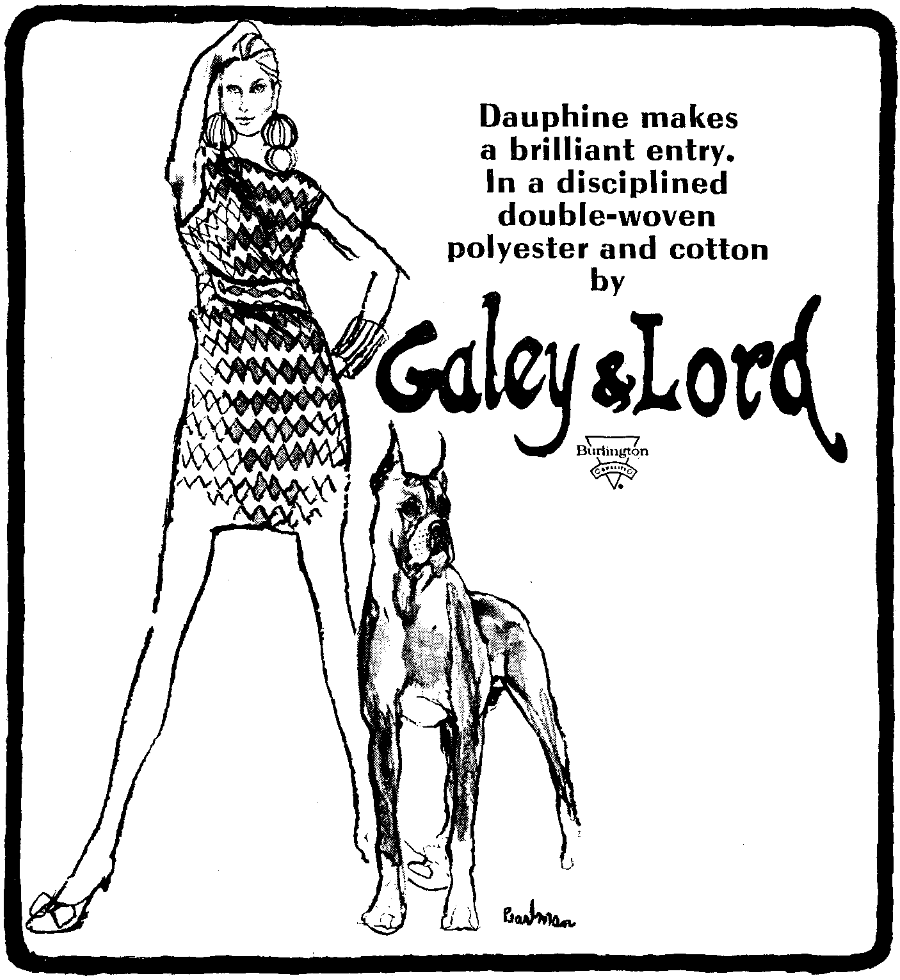
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fellows out of pure sociability, for birds, like dogs and men, are drawn to movement. On June 26, 1964, there was a flock of thirty-odd black-bellied plover on the ocean beach a few miles from Sagaponack; despite the surprising number, one must assume that all these were non-breeders, for this plover nests within the Arctic Circle.

Spring migration is performed much more rapidly than migration in the fall, owing to the pressures of the breeding cycle. Northbound dunlin passing a light plane have been timed at a hundred and ten miles per hour. Birds, when pressed, are capable of a sharp increase in velocity, and in the thin air of high altitudes migrants probably travel at a rate rarely attained nearer the ground. The bristle-thighed curlew flies six thousand miles or more from New Zealand to its nesting grounds in western Alaska in about six weeks, while the southward journey may take twice as long. Birds winging northward from the Argentine move with corresponding haste. There appear to be few feeding grounds on the muddy coasts of northern South America or in the almost tideless Caribbean, and the golden plover may sometimes fly from the beaches of Peru all the way to the Gulf Coast without alighting. The bladder snail *Physa* has been found in both crop and plumage of certain migrant plover, encouraging the startling idea that these birds may deliberately place snails in their plumage before setting out on a long voyage in order to provide themselves with at least one meal during the trip.

By late March or early April, when the wind birds appear in the big skies of the Gulf of Mexico, the killdeer, snipe, and woodcock that wintered on the Gulf Coast may already have flown to southern Canada; the woodcock nests so very early that sometimes bird and nest together are covered up by snow, and its young may be close to flight by the time other wind birds arrive. A few woodcock, in favorable years, have wintered as far north as Long Island, and where warm springs or other special conditions permit, the common snipe will winter north beyond the line of frozen ground; it has been found in Nova Scotia bogs in dead of winter, with the glass near zero. In mid-February of 1965, after a hard January, a lone snipe could be seen each day in a winding cattail drain on the east side of Sagg Pond, probing the mud (which proved to be full of tiny worms) along the very edges of the ice cakes.

Shorebirds, being highly mobile, will

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turn back from storm or unseasonable change of weather, but sometimes they are caught off guard by sudden freezes. On February 13, 1899, northbound woodcock, driven back toward the south, appeared near Charleston in the tens of thousands. They were half starved and bewildered, and were killed or died. Yet species of less specialized food habits can endure very low temperatures; at Sagaponack the sanderlings and greater yellowlegs, which are present until mid-January, will sometimes overwinter, and are usually quite common in March—though Sagaponack in the spring is a lean feeding ground for shorebirds, and even the semipalmated sandpipers, so abundant in summer and fall, mostly forsake the cold Atlantic beaches for an inland journey up the Mississippi Valley.

On the last day of April a few years ago, there came from the sea a mixed flock of red and northern phalarope, some sixty birds in all. They rode out the two days of an easterly gale on a small pond connected to Sagg Pond by the small stream where I saw the winter snipe. Two red phalarope were in full nuptial plumage—bright chestnut and gold—and they led the small band, which bobbed on the gray wavelets or ruffled their feathers in the salt grass, awaiting a shifting of the skies that would draw the wind birds onward to the Arctic.

By May, the great migration routes have opened out, scattering shorebirds all across the north. The hardy black turnstone, migrating across the water from California, is one of the first shorebirds to appear on the coast of west Alaska. The ruddy turnstone, knot, and sanderling fly much farther, nesting as close to the North Pole as Ellesmere Island, near Latitude 83. Other shorebirds are not far to the south, including the Baird's sandpiper, which also nests entirely within the Arctic Circle, under the midnight sun.

It would seem logical that a species hardy enough to winter in North America would nest correspondingly farther north than relatives that come from South America, but, except for the dunlin and a few others, the exact reverse is true. Even the purple sandpiper, uncommon in winter south of New Jersey, flies no deeper into the Arctic than do several species that winter in South America. Many species that winter in the United States migrate northward little, if at all, and others move but a limited distance into southern Canada. In other words, a strong migratory urge impels the bird to great lengths in

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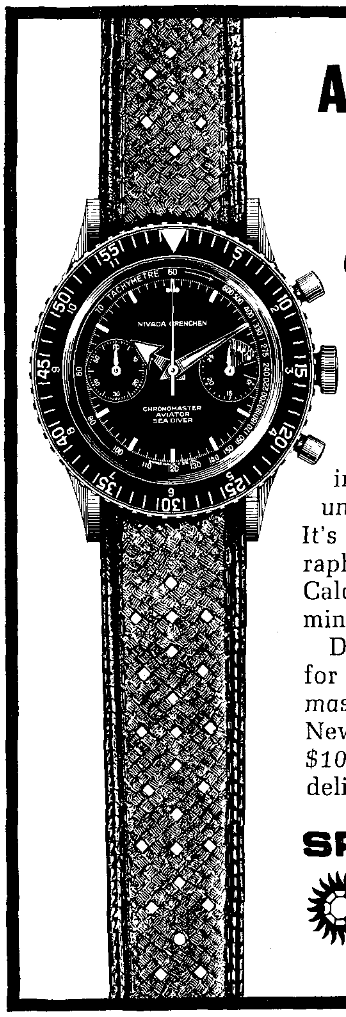

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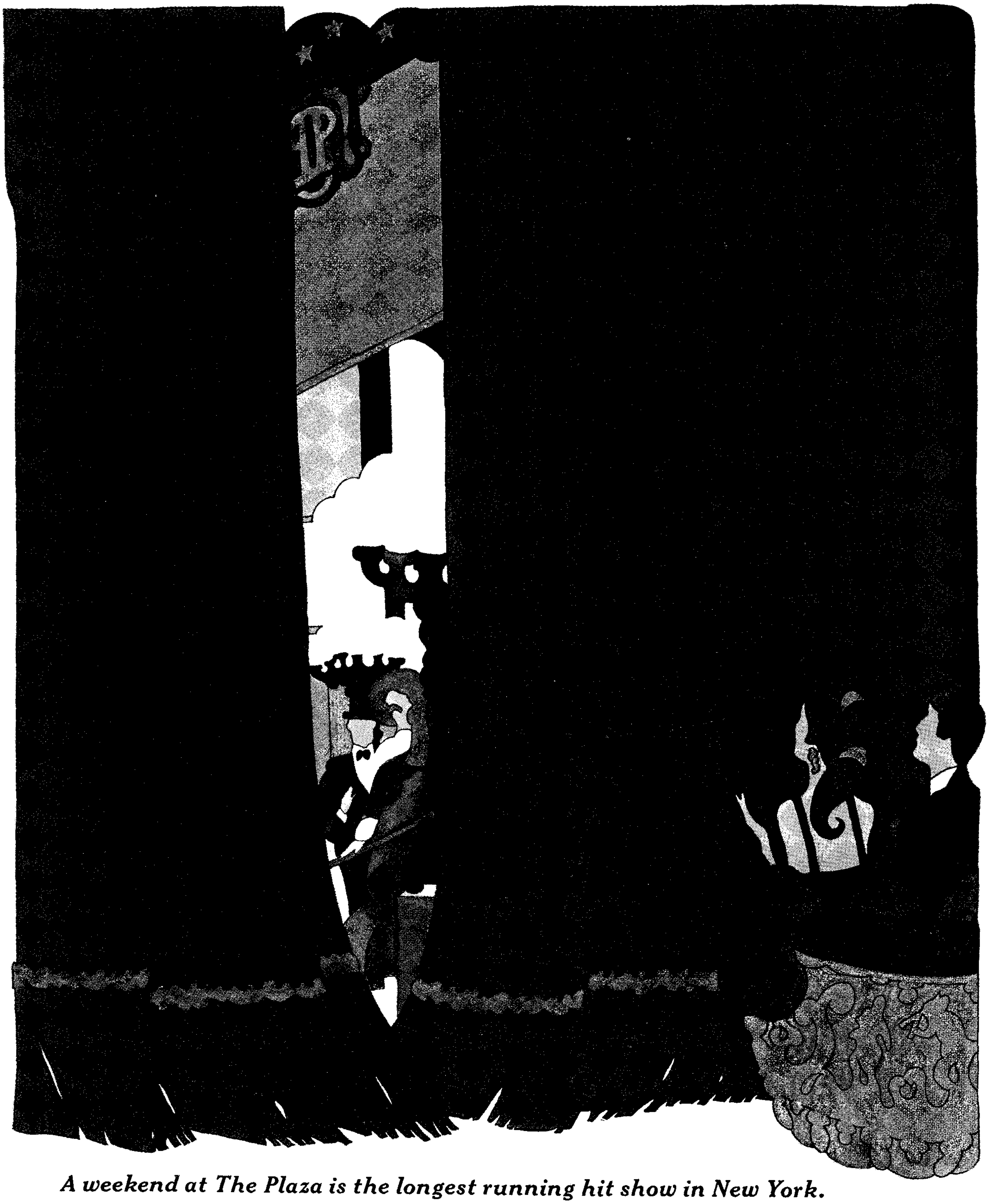
both directions; this phenomenon, called leapfrog migration, in which northerly breeders winter farther south than more sedentary birds of the same or related species, is very pronounced among the shorebirds.

The species that breed south of Canada are in the minority. Most of the world's sandpipers breed in the far north—a circumstance that has led to the supposition that the Scolopacidae, at least, originated in the Northern Hemisphere. Twenty-three North American shorebird species nest customarily beyond the Arctic Circle, thirteen more nest north of the Canadian border, and another thirteen breed in Canada as well as in the United States, leaving but seven species of shorebird—jaçana, thick-knee, American oystercatcher, black-necked stilt, and snowy, mountain, and Wilson's plovers—that confine their breeding on this continent to the United States. In Audubon's time, the American oystercatcher bred in Labrador, and one day it may do so again.

None of this southern group, curiously, is among the familiar wind birds of the United States. It is the woodcock and the common snipe that have always been the best-known game birds in America. Careful records kept from 1867 to 1887 by James J. Pringle, a gentleman of Louisiana, indicate a personal bag of 69,087 snipe, plus several thousand other birds "killed incidentally." Pringle notes one splendid day when over the space of six hours the snipe fell to his gun at better than one a minute. Since many gunners consider the snipe the most difficult of all game birds to bring down—the word "sniper" was doubtless first used to describe a man skilled enough with a gun to hit such erratic fliers—these figures bear stern witness to Mr. Pringle's prowess as well as to snipe prosperity.

The snipe is a quite common bird even today, but the average person, lacking a taste for marshy ground, does not often see one. The shorebirds most often seen are probably the killdeer and spotted sandpiper, not only because they are common but because, in more seasons than not, they may be found almost everywhere throughout the land. Unlike the woodcock, which eats earthworms almost exclusively, or the jaçana, with its specialized lily-pad habitat, both killdeer and spotted sandpiper can and will make do with a wide variety of foods, climates, local conditions, and companions. The killdeer, alone among North American ringed plovers, has a shrill and strident cry—*kill-dee*, *kill-*



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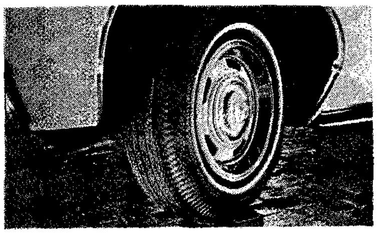

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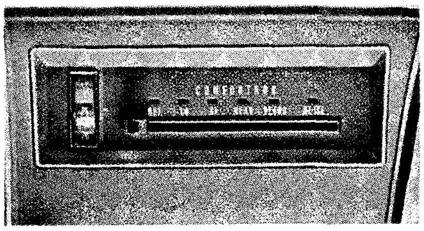

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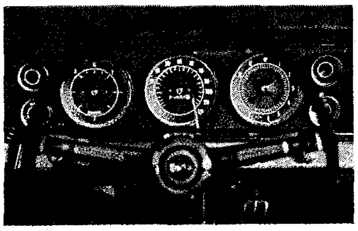

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dee—that has earned it both its common name and the species name "*vociferus*." Its voice, which may be heard by day or night, is a familiar one to most rural inhabitants of the Americas, since the killdeer nests in a variety of places from southern Canada to northern Chile. This range is matched only by the American oystercatcher, which, nesting on both coasts of the United States and south into Chile and the Argentine, has the greatest latitudinal breeding range of any shorebird in the Americas. The killdeer's flexibility accounts for its irregular migration pattern; it migrates, that is, as conditions warrant, and where life suits it all year round it does not migrate at all. From the northern part of its range, it flies south far enough to escape the snow, returning in spring almost as early as the red-winged blackbird. It is willing to nest on the rooftops or next to the railroad tracks of man, and it feeds on the insects in tilled fields; in communities where it is common, one authority has noted, "it is difficult to get beyond the reach of its notes."

Similarly, the spotted sandpiper has a vast breeding range, extending from northwest Alaska to Texas and North Carolina, and will make its home with equal aplomb at sea level or at fourteen thousand feet. This jaunty bird sets forth into the world straight from the egg, and if pursued, even at the tender age of several hours, will step smartly to the water and swim away. The adult swims as readily as a phalarope, and dives readily, as the phalarope cannot; and in shallow water, if it pleases, it can run along the bottom for short distances before its buoyancy restores it to the surface. (True underwater locomotion is uncommon among shorebirds, but almost all of them will dive if wounded or pursued. A marbled godwit has been seen to dive to escape a peregrine falcon, and snipe and other species will cling to the bottom with their bills, like wounded ducks; the jaçana, ever an exception, clings to the bottom with its feet.) Among the many attainments of the spotted sandpiper is its ability to fly straight up out of the water, or, for that matter, fly straight into the water if pursued while aloft, using its wings to continue its flight beneath the surface. It seems inevitable that such a dynamic and successful bird should have an air-bubble adaptation that not only keeps its feathers dry but gives it an attractive sparkle as it promenades over the bottom.

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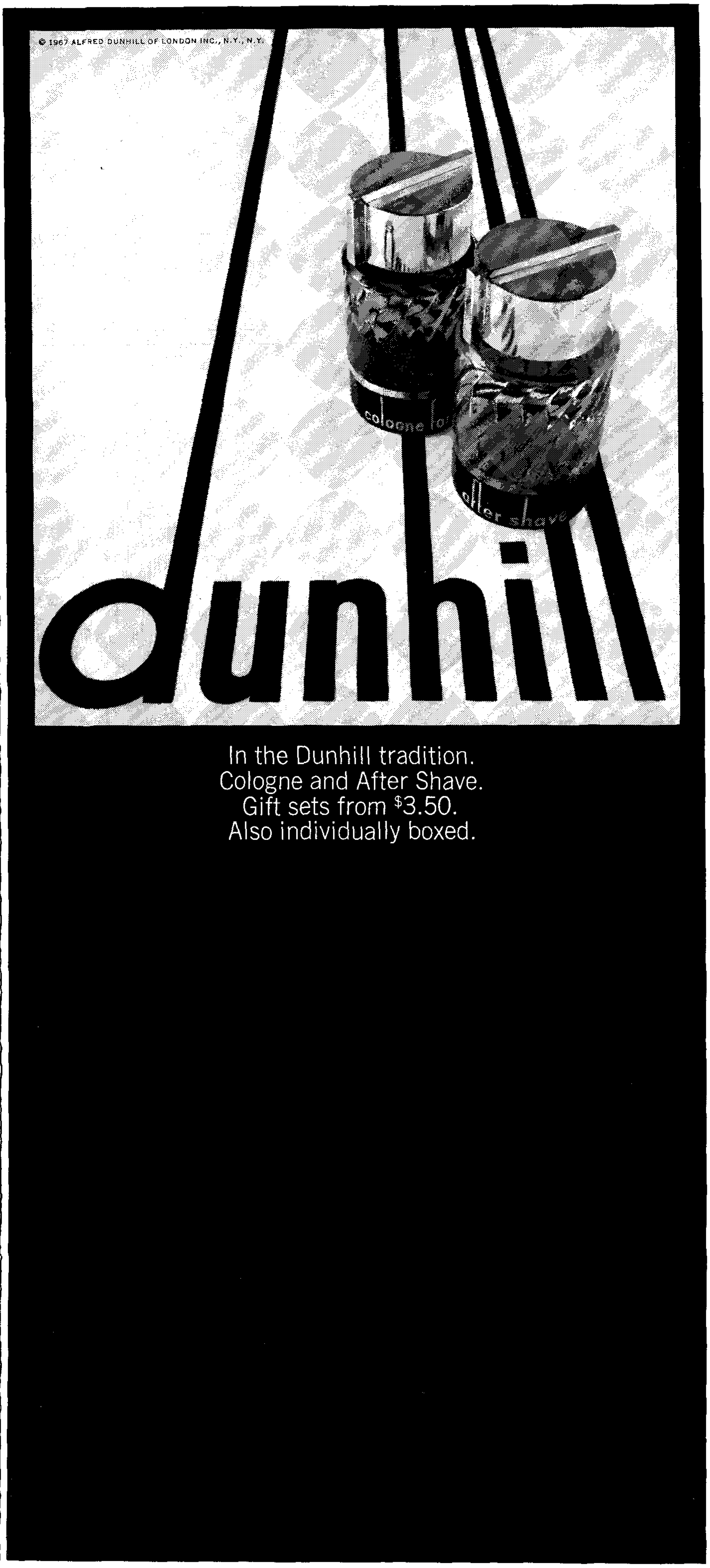
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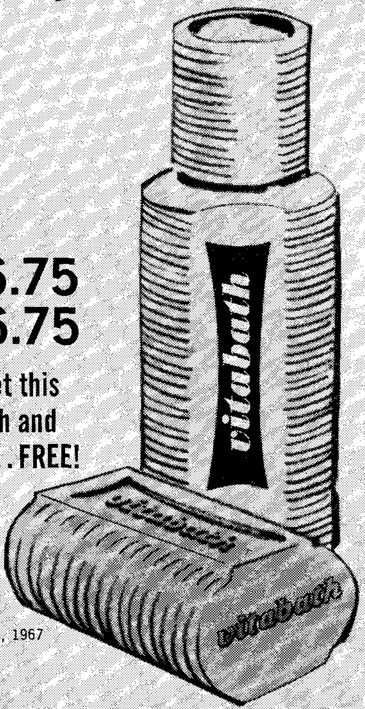

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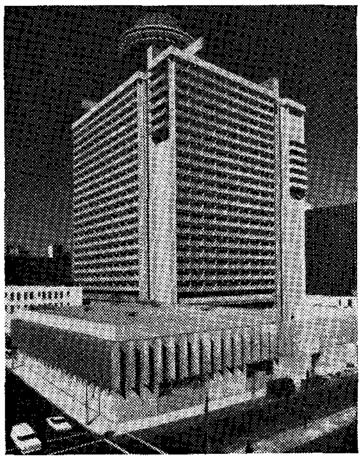

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their tolerance of man. The very force, in other words, that foreshortened the ranges of the American oystercatcher, long-billed curlew, and willet (and almost extinguished the Eskimo curlew and the upland and buff-breasted sandpipers) has proved a blessing to these less toothsome, less demanding species. With every new slough and farm pond, the spotted sandpiper will prosper, and, as for the killdeer, it has accompanied man's agriculture into such heretofore inhospitable terrains as California's San Joaquin Valley and has made itself at home on airfields and golf courses up and down the land.

Even the buff-breasted and upland sandpipers may have profited at first from the coming of the white man, who expanded their open-country range by clearing primeval forest. Both nested widely on the plains, and, together with the great migrating clouds of plover, curlew, and other shorebirds, performed excellent service for the farmer in the destruction of grasshoppers, cutworms, wireworms, and the like. Yet their role as a scourge of insects was so little appreciated that Western farmers in the eighteen-hundreds set out poison for them, in the belief that they ate grain (among the shorebirds that occur in North America, only the eccentric ruff is a habitual grain eater), and sportsmen organized spring shoots in the upper Mississippi Valley, where a wagonload of plover and curlew, heaped higher than the sideboards, was considered a fair bag. If blazing away into the flocks filled the wagons up too soon, the bleeding pile was speedily dumped onto the prairie, there to rot, and the wagon loaded up all over again. Though those heroic days are gone, the prairie nesters will not recover, for much of their former grassland habitat of slough and pothole has been drained and cultivated to increase the national surplus in wheat, and the insects that the birds once helped control are assaulted instead by man's lunatic insecticides, which have made rare birds of many species that only a decade ago were common.

THE ruddy turnstone, black-bellied plover, sanderling, common snipe, whimbrel, and the red and northern phalaropes are considered cosmopolitan species; they occur, that is, on nearly every continent or on all the seven seas. The Atlantic coast of the Americas excepted, the snowy (or Kentish) plover appears on almost all coasts of the world south of 50 degrees north latitude, and in various inland regions in between. The wind birds in general are so wide-

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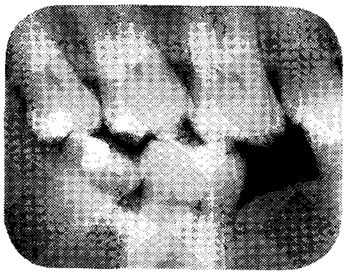
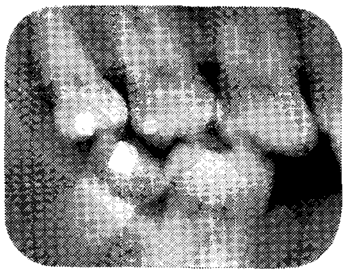


On September 24, 1952, the right molars of an advertising copywriter employed by Eastman Kodak Company gave this radiographic image.

Same molars gave this radiographic image on April 6, 1965, but with less than 1/25 the radiation dose required in 1952. Reason: patient's employer had increased the sensitivity of x-ray film.



Same molars on latest visit before writing this ad. This time it was even comfortable. No more of those wretched hard, sharp edges on x-ray film packets that make the gums feel as though being cut to ribbons. Furthermore, the new film needed much less darkness for processing, so that the gal didn't have to spend time dark-adapting her eyes, which kept things moving more briskly in the waiting room. Improvements, as signified by additional trademarks "Poly-Soft" and "Morlite" after the basic trademark "Kodak" on dental x-ray film, illustrate unceasing efforts of trademark owner to find new little ways to be useful.

Never tell your dentist what kind of products to put in your mouth, but see him regularly and be friendly.

Photographic memories cost less

It may be true that an enterprise, private or public, which fails to keep busy the most elaborate computers on the market is doomed to absorption by one that does.

Whether it's true or not, we are enjoying considerable business based on the premise that for many years to come it will make good sense to store and quickly enough retrieve information of many kinds for many purposes by means short of the most elaborate that can be devised. "A photographic memory"—no longer a mere cliché—is the common denominator of our approach. We build some pretty smooth equipment around photographic memory systems and offer it at prices ranging from around that of one well padded office chair to a year's pay for three smart and highly experienced secretaries.

In addition to selling equipment of many kinds for information storage, retrieval, and dissemination, we offer all sorts of services from such equipment for those who prefer to leave much or a little of the hardware to do its work in our plants.

Specific problems in this area will receive thoughtful consideration from Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Markets Division, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.

Problem: to get more out of gas

Many companies arrange for gas to be drawn from the Texas earth. We are one of them. We are not in the energy business. The gases we handle will burn, but we don't want them burned. Instead of being broken down for energy to turn wheels and keep warm, our gas molecules get built up. Eventually they wind up as fibers for adorning the person and the home and tying hay bales, as plastics for everything from screwdriver handles to cosmic-ray-research balloons, as ingredients for polishes, insecticides, lacquers, pharmaceuticals, detergents, lubricants, and thousands of other products. Very little of the gas that goes these many routes is put by us into the consumer's hands. The customers for our Texas output of built-up gas molecules are other manufacturers, large and small, each sweating under his separate whiplash of economic necessity.

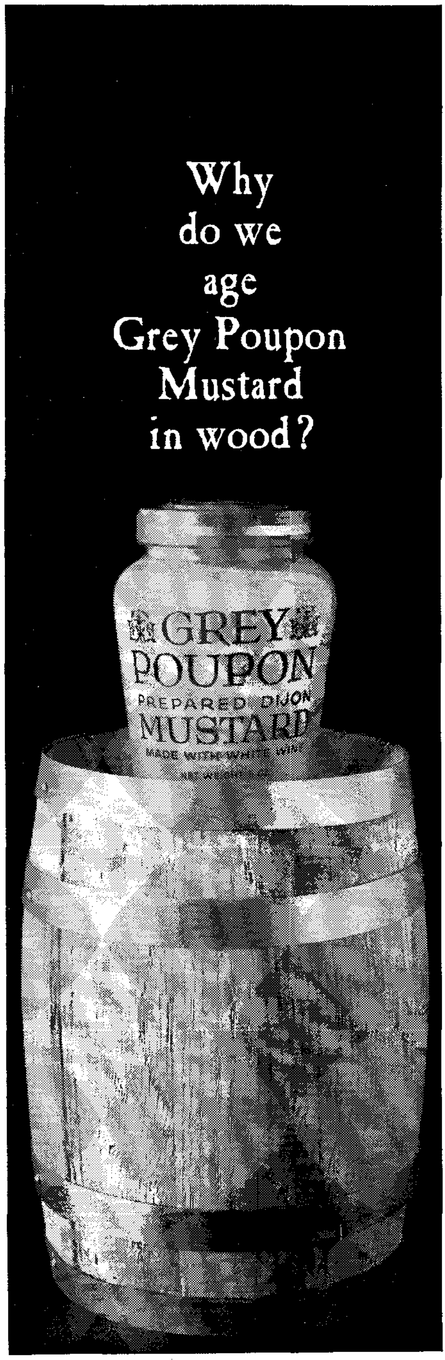
Competition is fierce in all directions and some of our best customers are also our competitors.

It is, of course, the remote ultimate consumer—meaning you—who settles all these affairs by deciding what merchandise you will permit yourself to be persuaded to enjoy.

Certain lucky people are also enjoying the contest not only as judges but as hired participants in some of its more free-ranging parts, where we operate. The necessary luck is acquired in the form of a solid education as a chemical, mechanical, or electrical engineer. The nature of the participation can change as personal inclinations change. Choice is open along a broad spectrum from thinking about the molecules to thinking out the pesky details of how to couple the first guy's molecules to the Gross National Product. The spectrum shows signs of some day closing to a circle, when used parts of the G.N.P. will be repeatedly reincarnated as new molecules and no longer strewn over the land, the water, and the air as junk.

There is much to be done. The address of our Director of Business and Technical Personnel is simply Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Kodak



It takes longer, to be sure. And a knowing taste can tell the difference. Aging in wood gives Grey Poupon a character, a flavor all its own. It's bold but not biting. It's a richer, truer mustard with more real mustard flavor. The authentic Dijon recipe also requires mellow white wine. We include that, too. And a dozen or more rich seasonings and spices. Try it just once and you'll never be satisfied with ordinary mustard again. Understandably, Grey Poupon costs a bit more, but it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

ranging and mobile that even the mountains and oceans that serve as barriers to many other birds have not impeded their dispersal. And they are comparatively undisturbed by such hazards as climatic change (which affects the soil and vegetation of inland habitats more than it does the ecology of the tide line), unfamiliar foods, new predators, and competition from indigenous species, any one of which is more than enough to discourage the errant land bird. Yet, considering the strong flight of shorebirds and the millions of years they have had in which to spread, it seems astonishing that the worldwide species are so few, and all the more so when it is recalled that many whales and sharks, freshwater organisms, crustaceans, and other creatures even less mobile are as cosmopolitan as sanderlings.

Shorebird mobility is oddly demonstrated by the rock sandpiper of the Bering Sea, which is almost non-migratory throughout its range; it winters commonly as far north as the Aleutians, with a few birds straying south along the cold Pacific coast to Humboldt Bay, in northern California. But a wintering population of rock sandpipers also occurs on a subtropical coast of Mexico, near Punta Piedras Blancas, in Baja California. Upwelling currents of cold ocean water in this region explain its attraction for the bird. What is astonishing is that this more or less sedentary sandpiper should have discovered a suitable habitat separated from its normal range by an ecological barrier of temperate water eight hundred miles across.

While most shorebirds are well distributed across the great shaggy head and shoulders of our continent, a few are curiously restricted in their breeding ranges. The surfbird, as far as is known, nests only in the mountains of central Alaska (its winter range, on the other hand, extends from southern Alaska to the Strait of Magellan), while the Hudsonian godwit is confined to scattered spots in the Northwest Territories and northern Manitoba. We can guess that its small nesting grounds, separated by wide intervening regions, are the remnants of a range that was much broader, and that this range had shrunk before the coming of the white man. But, if so, why? It is an exceptionally unassertive bird, readily chivied by marbled godwits, and even sanderlings. Was it always so timid, or is this a degeneration brought about by mutation? Has it become specialized in some way not yet understood? Was it moving long ago toward extinction, or was

talk of the table

One of the world's great makers of dinnerware, Royal Copenhagen continues its tradition of superb quality and beauty with a new, young faience pattern—Blue Line. $15.50 the five-piece place setting, including dinner, salad, bread and butter plates; cup and saucer. Available at Georg Jensen Inc. and other fine stores.

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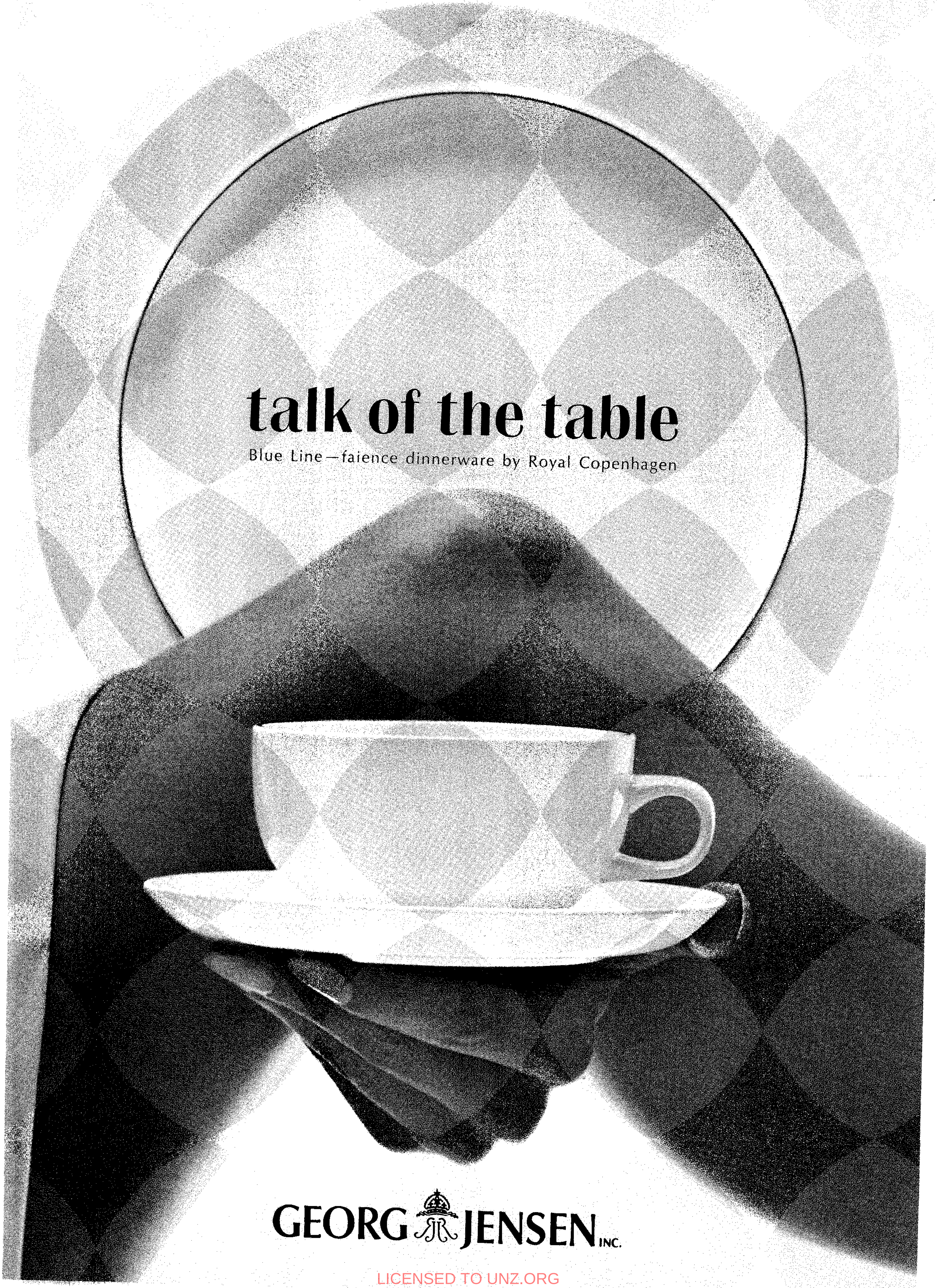
talk of the table
Blue Line—faience dinnerware by Royal Copenhagen
GEORG JENSEN INC.

St. Raphaël changes taste in mid-sip. The unsophisticated find this confusing.

If you've ever been to France, you probably know what to expect in your American encounter with France's only golden aperitif wine.

St. Raphael actually changes taste in mid-sip. It starts out delicately smooth. But, a second later, it turns tangy crisp.

The French with their cultivated palates delight in St. Raphael's dual personality. In fact, St. Raphael is France's most popular aperitif. So popular it's called "L'aperitif de France".

The French drink it variously. Well-chilled as an aperitif, naturally. And especially over ice with two twists of lemon peel. This they call the drink with the "Double Zest".

Try St. Raphael on your friends. Watch their reaction to its change of taste in mid-sip. If you have the kind of friends we think you have, they'll find this charming. Like the French do.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

St Raphaël
GOLDEN APERITIF WINE
IMPORTED
APERITIF DE FRANCE

the French aperitif wine with the dual personality there introduced in some recent millennium a small new factor of climate or circumstance—the coming of the red man from Siberia, for example—that upset the balance? The naturalist who could find answers to such questions would explain a good deal that we do not know about ecology and ethology and genetics.

Another bird of limited breeding range is the western sandpiper, which nests on the Chukchi Peninsula of Siberia and on the coast of northwest Alaska, east to Point Barrow and Camden Bay. At Point Barrow, its range is overlapped by that of the semipalmated sandpiper, and the two species are so similar that, did they not remain aloof from each other on the breeding grounds, they might be considered two races of a single species. Yet the semipalmated sandpiper enjoys an enormous range both latitudinally and longitudinally, singing and preening from Point Barrow, on the Beaufort Sea, south and east to Hudson Bay and Quebec. What is interesting here is not the relatively restricted breeding range of the western sandpiper but the reason for it, in juxtaposition with the vast realm of the semipalmated. And we are scarcely assisted by the knowledge that in winter the western sandpiper is more widely distributed than its sibling species, being found on occasion from southern Alaska and New Jersey all the way down both coasts to the Gulf states, the Caribbean, and South America. The western and semipalmated sandpipers are assumed to be distinct, since their ranges overlap and they are not known to interbreed; yet how were they separated in the first place? For we can assume that at one time these two very similar little birds were one. And if, as is now thought, at least partial geographical separation of two populations of a single species is necessary in order that a new species evolve out of the old, then at one time the two were separated and only recently, comparatively speaking, have they once again shared common breeding grounds.

The overlapping ranges of these two sandpipers, most notably at Point Barrow and on winter grounds in South Carolina, raises the question of Gause's principle, which states that any given ecological niche can support only a single species—that where two species of common origin and habits share the same feeding ground and the same food preference, one must sooner or later change its preference or make way for the other. In the case of the shorebirds, Gause's principle seems chiefly appli-

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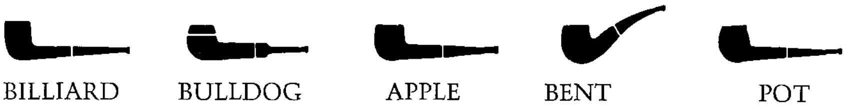
Contents, one pipe
the gift for the dad June 18th

Edison discovered pyrolytic graphite in 1896. Over 70 years later, someone found out what to do with it. Line the bowl of *the* pipe with it. (For the scientific minded, pyrolytic graphite is also used for nose cones of space missiles.) As a pipe liner, it is the most revolutionary pipe smoking innovation since brier. It also makes the pipe one of the world's best smokes. Why? Well, the wet residue in the bottom of the bowl is nearly eliminated. The tobacco is burned to an ash giving you the driest dottle yet. There's no "tongue biting" break in period. Bitter by-products are reduced to a minimum to let the pure pleasure of fine tobacco come through. And, it's one of the coolest smoking experiences in town. Smoke from the pipe is 10° to 20° cooler than that of other standard pipes. But, who counts when you're enjoying this much smoking satisfaction? Classic ebony in color, the pipe comes in the five shapes pipe-smokers prefer. Get one today. Or, suggest to the woman in your life that she get one for you. Just $12.50 at your local tobacconist.

the pipe advisor: Leave this ad in a conspicuous place before Father's Day. This ploy has proved to get results... and you, the pipe.



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where this brocade will shimmer in orange, moss or turquoise. Loungees' robe of estron® acetate and cotton, sizes 8 to 18, jr. sizes 7 to 15, 13.00

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Lord & Taylor

cable to the breeding grounds; the rich food supply so manifest on the Carolina tidal flats shared by the two sandpipers would doubtless support both species, even were their preferences identical, or nearly so.

In theory, the genetic changes undergone by one or both siblings during the period of separation have made them mutually infertile, or otherwise isolated in their breeding habits. And there are subtle differences of behavior: the western sandpiper tends to feed in deeper water when the two are together in mixed flocks, and the bill of a typical western is noticeably longer. Supposing (without real evidence) that the two phenomena are linked, how did this distinction come about? The western is, by all accounts, a very gentle bird, even in time of courtship; was the longer bill developed through the necessity of feeding in deeper water as a result of losing a competition with its more aggressive relative? It is the attempt to resolve such questions that makes ethology the engrossing study it is, and once in a while a question finds its answer—an answer, more often than not, that is most remarkable for its simplicity.

The shorebirds' swift wings and wide-ranging habits have generally spared them the pattern of isolation, overspecialization, and unequal struggle with new competitors that plunges most doomed creatures into extinction. Though the Eskimo curlew, New Zealand shore plover, and Jerdon's courser are all on the point of extinction, the only shorebird that has certainly vanished in historical times is the *te-te*, or Tahitian sandpiper. Presumably, this species was sedentary and uncommon, for it is known only from three specimens collected in the Society Islands by naturalists accompanying Captain Cook. One September in Tahiti and Moorea, like many a shorebird partisan before me, I kept a wistful eye out for the *te-te*, a pretty, rail-like burnt-sienna-colored bird said to have haunted the shadowed brooks that flow down the dark volcanic mountains to the sea.

—PETER MATTHIESSEN

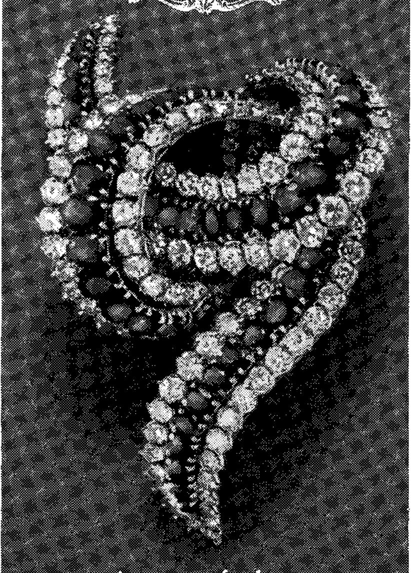
(*This is the first of two articles on shorebirds.*)

•

To provide flexibility, Reuther has kept his goals coucher in general language. Flexibility also comes in the form of 33 proposed contract goals that the UAW negotiators can puggle.—*The Post.*

Does the goals coucher get puggled, too?

Cartier



A stream of rubies,
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Add sales tax where required.

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El Convento means Old San Juan . . . where the past meets the present head-on. Where timeless mansions stand amid colorful art galleries and boutiques . . . where the air is filled with Spanish guitar and modern jazz rhythms. At the center of it all? *El Convento!* Sumptuous rooms matched by unparalleled dining . . . punctuated by a shaded patio and swimming pool. Reserve a room, and take a *quiet* swing with the likes of Igor Cassini. Believe us: it's the *only* kind. Special Summer rates now in effect: rooms from $8.00, per person double occupancy.

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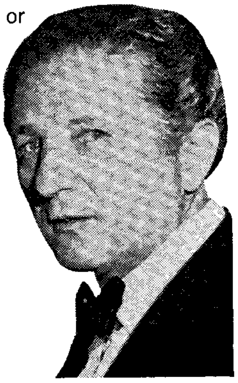
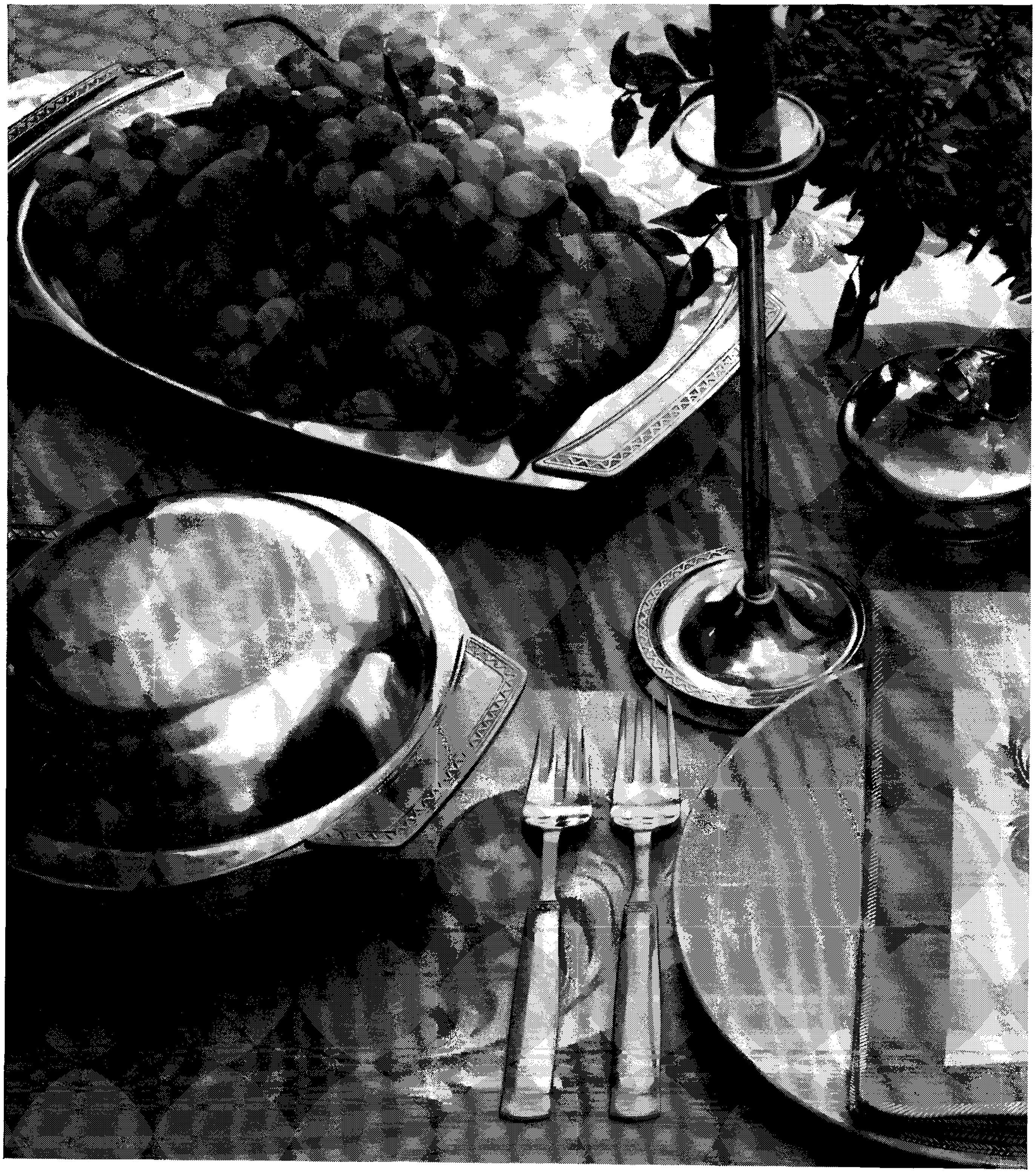




Royal Swedish—*for Royal Dining*

Royal Swedish is *the* touch of elegance for both formal and casual dining. Its graceful, ageless design is traditional . . . yet modern. You can use Royal Swedish flatware and serving pieces with each other or blend them with the fine sterling and stainless you already own. Of course, all Royal Swedish is made of easy-to-care-for 18-8 Swedish stainless, crafted by Gense's skilled artisans. You can see the full collection of Royal Swedish at select and fine jewelry stores, department stores (silver department), and gift shops. For further information about Royal Swedish and other fine Gense products, please send 25¢ to: East: Gense Import Ltd., 252 Livingston Street, Northvale, New Jersey. West: Svensk Design, 3130 Spring Street, Redwood City, California. GENSE ®

The Odd Couple

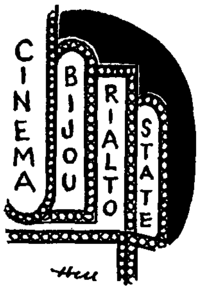
We went to Italy with a satchel full of good American dollars, and came back with the idea of our Via Sessante Duo. Co-ordinated with Machiavellian cunning—two-piece sport ensemble of jacket and slacks. The fabric is made only 200 kilometers from Rome, exclusively for PBM. Unmistakably continental, with its two-button cut, slant flaps, deep side vents. Fashion for individuals, not for everyone. That's PBM!

PBM?PBM!

Pincus Brothers Maxwell,
1290 Ave. of Americas, New York
Independence Mall East, Phila., Pa.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Overkill



ONE is constantly tempted to assume that there is nothing the matter with Hollywood movies that a lack of money wouldn't cure. We speculate on what an agreeable situation it would be if sheer poverty—a condition that, even in California, a young man might battle his way to by pluck and luck—could lead to the creation of a small number of modest movies that succeeded, instead of a large number of gross ones that failed. There is some substance to this speculation. Gigantism is certainly among the most marked attributes of contemporary Hollywood, where it is nearly always taken for a sign of wholesome ambition but is, in fact, a pathological response to the continuous pressure of the financial means of making everything bigger than it needs to be. Like the dinosaur, the conventional Hollywood movie of the sixties is a huge presence dominated by a tiny brain; slowly, slowly, it sinks of its own weight into the ooze of audience, a contented suicide.

A characteristic example of such gigantism is "The Way West," which is one of the worst movies of this or any season and would obviously have been much less bad if there had been much less of it to *be* bad. Let us start with the screenplay, which is by Ben Maddow and Mitch Lindemann and is based on a novel by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. In two hours and two minutes, the script attempts to recount the history of a wagon train that, in the spring of 1843, sets out from Independence, Missouri, for the Oregon Territory; in the course of that very long journey we are treated to a succession of scenes that depict, with the dogged flatness of a set of statistics in a football program, the canonical stereotypes of sixty years of Western-movie-making. Here, for our ready identification, are a lusty wife, a frigid wife, and a pregnant wife; here is death by drowning, gunshot, bow-and-arrow, knife, and hanging, and by accidents involving buggies, wagons, and a faulty crane. We tick off alcoholism, insanity, flagellation, thirst in the desert, revolt on a mountaintop, fire, flood, theft, the grief of a white father, an Indian father, a wife, and a mother. Indian folk practices? Yes. Yankee folk practices? Yes. Even Canadian folk practices? Yes. Indeed, it would have been simpler for me to note what the screenwriters left out rather than what they put in, but there is a reason for my not doing so; the only thing that I am absolutely sure of their having omitted is the meeting of Henry VIII and Francis I on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The acting in "The Way West" is a match for the script. In the enormous cast are Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum, Richard Widmark, Lola Albright, and Eddie Little Sky, who—the curse of typecasting!—plays a Sioux. The director of the picture was Andrew V. McLaglen and the director of photography was William H. Clothier, who has taken good advantage of our plains, rivers, mountains, and skies, and who must have hated having to waste so much of his footage upon humankind.

"THE HAPPENING" is a nearly total disaster from the directorial hand of Elliot Silverstein. The sophomoric script is by Frank R. Pierson, James D. Buchanan, and Ronald Austin—did they write like teen-agers because they were writing about teen-agers?—and the photography is by Philip Lathrop. The story has to do with the inadvertent kidnapping of a Florida businessman by some good-looking, utterly emotionless hippies. The movie is supposed to be both funny and terrifying, and it is neither. The hippies are played with grotesque ineptitude by George Maharis, Michael Parks, Robert Walker, and Faye Dunaway, and the businessman is played by Anthony Quinn. He is not at home in the part.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

SHILLY SHALLY

ABOLISH want, and there will be no thrift, no initiative, no work—you'll just be a damned oyster. You haven't lived a memorable day unless you have done something for someone who will never be able to repay you.

CO-OP APT. unit with 1400 sq. ft. of fine living area. This is one of the best, and close to bus and all shopping.

ONE to 3-acre building sites in the country, water line, Topeka phone, paved highway. You must comply with building restrictions. R. W. Steckler.

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—Adv. in the Topeka (Kan.) Capital-Journal.

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THE RACE TRACK

Turnabout

TURNING the tables ruthlessly on Proud Clarion, Damascus won the Preakness Stakes in commanding style at Pimlico last Saturday. In Reality finished second, slightly more than two lengths behind Damascus and four lengths ahead of the tiring Kentucky Derby winner. Reason to Hail, who runs almost every weekend (and manages to get some of the prize money), was fourth. The time for the mile and three-sixteenths was 1:55⅕—the fastest for the race since Nashua won it twelve years ago. There's an old saying that it doesn't pay to make excuses—they get you nothing. But Frank Whiteley, who trains Damascus, and Shoemaker, who rides him, were convinced that something had been wrong with the colt in the Derby. His nerves got the better of him, Whiteley says. Whatever it was that upset him—the crowd, or the band, or both—there was no doubt that he ran far below his best form. In the pre-race carryings-on at Baltimore, however, he never turned a hair. Perhaps he felt more at home, for he is stabled at nearby Laurel.

The Preakness was quite different from the Derby. I am not comparing the atmosphere at Pimlico with that at Churchill Downs, or the weather, which was pleasant, with excellent visibility; I'm thinking about how the race was run and the way Damascus was ridden. With such speedsters as Barbs Delight and Great Power in the lineup, it was expected that the early pace would be fast. To my surprise, Celtic Air, a colt with very moderate form, who is also trained by Whiteley, stepped right along with those two and did his best to make the pace even faster. In fact, he led for half a mile. Shoemaker said after the race that this hadn't been planned. Whiteley had no comment. At any rate, although the Pimlico racecourse is at least two seconds slower than Churchill Downs, the three horses ran the first six furlongs of the Preakness in 1:10⅘—exactly the time that was clocked for that distance in the Derby. Meanwhile, Shoemaker had dropped back to next to last of the ten starters, and I wasn't surprised to see Ussery behind him with Proud Clarion, for he'd said that he was going to have eyes for only one horse in the race—Damascus. Both jockeys, who had lain well back by choice, began their runs at about the same time, reached contending positions on the turn for home, and a furlong farther on swept round the leaders in the stretch. Both horses were under the whip as they straightened out for the run in, but as Damascus started to draw away Proud Clarion began shortening his stride. In the last hundred yards or so, In Reality passed Proud Clarion, but he never threatened Damascus, who was merely being hand-ridden as he passed the post.

It was the fourth time the Belair colors—"White, red dots"—have been first in the Preakness. William Woodward won it with Gallant Fox in 1930 and with Omaha in 1935; his son, William Woodward, Jr., won it with Nashua in 1955; and now his daughter, Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, has won it with Damascus. The colt's share of the purse was $141,500, which brought his earnings in six starts this season, four of which he's won, to $260,460. Needless to say, his next appearance will be in the Belmont Stakes at Aqueduct a week from Saturday. The Preakness produced food for thought on several subjects, but one fact stands out: none of the runners established better credentials for winning the blue-ribbon stakes for three-year-olds than Damascus. Still, I can't help remembering that this time two years ago Whiteley was training Tom Rolfe, who was third in the Kentucky Derby, won the Preakness, and finished second in the Belmont Stakes.

In Reality ran well for a colt who hadn't had a race since April 1st. Proud Clarion had clear sailing all the way; Ussery's comment was "We just got outrun." Barbs Delight made a good try, but he's what you might call a one-track horse. Four of the seven races he has won were at Churchill Downs, as, of course, was his best effort—the Derby.

The day before the Preakness, a long shot named Farest Nan, who paid $45.80, popped up as winner of the Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. Back in Paris, winner of four previous starts, was second, and Devotedly was third. So it goes.

NOTHING earthshaking happened at Aqueduct last Saturday. In the Top Flight Handicap, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a furlong, Straight Deal, carrying 126 pounds,

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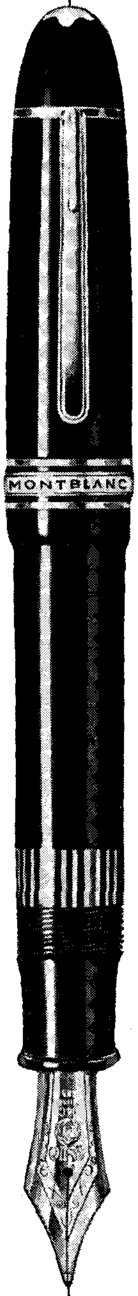

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ran over the leaders in the stretch and won comfortably from Mac's Sparkler, Malhoa, and four others. In the race before the Top Flight, Successor, at one time a Preakness hope, turned in another disappointing performance for the Wheatley Stable; for Eddie Neloy, his trainer; and for those in the crowd of some forty-nine thousand who had made him a hot second choice in the betting. Away slowly, although he had no mishap in the starting gate, he was never better than sixth, and he finished lengths behind a stablemate of Dr. Fager's named Aforethought, who ran the six furlongs in the snappy time of 1:09⅗. And in the race after the Top Flight, Assagai, the leading racer on the grass last year, started off his season with a victory, though he was all out to beat Irish Rebellion by a neck. Incidentally, he was giving Irish Rebellion twenty-three pounds.

Earlier in the week, Pretense, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap, rather disconcerted his stable in a gallop preparatory to his meeting with Buckpasser in the Metropolitan Handicap on Memorial Day. He finished last, half a dozen lengths or so behind Indulto, in the Roseben Handicap, for which he started a lukewarm favorite. Our Michael was second and Impressive third. After showing a bit of speed in the first quarter, Pretense bore out on the far turn and dropped out of the picture. Shoemaker, who came from California to ride him, said he had no excuses for himself but that maybe his mount had had too long a layoff. He may have had a point, for Pretense hadn't run since he won the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida in March.

SOME fancy prices were paid at the sale of horses of racing age from the stable of the late Charlton Clay at Belmont Park last week. Warner Jones, a Kentucky breeder, went to $210,000 for an unnamed and unraced two-year-old colt by Princequillo out of Leallah, who was the top two-year-old filly of 1956. (It will cost Mr. Jones fifty dollars more to register a name for the youngster with the Jockey Club.) The contending bidder was A. B. Hancock, Jr., of Claiborne Farm, who earlier in the sale gave $100,000 for Matriarch, a three-year-old filly by Bold Ruler out of Lyceum. John Hanes, the former president of the New York Racing Association, also gave $100,000 for a three-year-old filly by Princequillo out of Rose Bower. Her name is Rainbow Rose. Money makes the mare go, or vice versa.

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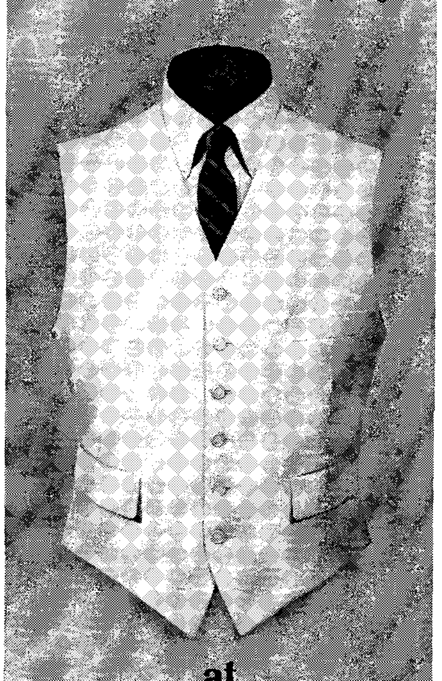

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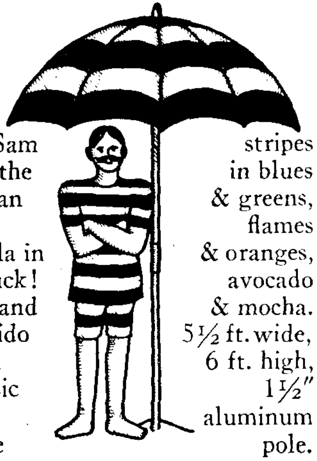

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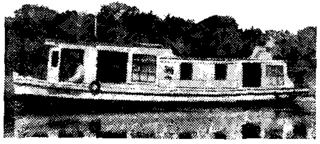

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

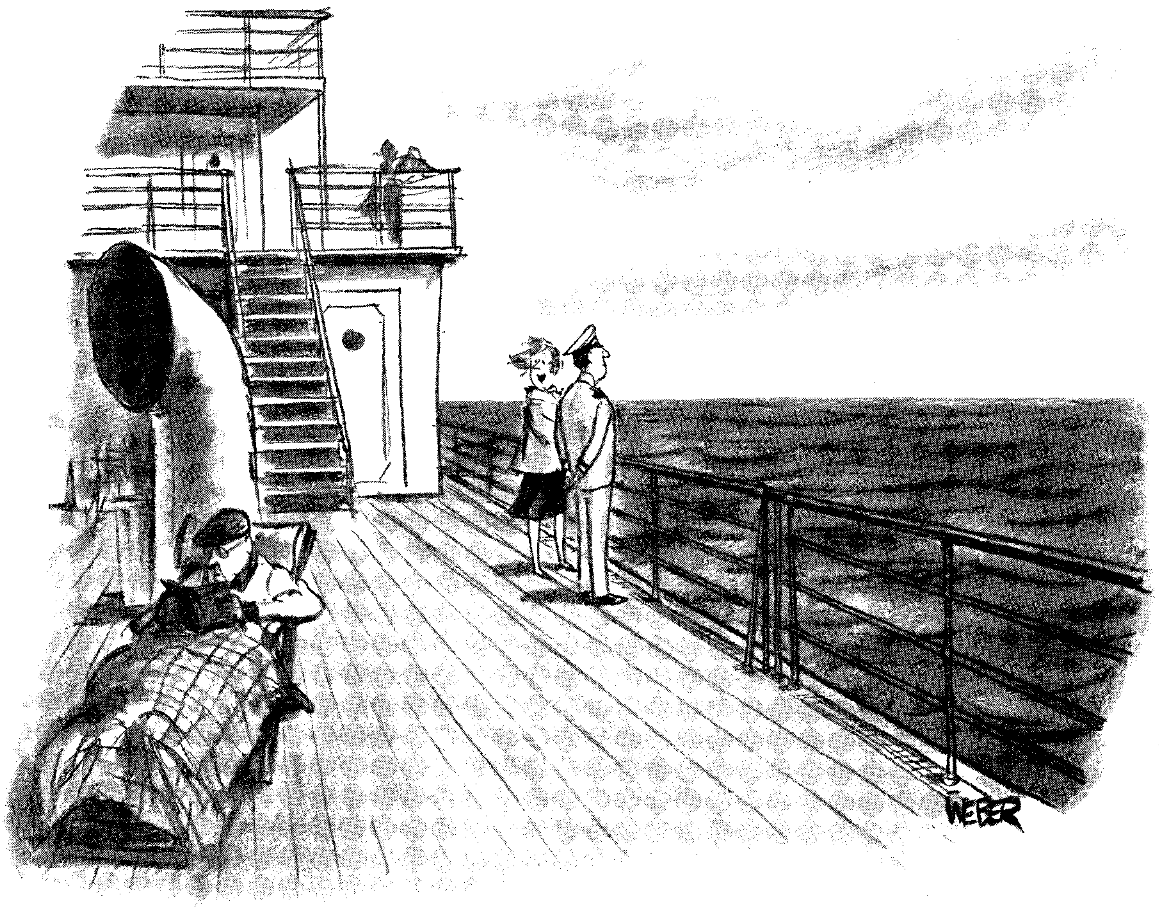
THE ORANGE MAN

AROUND eleven-thirty on the morning of December 15, 1960, Dr. Richard L. Wooten, an internist and an assistant professor of internal medicine at the University of Tennessee College of Medicine, in Memphis, was informed by the receptionist in the office he shares with several associates that a patient named (I'll say) Elmo Turner was waiting to see him. Dr. Wooten remembered Turner, but not much about him. He asked the receptionist to fetch him Turner's folder, and then, when she had done so, to send Turner right on in. The folder refreshed his memory. Turner was fifty-three years old, married, and a plumber by trade, and over the past ten years Dr. Wooten had seen him through an attack of pneumonia and referred him along for treatment of a variety of troubles, including a fractured wrist and a hip-joint condition. There were footsteps in the hall. Dr. Wooten closed the folder. The door opened, and Turner—a short, thick, muscular man—came in. Dr. Wooten had risen to greet him, but for a moment he could only stand and stare. Turner's face was orange—a golden, pumpkin orange. So were both his hands.

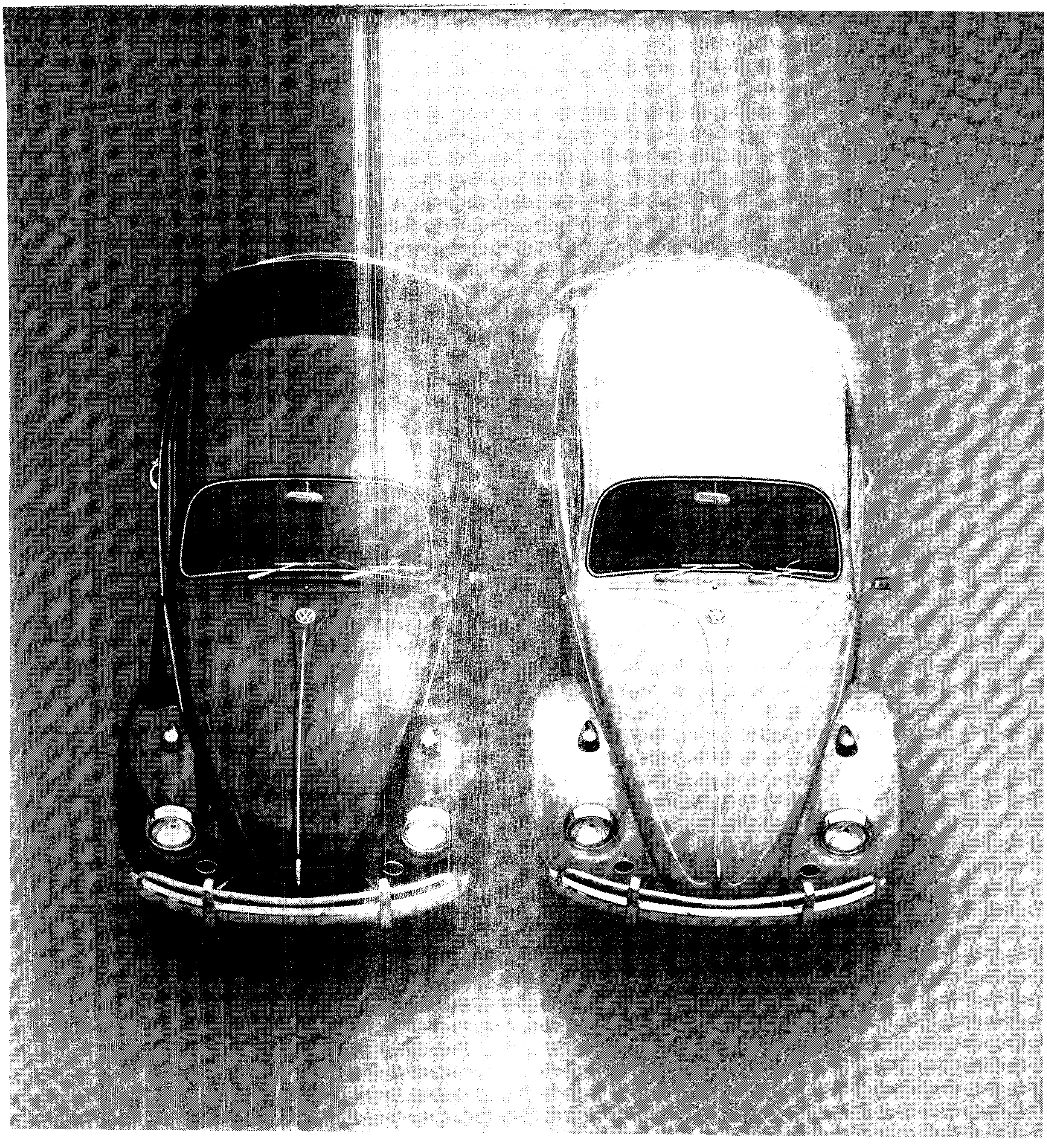
Dr. Wooten found his voice. He gave Turner a friendly good morning, asked him to sit down, and remarked that it had been a couple of years since their last meeting. Turner agreed that it had. He had been away. He had been working up in Alaska—in Fairbanks. He and his wife were back in Memphis only on a matter of family business. But, being in town, he thought he ought to pay Dr. Wooten a visit. There was something that kind of bothered him. Dr. Wooten listened with half an ear. His mind was searching through the spectrum of pathological skin discolorations. There were many diseases with pigmentary manifestations. There was the paper pallor of pituitary disease. There was the cyanotic blue of congenital heart disease. There was the deep Florida tan of thyroid dysfunction. There was the jaundice yellow of liver damage. There was the bronze of hemochromatosis. As far as he knew, however, there was no disease that colored its victims orange. Turner's voice recalled him. In fact, he was saying, he was worried. Dr. Wooten nodded. Just what seemed to be the trouble? Turner touched his abdomen with a bright-orange hand. He had a pain down there. His abdomen had been sore off and on for over a year, but now it was more than sore. It hurt. Dr. Wooten gave an encouraging grunt, and waited. He waited for Turner to say something about his extraordinary color. But Turner had finished. He had said all he had to say. Apparently, it was only his abdomen that worried him.

Dr. Wooten stood up. He asked Turner to come along down the hall to the examining room. His color, however bizarre, could wait. A chronic abdominal pain came first. And not only that. The cause of Turner's pain was probably also the cause of his color. That seemed, at least, a reasonable assumption. They entered the examining room. Dr. Wooten switched on the light above the examination table and turned and looked at Turner. The light in his office had been an ordinary electric light, and ordinary electric light has a faintly yellow tinge. The examining room had a true-color daylight light. But Turner's color owed nothing to tricks of light. His skin was still an unearthly golden orange. Turner stripped to the waist and got up on the table and stretched out on his back. His torso was as orange as his face. Dr. Wooten began his examination. He found the painful abdominal area, and carefully pressed. There was something there. He could feel an abnormality—a deep-seated mass about the size of an apple. It was below and behind the stomach, and he thought it might be sited at the liver. He pressed again. It wasn't the liver. It was positioned too near the center of the stomach for that. It was the pancreas.

Dr. Wooten moved away from the table. He had learned all he could from manual exploration. He waited



"Quick, George, look! This is the deepest part of the ocean!"



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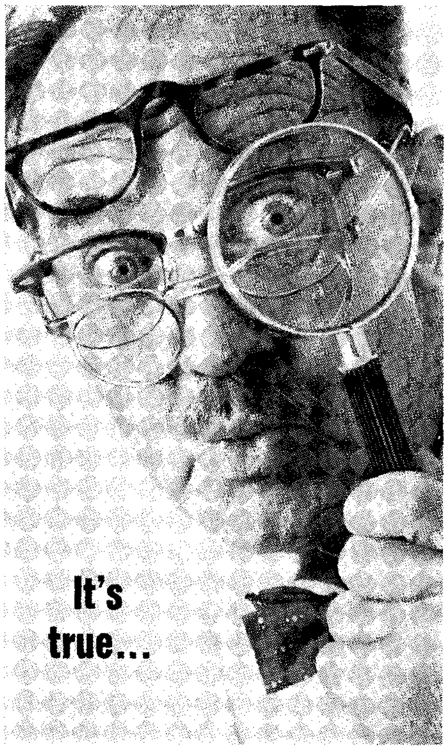

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for Turner to dress, and then led the way back to his office. He told Turner what he had found. He said he couldn't identify the mass he had felt, and he wouldn't attempt to guess. Its nature could be determined only by a series of X-ray examinations. That, he was sorry to say, would require a couple of days in the hospital. The pancreas was seated too deep to be accessible to direct X-ray examination, and an indirect examination took time and special preparation. Turner listened, and shrugged. He was willing to do whatever had to be done. Dr. Wooten swivelled around in his chair and picked up the telephone. He put in a call to the admitting office of Baptist Memorial Hospital, an affiliate of the medical school, and had a few words with the reservations clerk. He swivelled back to Turner. It was all arranged. Turner would be expected at Baptist Memorial at three o'clock that afternoon. Turner nodded, and got up to go. Dr. Wooten waved him back into his chair. There was one more thing. It was about the color of his skin. How long had it been like that? Turner looked blank. Color? What color? What was wrong with the color of his skin? Dr. Wooten hesitated. He was startled. There was no mistaking Turner's reaction. He was genuinely confused. He didn't know about his color—he really didn't know. And that was an interesting thought. It was, in fact, instructive. It clearly meant that Turner's change of color was not a sudden development. It had come on slowly, insidiously, imperceptibly. He realized that Turner was waiting, that his question had to be answered. Dr. Wooten answered it. Turner looked even blanker. He gazed at his hands, and then at Dr. Wooten. He didn't see anything unusual about his color. His skin was naturally ruddy. It always looked this way.

Dr. Wooten let it go at that. There was no point in pressing the matter any further right then. It would only worry Turner, and he was worried enough already. The matter would keep until the afternoon, until the next day, until he had a little more information to work with. He leaned back and lighted a cigarette, and changed the subject. Or seemed to. Had Turner ever met the senior associate here? That was Dr. Hughes—Dr. John D. Hughes. No? Well, in that case . . . Dr. Wooten reached for the telephone. Dr. Hughes' office was just next door, and he arrived a moment later. He walked into the room and glanced at Turner, and stopped—and stared. Dr. Wooten in-

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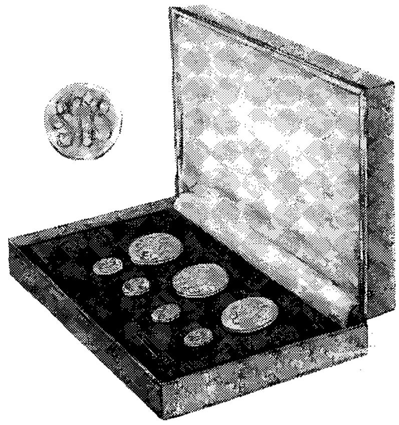
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troduced them. He described the reason for Turner's visit and the mass he had found in the region of the pancreas. Dr. Hughes subdued his stare to a look of polite attention. They talked for several minutes. When Turner got up again to go, Dr. Wooten saw him to the door. He came back to his desk and sat down. Well, what did Dr. Hughes make of that? Had he ever seen or read or even heard of a man that color before? Dr. Hughes said no. And he didn't know what to think. He was completely flabbergasted. He was rather uneasy, too. That, Dr. Wooten said, made two of them.

TURNER was admitted to Baptist Memorial Hospital for observation that afternoon at a few minutes after three. He was given the usual admission examination and assigned a bed in a ward. An hour or two later, Dr. Wooten, in the course of his regular hospital rounds, stopped by Turner's bed for the ritual visit of welcome and reassurance. Turner appeared to be no more than reasonably nervous, and Dr. Wooten found that satisfactory. He then turned his attention to Turner's chart and the results of the admission examination. They were, as expected, unrevealing. Turner's temperature was normal. So were his pulse rate (seventy-eight beats a minute), his respiration rate (sixteen respirations a minute), and his blood pressure (a hundred and ten systolic, eighty diastolic). The results of the urinalysis and of an electrocardiographic examination were also normal. Before resuming his rounds, Dr. Wooten satisfied himself that the really important examinations had been scheduled. These were comprehensive X-ray studies of the chest, upper gastrointestinal tract, and colon. The first two examinations were down for the following morning.

They were made at about eight o'clock. When Dr. Wooten reached the hospital on a midmorning tour, the radiologist's report was in and waiting. It more than confirmed Dr. Wooten's impression of the location of the mass. It defined its nature as well. The report read, "Lung fields are clear. Heart is normal. Barium readily traversed the esophagus and entered the stomach. In certain positions, supine projections, an apparent defect was seen on the stomach. However, this was extrinsic to the stomach. It may well represent a pseudocyst of the pancreas. No lesions of the stomach itself were demonstrated. Duodenal bulb and loop appeared normal. Stomach was emptying in a satis-

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factory manner." Dr. Wooten put down the report with a shiver of relief. A pancreatic cyst—even a pseudocyst—is not a trifling affliction, but he welcomed that diagnosis. The mass on Turner's pancreas just might have been a tumor. It hadn't been a likely possibility—the mass was too large and the symptoms were too mild—but it had been a possibility.

Dr. Wooten went up to Turner's ward. He told Turner what the X-ray examination had shown and what the findings meant. A cyst was a sac retaining a liquid normally excreted by the body. A pseudocyst was an empty sac—a mere dilation of space. The only known treatment of a pancreatic cyst was surgical, and surgery involving the pancreas was difficult and dangerous. Surgery was difficult because of the remote location of the pancreas, and dangerous because of the delicacy of the organs surrounding the pancreas (the stomach, the spleen, the duodenum) and the delicacy of the functions of the pancreas (the production of enzymes essential to digestion and the secretion of insulin). Fortunately, however, treatment was seldom necessary. Most cysts—particularly pseudocysts—had a way of disappearing as mysteriously as they had come. It was his belief that this was such a cyst. In that case, there was nothing much to do but be patient. And careful. Turner was to guard his belly from sudden bumps or strains. A blow or a wrench could cause a lot of trouble.

Nevertheless, Dr. Wooten went on, he wanted Turner to remain in the hospital for at least another day. There was a final X-ray of the colon to be made, and several other tests. In view of this morning's findings, the examination was, he admitted, very largely a matter of form. The cause of Turner's abdominal pain was definitely a pseudocyst of the pancreas. But prudence required an X-ray, and it would probably be done the next day. It was usual, for technical reasons, to let a day elapse between an upper-gastrointestinal study and a colon examination. Two of the other tests were indicated by the X-ray findings. One was a test for diabetes—the glucose-tolerance test. Diabetes was a possible complication of a cyst of the pancreas. Pressure from the cyst could produce diabetes by disrupting the production of insulin in the pancreatic islets of Langerhans. Such pressure could also cause another complication—a blockage of the common bile duct. The diagnostic test for that was a chemical analysis of the blood serum for the presence of the bile pigment known

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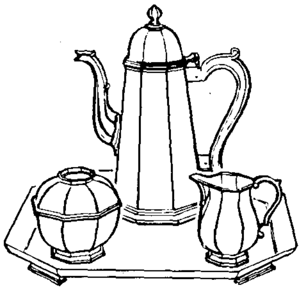

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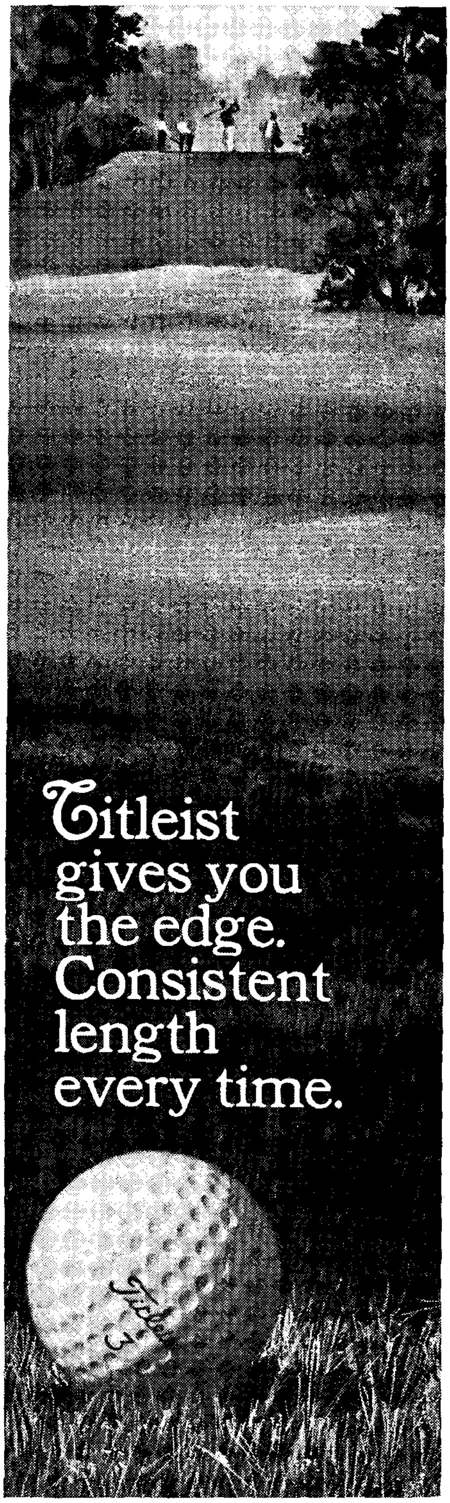

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as bilirubin. Dr. Wooten paused. The time had come to reopen the subject that he had tactfully dropped the day before. He reopened it. It was possible, he said, that the bilirubin test might help explain the unusual color of Turner's skin. And Turner's skin *was* a most unusual color. He held up an adamant hand. No. Turner was mistaken. His color *had* changed in the past year or two. It wasn't a natural ruddiness. It was a highly unnatural orange. It was a sign that something was wrong, and he intended to find out what. That was the reason for a third test he had ordered. It was a diagnostic blood test for a condition called hemochromatosis. Hemochromatosis was a disturbance of iron metabolism that deposited iron in the skin and stained it the color of bronze. To be frank, he didn't hope for much from either of the pigmentation tests. Turner's color wasn't the bronze of hemochromatosis, and it wasn't the yellow of jaundice. The possibility of jaundice was particularly remote. The whites of Turner's eyes were still white, and that was usually where jaundice made its first appearance. But he had to carry out the tests. He had to be sure. The process of elimination was always an instructive process. And they didn't have long to wait. The results of the tests would be ready sometime that afternoon. He would be back to see Turner then.

Dr. Wooten spent the next few hours at the hospital and his office. He had other patients to see, other problems to consider, other decisions to make. But Turner remained on his mind. His first impression, like so many first impressions, had been mistaken. It now seemed practically certain that Turner's color had no connection with Turner's pancreatic cyst. They were two quite different complaints. And that returned him to the question he had asked himself when Turner walked into his office. What did an orange skin signify? What disease had the power to turn its victims orange? The answer, as before, was none. But perhaps this wasn't in the usual sense a disease. Perhaps it was a drug-induced reaction. Many chemicals in common therapeutic and diagnostic use were capable of producing conspicuous skin discolorations. Or it might be related to diet.

The question hung in Dr. Wooten's mind all day. It was still hanging there when he headed back to Turner's ward. On the way, he picked up the results of the tests he had ordered that morning, and they did nothing to resolve it. Turner's total bilirubin level

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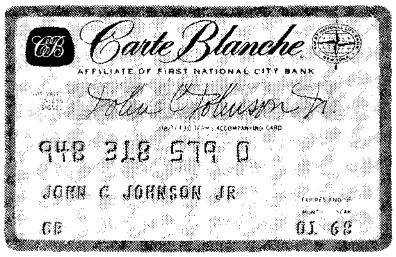

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was 0.9 milligrams per hundred millilitres, or normal. The total iron-binding capacity was also normal—286 micrograms per hundred millilitres. And he didn't have diabetes. When Dr. Wooten came into the ward, he found Turner's wife at his bedside and Turner in a somewhat altered state of mind. He said he had begun to think that maybe Dr. Wooten was right about the color of his skin. There must be something peculiar about it. There had been a parade of doctors and nurses past his bed ever since early morning. Mrs. Turner looked bewildered. She hadn't noticed anything unusual about her husband's color. She hadn't thought about it—the question had never come up. But now that it had, she had to admit that he did look kind of different. He did look kind of orange. But what was the reason? What in the world could cause a thing like that? Dr. Wooten said he didn't know. The most he could say at the moment was that certain possibilities had been eliminated. He summarized the results of the three diagnostic tests. Another possible cause, he then went on to say, was drugs. Medicinal drugs. Certain medicines incorporated dyes or chemicals with pigmentary properties. Turner shook his head. Maybe so, he said, but that was out. It had been months since he had taken any kind of drug except aspirin.

Dr. Wooten was glad to believe him. Drugs had been a rather farfetched possibility. The color changes they produced were generally dramatically sudden and almost never lasting. He turned to another area—to diet. What did Turner like to eat? What, for example, did he usually have for breakfast? That was no problem, Turner said. His breakfast was almost always the same—orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee. And what about lunch? Well, that didn't change much, either. He ate a lot of vegetables—carrots, rutabagas, squash, beans, spinach, turnips, things like that. Mrs. Turner laughed. That, she said, was putting it mildly. He ate carrots the way some people eat candy. Dr. Wooten sat erect. Carrots, he was abruptly aware, were rich in carotene. So were eggs, oranges, rutabagas, squash, beans, spinach, and turnips. And carotene was a powerful yellow pigment. What, he asked Mrs. Turner, did she mean about the way her husband ate carrots? Mrs. Turner laughed again. She meant just what she said. Elmo was always eating carrots. Eating carrots and drinking tomato juice. Tomato juice was his favorite

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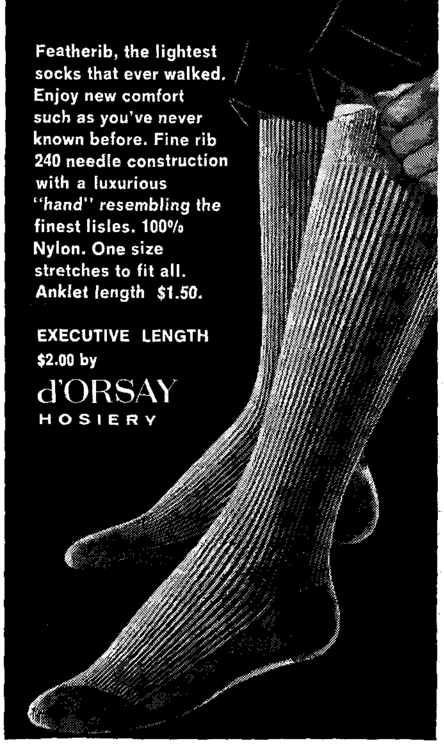

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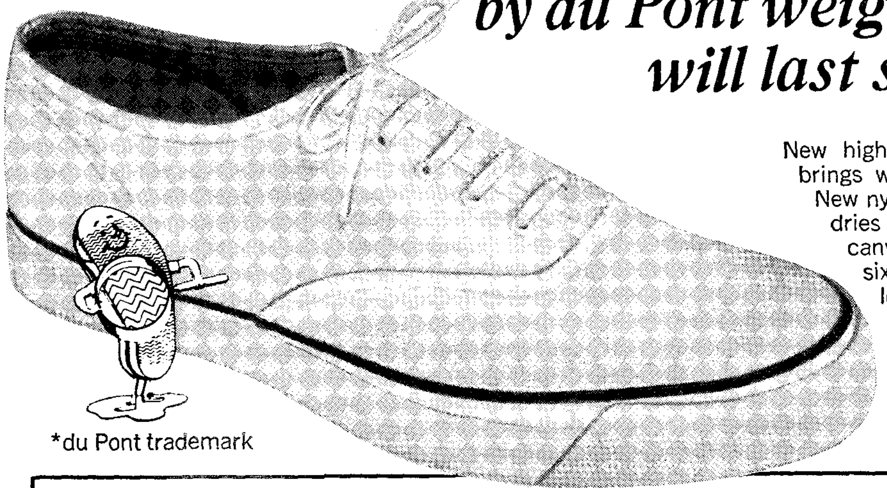

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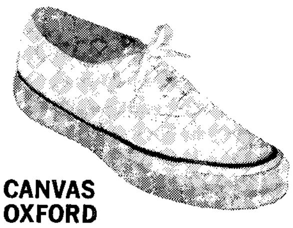

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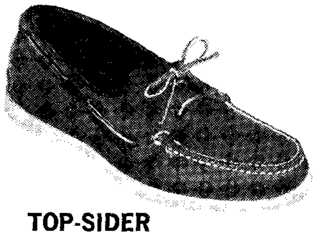

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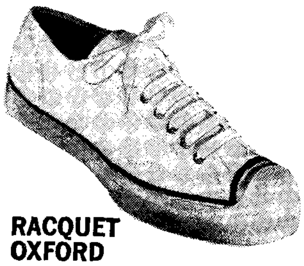

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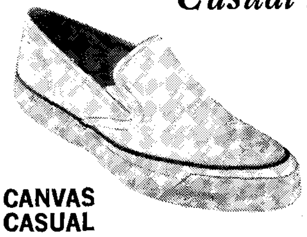

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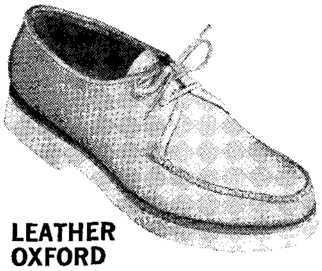

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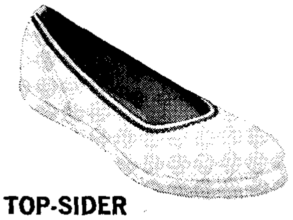

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drink. And carrots were his favorite snack. He ate raw carrots all day long. He ate four or five of them a day. Why, driving down home from Alaska last week, he kept her busy just scraping and slicing and feeding him carrots. Turner gave an embarrassed grin. His wife was right. He reckoned he did eat a lot of carrots. But he had his reasons. You needed extra vitamins when you lived in Alaska. You had to make up for the long, dark winters—the lack of sunlight up there. Dr. Wooten stood up to go. What the Turners had told him was extremely interesting. He was sure, he said, that Turner's appetite for carrots was a clue to the cause of his color. It was also, as it happened, misguided. The so-called "sunshine vitamin" was Vitamin D. The vitamin with which carrots and other yellow vegetables were abundantly endowed was Vitamin A.

There was a telephone just down the hall from Turner's ward. Dr. Wooten stopped and put in a call to the hospital laboratory. He arranged with the technician who took the call for a sample of Turner's blood to be tested for an abnormal concentration of carotene. Then he left the hospital and cut across the campus to the Mooney Memorial Library. He asked the librarian to let him see what she could find in the way of clinical literature on carotenemia and any related nutritional skin discolorations. He was elated by what he had learned from the Turners, but he knew that it wasn't enough. He had seen several cases of carotenemia. An excessive intake of carotene was a not uncommon condition among health-bar habitués and other amateur nutritionists. But carotene didn't color people orange. It colored them yellow. Or such had been his experience.

The librarian reported that papers on carotenemia were scarce. She had, however, found three clinical studies that looked as though they might be useful. Here was one of them. She handed Dr. Wooten a bound volume of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* for 1919, and indicated the relevant article. It was a report by two New York City investigators—Alfred F. Hess and Victor C. Myers—entitled "Carotinemia: A New Clinical Picture." Dr. Wooten knew their report, at least by reputation. It was the original study in the field. The opening descriptive paragraphs refreshed his memory and confirmed his judgment. They read:

> About a year ago one of us (A.F.H.) observed that two children in a ward

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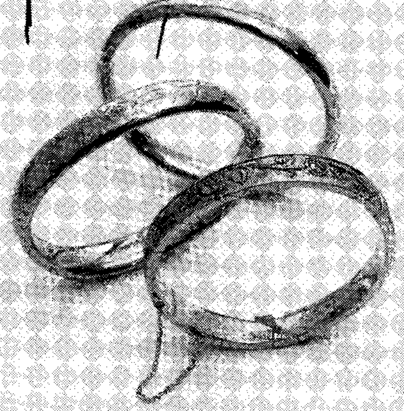

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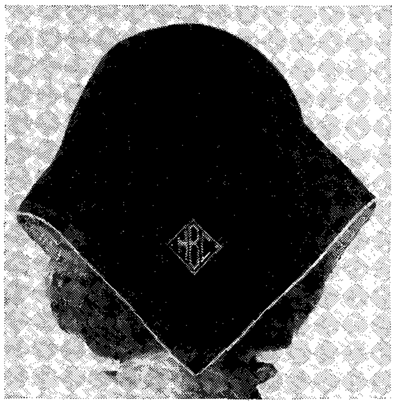

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> containing about twenty-five infants, from a year to a year and a half in age, were developing a yellowish complexion. This coloration was not confined to the face, but involved, to a less extent, the entire body, being most evident on the palms of the hands. . . . For a time, we were at a loss to account for this peculiar phenomenon, when our attention was directed to the fact that these two children, and only these two, were receiving a daily ration of carrots in addition to their milk and cereal. For some time we had been testing the food value of dehydrated vegetables, and when the change in color was noted, had given these babies the equivalent of 2 tablespoonfuls of fresh carrots for a period of six weeks.
>
> It seemed as if this mild jaundiced hue might well be the result of the introduction into the body of a pigment rather than the manifestation of a pathologic condition. Attention was accordingly directed to the carrots, and the same amount of this vegetable was added to the dietary of two other children of about the same age. In the one instance, after an interval of about five weeks, a yellowish tinge of the skin was noted, and about two weeks later the other baby had become somewhat yellow. There was a decided difference in the intensity of color of the four infants, indicating probably that the alteration was in part governed by individual idiosyncrasy. On omission of the carrots from the dietary, the skin gradually lost its yellow color, and in the course of some weeks regained its normal tint.

The librarian returned to Dr. Wooten's table with the other references. Both were contributions to the *New England Journal of Medicine*. One was entitled "Skin Changes of Nutritional Origin," and had been written by Harold Jeghers, an associate professor of medicine at the Boston University School of Medicine, in 1943. The other was the work of three faculty members of the Harvard Medical School—Peter Reich, Harry Shwachman, and John M. Craig—and was entitled "Lycopenemia: A Variant of Carotenemia." It had appeared in 1960. Dr. Wooten looked first at "Skin Changes of Nutritional Origin." It was a comprehensive survey, and it read, in part:

> The carotenoid group of pigments color the serum and fix themselves to the fat of the dermis and subcutaneous tissues, to which they impart the yellow tint. . . . Edwards and Duntley showed by means of spectrophotometric analysis of skin color in human beings that carotene is present in every normal skin and is one of the five basic pigments that determine the skin color of every living person. Clinically, therefore, carotenemia refers to the presence of an excess over normal of carotene in the skin and serum. . . . In most cases carotenemia results simply from excess use of foods rich in the carotenoid pigments. Individuals probably vary in the ease with which carotenemia develops, which is evidenced by the fact that many vegetarians do not

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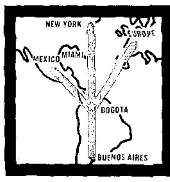

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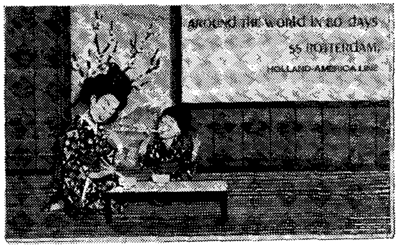

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develop it. It is said to develop more readily in those who sweat profusely. Except for the yellow color produced, it appears to be harmless, even though present for months. It eventually disappears over several weeks to months when the carotene consumption is reduced.

Dr. Wooten moved on to the third report. ("This investigation concerns a middle-aged woman whose prolonged and excessive consumption of tomato juice led to the discoloration of her skin.") He read it slowly through from beginning to end, and then turned back and reread certain passages:

> Although carotenemia due to the ingestion of foods containing a high concentration of beta carotene is a commonly described disorder, a similar condition secondary to the ingestion of tomatoes and associated with high serum levels of lycopene has not previously been reported. . . . Lycopene is a common carotenoid pigment widely distributed through nature. It is most familiar as the red pigment of tomatoes, but has been detected in many animals and vegetables. . . . It is also frequently found in human serum and liver, especially when tomatoes are eaten. But lycopene is not well known medically because, unlike beta carotene, it is physiologically inert and has not been involved in any form of illness.

Dr. Wooten closed the volume. Turner was not only a heavy eater of carrots. He was also a heavy drinker of tomato juice. Carrots are rich in carotene and tomatoes are rich in lycopene. Carotene is a yellow pigment and lycopene is red. And yellow and red make orange.

Dr. Wooten completed his record of the case with a double diagnosis: pseudocyst of the pancreas and carotenemia-lycopenemia. The results of the X-ray examination of Turner's colon were normal ("Terminal ileum was visualized. No pathology was demonstrated in the colon"), and the carotene test showed a high concentration of serum carotenoids (495 micrometres per hundred millilitres, compared to a normal concentration of 50 to 350 micrometres per hundred millilitres). The diagnosis of lycopenemia was made from the clinical evidence. Turner was discharged from the hospital on December 17th. His instructions were to avoid abdominal blows, carrots (and other yellow vegetables), and tomatoes in any form. Four months later, on April 16, 1961, he reported to Dr. Wooten that his skin had recovered its normal ruddiness. Two years later, in 1963, he returned again to Memphis and dropped in on Dr. Wooten for a visit. His abdominal symptoms had long since disappeared, and a comprehensive

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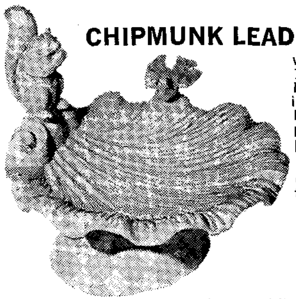

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examination showed no sign of the pseudocyst.

Elmo Turner was the first recorded victim of the condition known as carotenemia-lycopenemia. He is not, however, the only one now on record. Another victim turned up in 1964. She was a woman of thirty-five, a resident of Memphis, and a patient of Dr. Wooten's. He had been treating her for a mild diabetes since 1962, and had put her at that time on the eighteen-hundred-calorie diet recommended by the American Diabetes Association. She had faithfully followed the diet, but in order to do so had eaten heavily of low-calorie vegetables, and (as she confirmed, with some surprise, when questioned) the vegetables she ate most heavily were carrots and tomatoes. She ate at least two cups of carrots and at least two whole tomatoes every day. Dr. Wooten was unaware of this until she walked into his office one October day in 1964 for her semiannual consultation. He greeted her as calmly as he could, and asked her to sit down. He would be back in just a moment. He stepped along the hall to Dr. Hughes' office and looked in. Dr. Hughes was alone.

"Have you got a minute, John?" Dr. Wooten said.

"Sure," Dr. Hughes said. "What is it?"

"I'd like you to come into my office," Dr. Wooten said. "I'd like to show you something."

—Berton Roueché

•

Although there have been reports that negotiations are underway for the sale of Zim Lines' flagship Shalom she will perform all sailing scheduled for the balance of this year, the steamship line announces. In her schedule are six cruises to Expo as well as trans-Atlantic and Mediterranean sailings.

She is majoring in English and also is fluent in French, Malay, four Chinese dialects and Mandarin.

All this and beauty too!—*Toronto Telegram.*

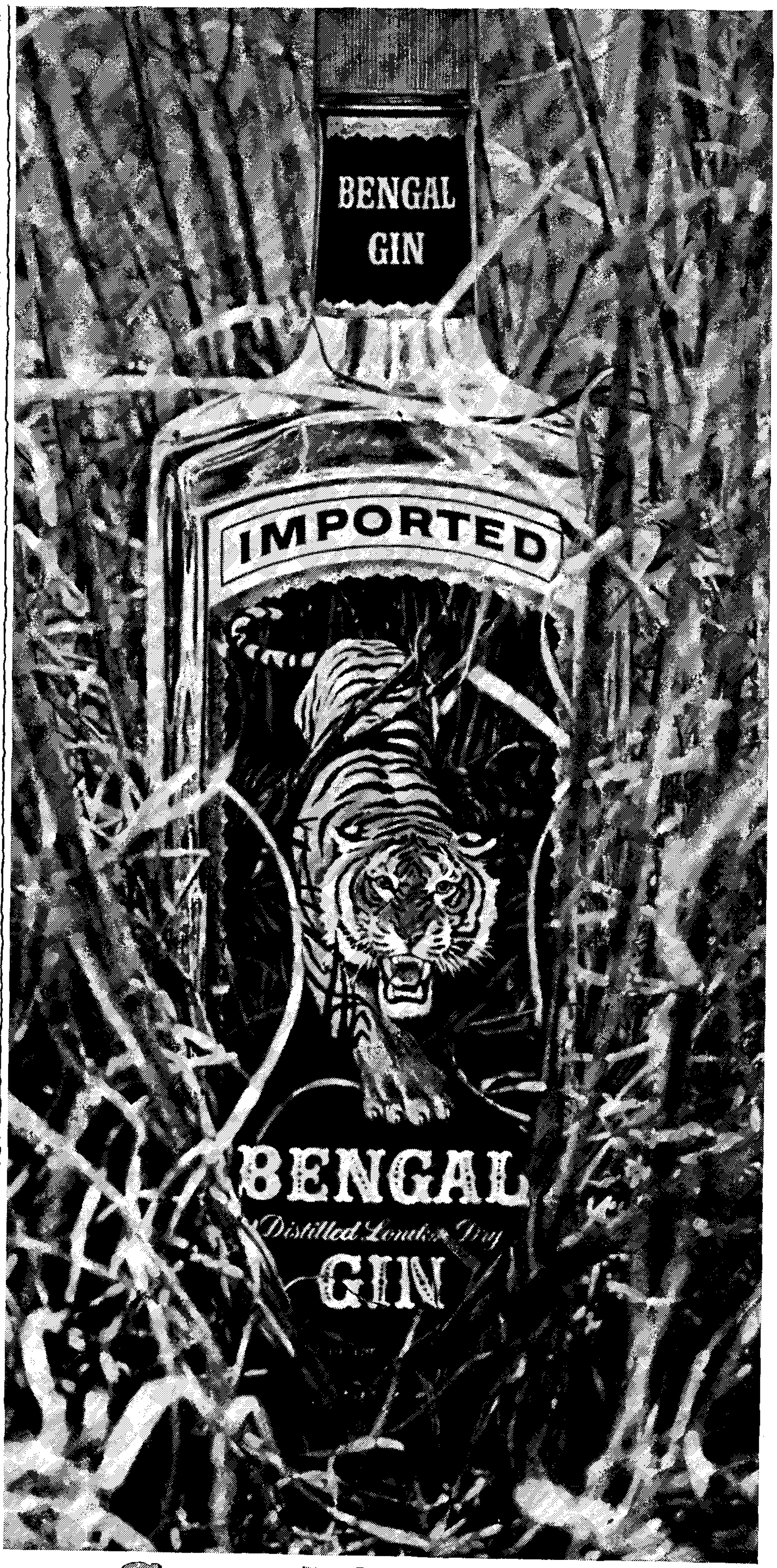
And so *seaworthy!*

•

Persons who have been tripping and falling on the four shallow steps in front of the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts will soon have something more functional and steady to hold on to than wooden railings, horses.

—*The Times.*

Typical Bing touch.



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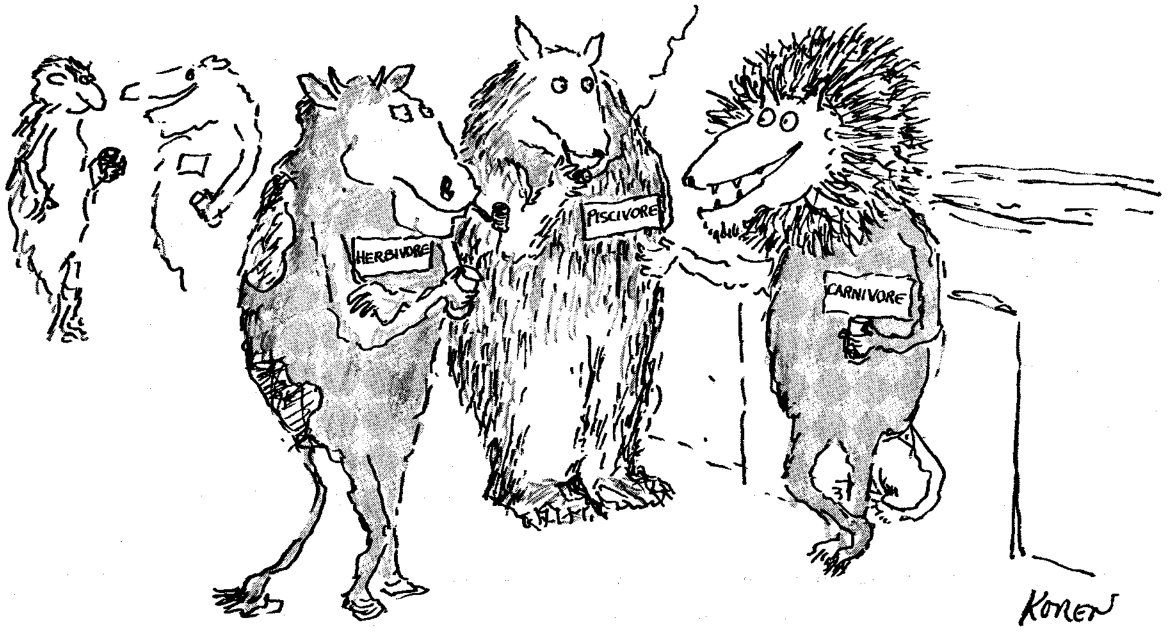
LETTER FROM PARIS

MAY 18

IN a well-known ritual in his biannual press conference (or his speech to his nation and to the world), given in the gilded, chandelier-hung Salle des Fêtes in the Presidential Palais de l'Élysée, General de Gaulle always begins by greeting his auditor guests and begging them to be seated; then he invariably asks, as if in a familiar prologue to an amateur playlet, if there are any questions anyone wishes to ask—a cue to three or four selected leading journalists to make a brief inquiry into some important topic that, it is known in advance, the General will speak on in any case. At Tuesday's meeting, an unknown, unchosen questioner hastily rose and for three or four minutes presented a rambling, incoherent series of queries of such lunacy and length that most of them were lost in the audience's uproar of surprised laughter—the first time there has ever been such a comedy interlude. In the unexpected situation, de Gaulle was impeccable. His face relaxing into an attentive smile, he heard the incoherence through to its end and then said, with loud, quick courtesy, "Monsieur, I thank you for your press conference!" The riposte was so pat, the irony and majestic reprimand were such good theatre, that a hum of approval ran through the audience. The rest of the session, in which he himself talked for an hour and twenty minutes—he always recites from the vast, freshly stored resources of his memory—was, on the whole, rather dry with logic, contained flashes of paternal pride in an opening section devoted to France's postwar reconstruction, displayed some academic brilliance on foreign affairs, and then (his oration becoming a little painful and quasi-affectionate) devoted close to a half hour to saying no, or his elaborate version or evasion of that monosyllable, to Great Britain's recent request to be admitted to the Common Market. De Gaulle's advancing age could be heard in his voice, not seen in his face. He looks as he did last year, but the calendar was audible. The vocal sound was a little older, with, at moments, a certain lack, or break, in his famous sostenuto.

The General's opening words significantly made clear the blow to his pride he had received in the poor support his Fifth Republic Party had got from the French voters in the March election, when, for the first time in his presidency, he faced (as he still faces) a dangerously strong opposition in the Federation of the Left. "Had this opposition been able to obtain from Frenchmen a negative majority," de Gaulle said (and heaven knows it came close), "and the submission, or resignation, of the President of the Republic through its legislative obstruction, the government of France would once again have been merely a kaleidoscopic distribution of portfolios, a constantly changing and powerful combination of rivalries"—this last reference delivered with the passionate contempt he reserves for France's multi-party politics, which brought the country so low that only he was able to save it. "What could the devotees of Moscow and those with a nostalgia for Washington have accomplished?" he asked disparagingly. "To strike down the Fifth Republic by striking its head" (meaning himself) was the common aim of all the opposition, de Gaulle declared bitterly, knowing he spoke the truth. "The Fifth Republic finds a National Assembly where, it would appear, a positive majority exists," he said in an easier tone, using candor almost as a form of humor, which he does on occasion. This reference to the Gaullist majority, which consists of two deputies in the Chamber, made the journalists smile with embarrassment, as if somebody who used to be rich had come down in the world and had publicly drawn attention to his new poverty. His reference to Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and his so-called Independent Republicans (who are really the young technocrat, splinter-group Gaullists) was far more covert and much less genial. De Gaulle said that any effort to weaken this majority made by anyone who had been elected under his banner would "evidently be contrary to the public interest and to public morality"—a very severe slap indeed at young Giscard. In his foreign-affairs references, after congratulating France on maintaining her independence and signalling the fact that in Europe West and East were gradually practicing a relaxation of tension, the General added that "in Asia the scandal of foreign intervention should cease"—meaning, of course, America's Vietnam war.

When the General finally got around to the all-important topic of England and said, "Dear friends, now at long last I am going to answer your question about Britain and the Common Market," his affability instantly tipped off his listeners to the fact that his answer to the island's request to be considered a valid relation of Europe would be no, as expected. "I will start by saying that the movement which seems at present to be leading England to link herself to Europe instead of keeping herself apart [and here he used a poetic, inventive phrase, "*au lieu de se tenir au large*," which could be translated, perhaps, as "instead of keeping her distance at sea"] is a movement which can only please France." With strict logic—or so most jour-



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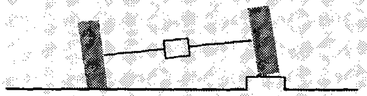
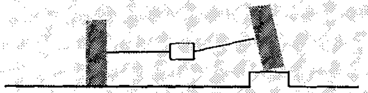
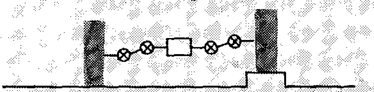


Most cars, including almost all American cars, have a solid rear axle. When going over bumps, tires are often not in full contact with the road.



A few fine cars, like Mercedes, use a swing axle. This is better, because tire-to-road contact is improved.



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nalists thought—he then gave the several reasons that make France unable to embrace London's offer "until England has undergone a profound transformation." And on this note his speech came to its close.

Two mornings later, on *Figaro's* Thursday front page, appeared one of its witty, pertinently impertinent little editorial comments by André Frossard, who said, "England remains an island. I received this news Tuesday at the Élysée with a certain relief. Ever since there has been a question of mooring England to the Continent, I have been seized with retrospective horror at the thought of what would have happened in 1940 if she had been really secured to terra firma to such a point as not to be able to pull herself away in time. The world, in my opinion, needs England just as she is, like a big fine ship floating at a nice good distance from our shores, far enough not to be captured by surprise, close enough to leave us with the hope of eventually climbing on board, capable of what is forbidden to us by the nature of geographic laws, which are what they are. . . . In brief, we need an England that is always in condition to keep her freedom, for the reason that sometimes ours depends on it."

ON Wednesday, France underwent the greatest strike by the greatest number of strikers—it really began Tuesday night, at dinnertime—that the country has apparently ever known, and the most peaceful. It may be the only strike in which no Paris policeman was seen to raise a club and no striker was seen to heave a stone or shout an insult. There are an estimated twenty million workers in France, and half of them struck; here in Paris a hundred and fifty thousand paraded for three hours, in a jam from the Place de la Bastille to the Place de la République, carrying placards and streamers saying, "No to government by decree" and "Down with Pompidou." This was not a strike for wages but a purely political strike for purely political reasons. It was a protest strike by the proletariat and many intellectuals against the Government's announced project of legislating financial problems till the end of October by decree, thus bypassing Parliament for the seventh time in seven different years of the Fifth Republic, as de Gaulle himself announced, with calm. The strike was called by the main labor unions, which thus assumed the power of political associations. Paris was paralyzed. Only the sun and the moon continued their

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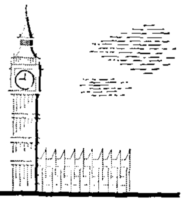

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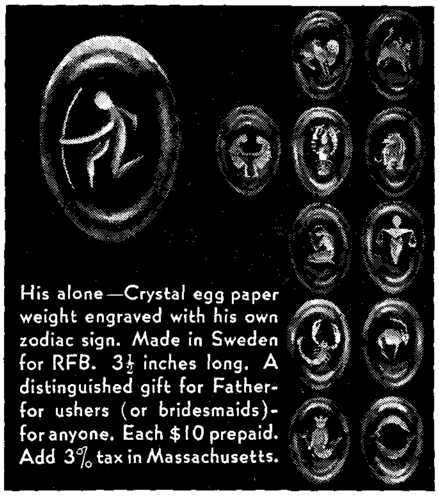

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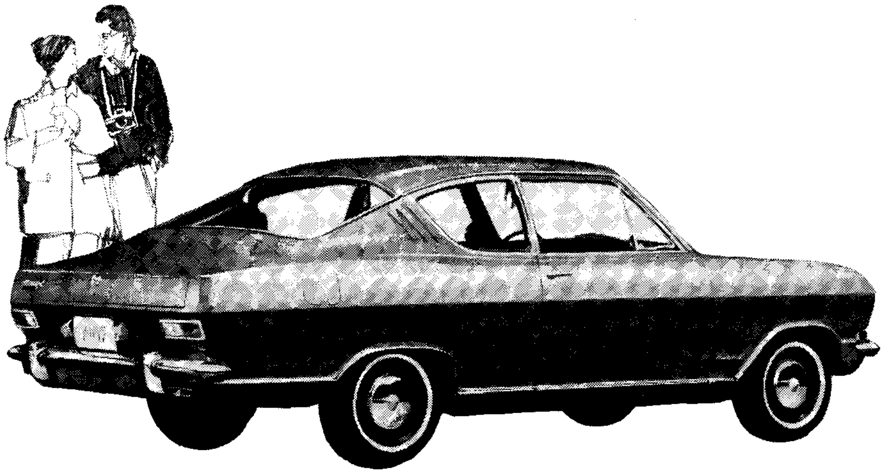
movements, and the wretched citizens caught on the streets that afternoon in one of the intemperate downpours that always seem to accompany strikes in which people have no transportation except their legs. Today, the motion of censure against the Pompidou Government will be brought up in Parliament, but neither the Government nor the opposition desires the Government to fall, with the Parliament only newly elected and so much more power to be seized or hoped for or retrieved with reforms by all the newly elected deputies. Tomorrow may prove a preliminary test of strength, because Pierre Mendès-France, standing with the opposition, is making his return to France's political life in a pro-opposition speech, after an exile of nearly a decade. With the strike, France has begun to run a slightly raised political temperature, if only by contagion from the rest of the world, where news from all capitals tends to be alarmingly feverish.

NEXT Monday, Paris will once more have only one American morning newspaper instead of the luxury of two it has enjoyed since June, 1949. The international edition of the New York *Times* will combine in what will be called, if there is room for such a masthead, the *International Herald Tribune with the New York Times and the Washington Post*. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald* is the dominant survivor. Founded in 1887 by James Gordon Bennett, it has been published here ever since, except in the war years, and has employed editors and writers who ranged from obscure cub reporters to names eventually noted in literature and politics. Among those of us who belong to the Paris American colony, it has been affectionately known as the "village newspaper." We are glad it is not disappearing from old age, and deplore the passing from our local scene of the Manhattan flavor of the Continental edition of the *Times*. *Sic transit.*

THERE was a great deal of surprise here that the film chosen to represent France officially at the Cannes Festival was "Jeu de Massacre," a brilliantly concocted piece of Pop Art Pirandello. So the surprise was slight when it failed to win any laurels. Its newly emerged young director, Alain Jessua, seems to lean toward male characters who have an off-center psyche, his first full-length film, "La Vie à l'Envers," having featured one who tried to detach himself from reality. "Jeu de Massacre," shown in



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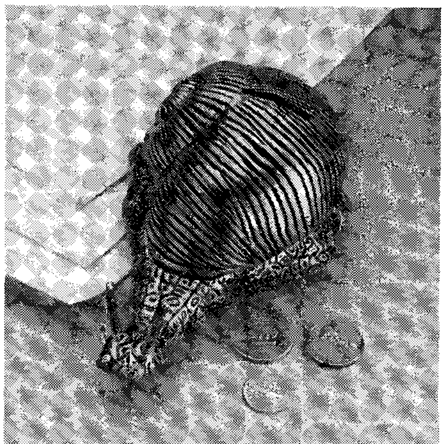
Paris before going to Cannes and still a great hit here, deals with a rich, mother-dominated, idle young provincial who augments his character by living the life of a superman adventurer as outlined by a writer-artist married couple—penniless hangers-on—whom the idiotic mother hires to supply her son with adventure patterns. Intoxicated by his new image, which he starts embodying in flesh and blood, he goes from bad to worse—from kidnapping almost to killing—in a series of thrilling sequences that are, unfortunately, the best part of the film. Jessua could so easily have turned these sequences into a stunning satire on today's ever-increasing passion for violence in the younger generation, but instead he treats them as rather dangerous comedy. From the inflated, gigantic superfigures that the woman artist draws, which swell to fill the whole screen, there emerges the inhuman mythology of Pop Art mixing with real life. It is an intelligent, exaggerated French film worth seeing.

Its perfect opposite at Cannes was "Mouchette," a Bernanos novel turned into a realistic, rural short-story masterpiece by Robert Bresson's flawless direction. It depicts the last two days in the tragic life of a country girl brutalized by her drunken parents and raped in the forest by a poacher, after which she peacefully drowns herself in the river—this season's one artistically great French film to see, if you can bear it. It is played by non-professional actors.

"J'ai Tué Raspoutine," also shown at Cannes and on the boulevards here, is a scrupulous, exciting historical reconstruction of that assassination. By way of authentication, the film is preceded by a brief glimpse of Prince Felix Youssoupoff himself, still alive, old and unrecognizable behind his black glasses, which—perhaps symbolically—were allowed to slip askew to one side of his ravaged face, so that he had an air of being out of focus with the present as he made some mumbling reference to his past and his bold, youthful patriotic crime. As his face and voice fade out, the film proper begins. Back in the Paris twenties, impoverished by the Russian Revolution, which his act helped bring about, Youssoupoff opened an émigré Russian night club in the Rue Mont-Thabor, which all of us frequented (when we could afford it), and his book of memoirs on exactly how the assassination had been planned and committed was a best-seller. Because of the film's décors of rich Russian bibelots gleaned from what remains of the émigré colony here, the



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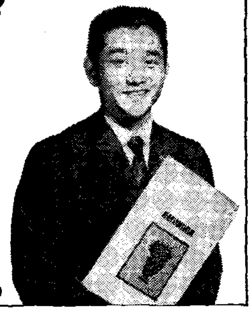

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Rasputin movie has the fascination of a revival for the older generation. To the young Paris film fans, it has supplied the gruesome appeal of a perfect suspense movie, starring Gert Frobe as the mad, herculean monk it was almost impossible to kill.

IN this month's *L'Événement*, the intellectual critical and political magazine founded last year by Emmanuel d'Astier, he gives the most precise portrait, mental and physical, of Svetlana Stalin of any yet seen. As all are doubtless aware, she visited him and his wife—the daughter of Leonid Krassin, the first Soviet ambassador to Paris—during her month-and-a-half *séjour* in Switzerland before she set out for America. D'Astier had first met her, with difficulty, in Moscow five years ago, when, in order to live obscurely, she had dropped the name of Stalin and was using that of Alliluyeva, her mother's maiden name. D'Astier was then writing his book "Sur Stalin," and wanted truth, information, and guidance, all of which she generously gave. She became a friend, and in their meeting this time, in the town of Fribourg, he, in his turn, wished to guide her—to dissuade her from going to the United States. "I feared the American reaction," he explains in his very interesting and ample *Événement* article, "and so proposed that she come to Paris. She said, 'Four governments are in difficulties now because of me. Why add a fifth?' " He continues, "From one temporary visa to another, she was rejected by all the countries. America is the only one capable of acting like God himself and of displeasing the Soviet Union. She spoke to me as if going to America seemed to her a form of fate. I was sorry. I think the name of Stalin will be as heavy to bear in New York as it was in Moscow. As for her memoirs, whatever they may be, they will be exploited by anti-Communists and by a certain scandalous type of Western press. . . . She looked the same as the last time I saw her, in Moscow three years ago—a little bent, a little thick in her gray suit under the curly helmet of her auburn hair. She seems so little Russian. She could be a Swiss-German from Zurich. She resembles both her grandmothers—the mother of Stalin, who was Georgian, and the mother of his wife, Nadezhda Alliluyeva, who belonged to that German colony in the Ukraine. . . . I told her in Fribourg to stand up straight. She has become bent under the rain of events that has fallen on her. She has developed the habit of putting her hand

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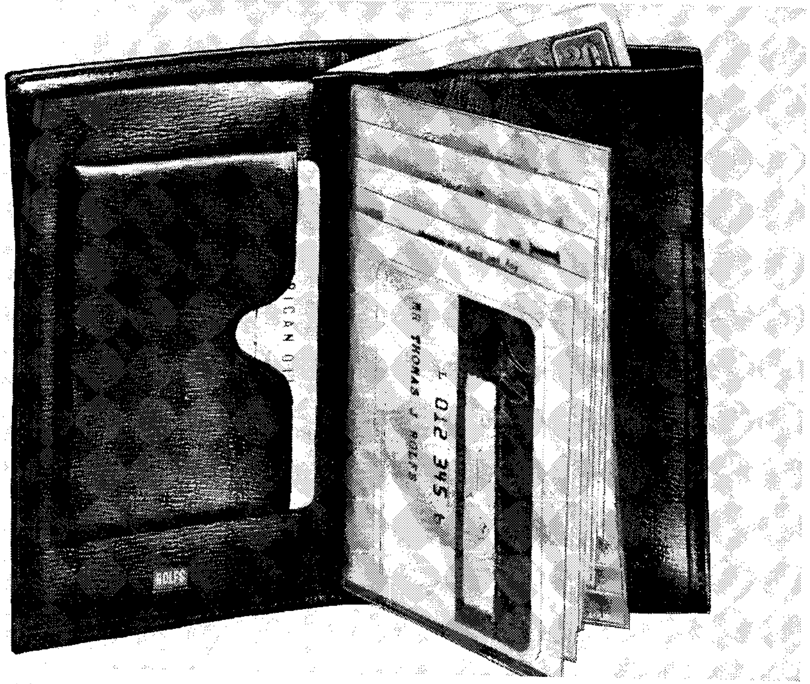

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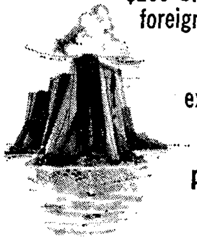

to her face as if for protection against the unhealthy glare of the unfamiliar world invading her. She still looks like a doe, like a red deer. She is strong and self-controlled. She laughs suddenly; her laugh sounds sweet and warm down in her throat. Laughing, the light comes back to her round, pale-periwinkle eyes. Her teeth are small and white, her hands straight and delicate. Singularly immobile, she talks very distinctly almost without moving her lips. She pauses before she answers; her tone of voice is sure and without self-consciousness." She and Krassin's daughter spoke Russian together; with d'Astier she spoke English, reminding him that she had taught it in Moscow. She also speaks German, but does not like to, she says. D'Astier goes on, "She said to me, 'I do not think that America is what I want, or that I would like to stay there. I would like to come back to Switzerland and to see France. How interesting it is to see the world! This is perhaps difficult for you to understand, but for us Soviet people, who still live isolated from the world, it is an important discovery. I saw a great deal in India, and I recently saw a little of Rome's suburbs. I have absolutely no sense of frontiers, of states, of nationalities, though I have been the butt of their regulations and suffer from them. I see the entire earth as if it were mine, and see all people as if they, too, were my own people.' " She had never mentioned God by name to d'Astier the last time they met, in Moscow, but now she told him, "I have found faith." When he asked, "In what religion?" she said, "That doesn't matter much, I think. So I chose our religion—the Orthodox Russian Church."

At their farewell family dinner in Fribourg, they ate in an old inn and ordered Swiss *raclette*, which reminded her of Georgian *fromage fondue*. Though she is a vegetarian, she ate some of the Swiss smoked ham, and though she ordinarily does not smoke, she even took a cigarette. Present was a niece of d'Astier's, who, after Svetlana left Fribourg, was killed in an accident. Svetlana wrote him, "I cannot forget her; I still see her face. Life is without mercy." —GENÊT

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THE WEATHER

Mixed clouds over a staggered area, with increasing climate heading in from Gulf areas. Northward, several rains, coupled with scattered sunlight and biting overcastness. Over the Valley there will be dampness and humidness.—Mexico City Times.

And some bitterness, or pique.

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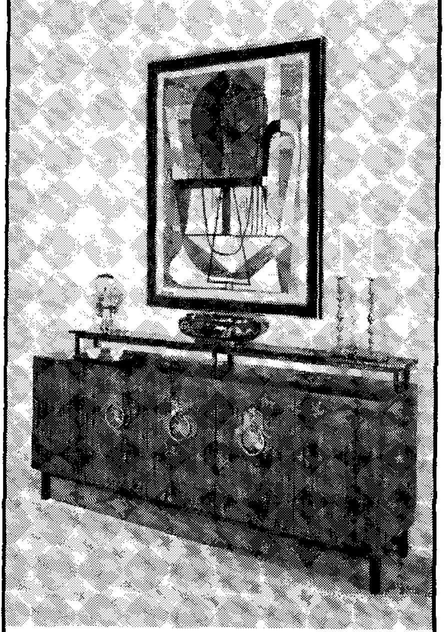

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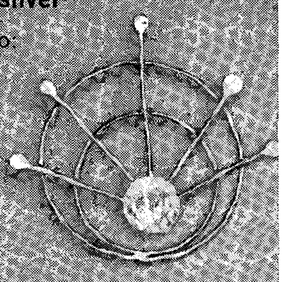

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Late Late Show

EVERY once in a while, I attend an avant-garde concert just in the hope that I may come across something new and worthwhile. It is true that the percentages are overwhelmingly against this, but—who knows—a genius might turn up in the most unlikely of places. On Monday night of last week, I dropped in at Town Hall on one of the series of concerts directed by Max Pollikoff and known as "Music in Our Time." A small, good-natured audience was in attendance, and an atmosphere of gaiety prevailed under the cheerful Mr. Pollikoff, who acts as a sort of master of ceremonies. I did not hear anything worth listening to, but I did get an interesting impression that may be of historical, if not of musical, importance: The avant-garde, as represented here, is in a terrible rut. It hasn't thought up anything new in many, many years, and though the series is entitled "Music in Our Time," no music identifiable as music *of* our time was performed. On the contrary, what I heard was avant-garde music of from thirty to fifty years ago, slavishly reproduced. Nobody seems to have got beyond Schoenberg and Webern, the two main models for imitation. True, there was some electronic "music," but so far such music has been of interest only because it is based on a new method of producing sound. It is not enough to trot out a succession of mechanically produced funny noises. It's time the electronic composers began laying the foundation for an *art* based on their new technology. The mere exhibition of the technology itself is wearing rather thin.

The program that night began with David Stock's "Serenade for Five Instruments," which turned out to be almost indistinguishable from Webern (1883-1945), with some Schoenberg (1874-1951) thrown in, the Schoenberg in this case being his work of about 1925. Then we had Donald Lybert's "Lines for the Fallen," for soprano and two pianos tuned a quarter tone apart. This proved to be almost indistinguishable from the combined work of Alois Hába (whose compositions were performed around here thirty-five years ago and then forgotten) and such fist-and-elbow pianists as Leo Ornstein (vogue circa 1920) and Henry Cowell (whose early piano "compositions" appeared about the same time). After that, there was something called "Catch Up," by Calvin Hampton, for tape recorder and two pianos, again tuned a quarter tone apart. This, too, was almost indistinguishable from Ornstein and Hába. Then a pianist (normally tuned piano), a guitarist, a string bassist, a drummer, and a man who doubled on flute and soprano saxophone came onstage to play something called "Movement," by the drummer, Joe Chambers. This was a little more interesting. At least, it didn't fit into a predictable pattern. Some of it was supposed to be aleatoric, or "chance," music, and the players looked to me like experienced jazz artists who had been performing more or less aleatoric music all their lives. What they played this time was chaotic and remarkably devoid of rhythmic ideas. After the intermission came an item obviously intended as humor—Max Schubel's "Quashed Culch for Flute, Bass, and Gong." (Mr. Schubel explained that "culch" is a New England expression meaning "trash.") His work is a sort of vaudeville show in which a tall, lanky male bass player and a short, diminutive female flute player proved that you can play either instrument and a gong at the same time. The flute player managed it by kicking the gong. "Resonata—1967," by William Hellerman, a rather inhibited and totally inexpressive affair for five brass instruments, also brought up no new techniques. The concert ended with Donald Erb's "Reconnaissance for Violin, Bass, Two Electronic Setups, Piano, and Percussion." This made a devil of a noise, and if you have never heard electronic sound (which is unlikely), there might have been some interest for you in the various whooping and crepitating noises that issued from the electronic instruments, one of which was a Pollyphonic Electronic Performance Instrument. "Pollyphonic" was, I thought, a happy term, which might have served for much of the rest of the program, too, since it all consisted of parrotry of one kind or another.

I noticed that two of the composers present announced that they were studying composition at some college or other—Brandeis and Columbia were

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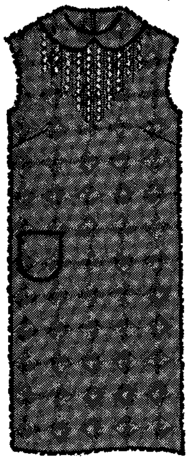

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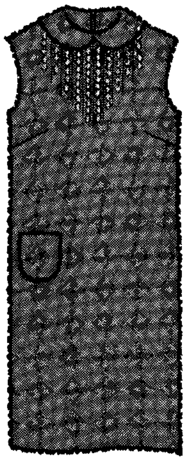

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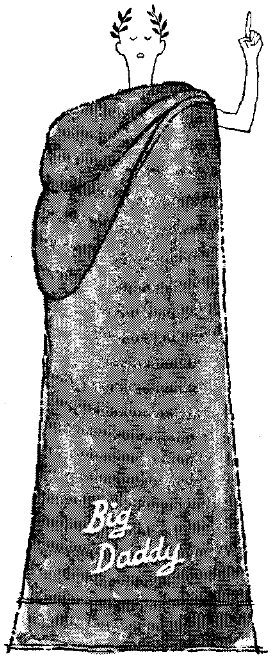

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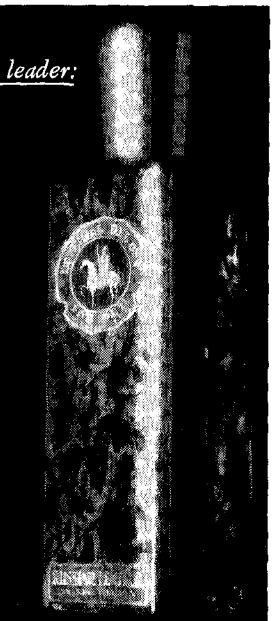

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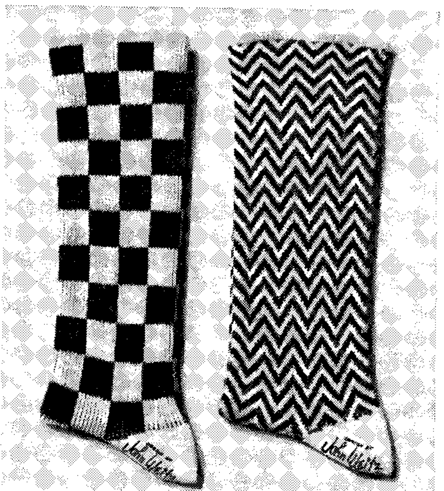
mentioned. This is a matter to ponder. Universities do not, as a rule, turn out composers of any ability, and there are good reasons for this. Historically, composing is something done by virtuoso pianists or organists who have the musical tradition at their fingertips. There are a few exceptions to this rule, among them Wagner, who was primarily a conductor, and Berlioz, most of whose work shows traces of amateurism. The training of a virtuoso pianist or organist, like that of a ballet dancer, has to be undertaken early in life, and requires so many hours of application that a university education is almost always incompatible with it. A university music department is not well equipped to produce composers of any distinction. Its student body arrives too late, with none of the early musical training that is indispensable. The result is the wholesale production of amateur composers, such as those whose music I listened to the other night.

IT was a great pleasure, and a great contrast, to attend the Royal Ballet's performance of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday night. This is, as every balletgoer knows, the greatest of all twentieth-century evening-length ballets, and its score, written by the eminently professional Sergei Prokofieff, is a masterpiece. The music portrays the emotions that it accompanies with heart-rending intensity, and at the same time is wonderfully danceable. Moreover, the setting that the Royal Ballet has given it is superb in every detail, and the choreography, by Kenneth MacMillan, is as evocative as choreography can be. Besides all this, Friday night's performance had the champions, Rudolf Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn, in the title roles, so the evening was one of the memorable occasions of the season. There is something about the Nureyev-Fonteyn combination in this work that is quite special. One might describe it as the essence of what used to be called "puppy love," except that the term is not dignified enough. The protagonists are, after all, in their teens, and the feral grace that Nureyev brings to his role, along with the uninhibited passion that seems to initiate every movement, invites the immediate sympathy of the onlooker. It is the same with Dame Margot. She may be far beyond her teens, but it does not show. Every movement is that of an enraptured young girl. And since youth is the very substance of "Romeo and Juliet" (why else the particular poignancy of the tragedy?), their performances come



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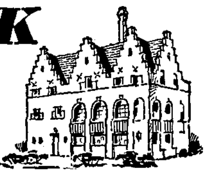

close to perfection. After one has seen them in this ballet, one has an indelible impression of just what Romeo and Juliet should look like and act like, and one carries it into all one's future encounters with the story, whether it be Shakespeare straight, or opera, or Broadway musical, or ballet. The other roles were all admirably done, David Blair's Mercutio, Ronald Hynd's Tybalt, and Anthony Dowell's Benvolio standing out.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the State Theatre to see some of the American Ballet Theatre's performances, which are certainly not incomparable to those of the Royal Ballet. The evening started with "Les Sylphides," one of this company's specialties and a ballet it does with an uncanny precision that reaches down to the slightest detail of the corps de ballet's movements. The principals here—excellent all—were Ruth Ann Koesun, Judith Lerner, Jeanne Armin, and Gayle Young. Then there was a New York première, "Concerto," choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan to Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto. This was an abstract ballet danced before a gold or silver backdrop (depending on the lighting), and it was an exceedingly effective one. The Shostakovich music is ideal for ballet, and the troupe, led by Eleanor d'Antuono, Toni Lander, Jeanne Armin, Scott Douglas, Bruce Marks, and Cynthia Gregory, who had the last movement pretty much to herself, performed brilliantly. Then Erik Bruhn, with Carla Fracci as his partner, danced his own version of the balcony scene from Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet," using, however, the music of the last-act bedroom scene, because of its greater poignancy. Mr. Bruhn's dancing was elegant in the extreme, and so was Miss Fracci's. It did not, though, have quite the uninhibited boyishness of Mr. Nureyev's. Things wound up that night with Agnes de Mille's playful and always ingratiating "Rodeo." —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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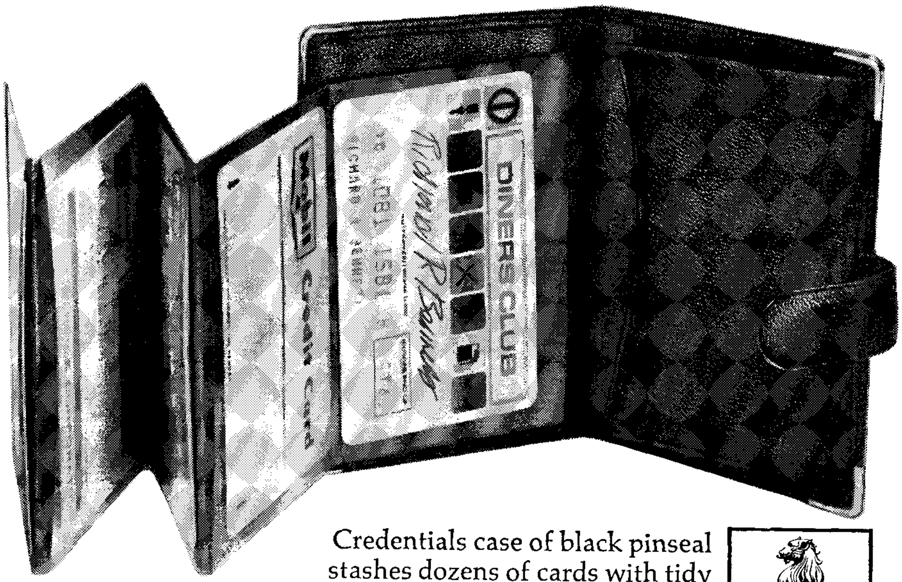

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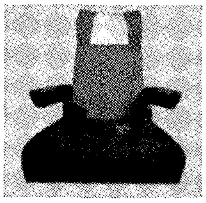

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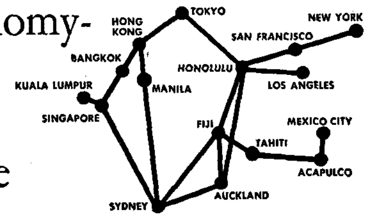

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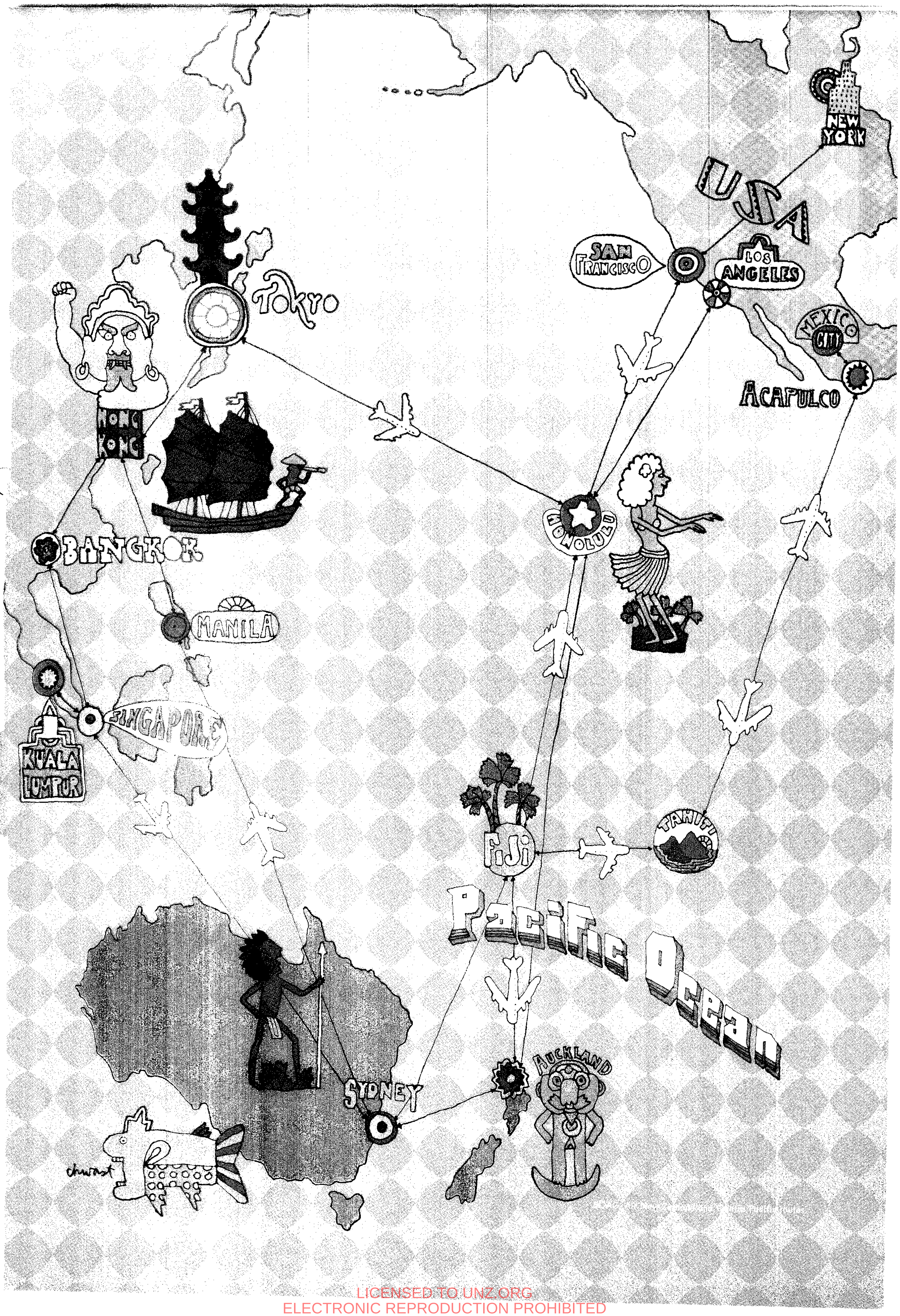
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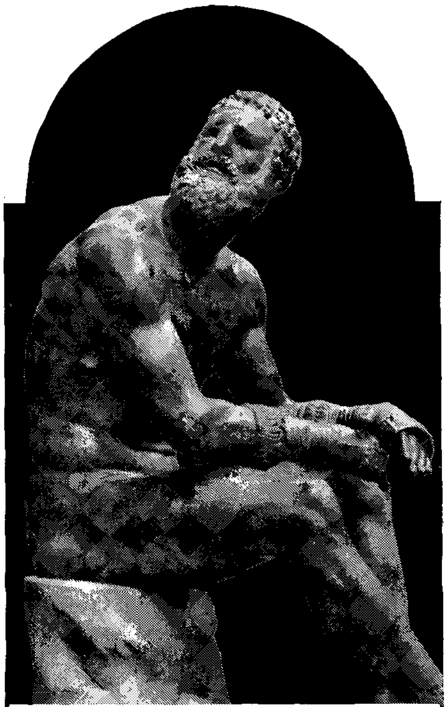
THE AIR

Television's War

SUMMERTIME now, or very nearly. Kids already gabbling about the last day of school. Women walking down East Eighty-sixth Street in those jouncy cotton dresses. Connecticut suntans. Air-conditioning in Schrafft's. "Daktari" reruns on the television. "Lassie" reruns. "Gilligan's Island" reruns. "Star Trek" reruns. Lots of baseball. (Not much doing on television in the good old, mythic old American summertime.) The other Saturday, just back from a trip, and for some reason conscious more pointlessly than ever of that miserable war, I made a mental note to watch, at five o'clock that afternoon, an N.B.C. program called "Vietnam Weekly Review" for whatever it might have to offer, and went outside (it was a nice day—warm, sunny, full of the first hints of summer's dust and laziness, of all those hammocks one will never swing in), toward Fifth Avenue and the Park, past which close to one hundred thousand men, women, and children were marching as part of a "Support Our Boys in Vietnam" parade. Lots of people in the streets. Lots of American Legion posts. Lots of those Catholic high-school bands. A flatbed truck went by full of teamsters, many of them holding aloft placards reading, "It's Your Country! Love It Or Leave It!" The Putnam County John Birch Society went by singing "America the Beautiful." An American Legionnaire went by in a wheelchair, carrying a placard reading, "Victory over Atheistic Communism." The crowd applauded. Somewhere up toward Ninety-sixth Street a band was playing "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Children all around me clutched American flags and looked the way children usually do, with or without flags.

I went back home at ten to five, got out a beer, turned on the TV set. There was a baseball game in progress on N.B.C. (No "Vietnam Review" that week.) Not a bad game, either. Clendenon hit a long ball in the tenth and wrapped it up for Pittsburgh. I forget who Pittsburgh was playing, but you could look it up. From Fifth Avenue, two blocks away (you could hear it through the open window), a band was finishing up "The Marine Corps Hymn," then started "Sister Kate." Sometimes I wonder what it is that the people who run television think about the war. I'm sure they think about it. Everybody thinks about it. I'm sure they care a lot. (At times, I even picture them sitting around in the Communications Club after hours, brows furrowed in meditation, their tumblers of brandy and Perrier water barely sipped at. Finally, a voice is raised. "Well, hang it, Fred. I think Tom Hayden speaks for all of us.") Perhaps one is unfair. Perhaps not. In any case, there are good men who work for television trying to tell us about the war. For example, the other Monday night, a little after seven, Walter Cronkite peered out at us pleasantly from the TV screen, said, "Today's Vietnam story in a moment," and then there we were, via film that had been taken twenty-six hours earlier, eighteen miles south of the DMZ, watching a Marine scout detail that had been sent out to look for North Vietnamese encampments. The film began routinely, with the C.O. briefing his patrol leaders (a sequence that always seems to be staged, although it probably isn't), and then we were watching a small group of men on their way up a thickly wooded hill ("They went up to investigate the distant voices," said the on-the-scene correspondent), and heard the sound of faraway small-arms fire, and suddenly men were running here and there in front of the camera, the small-arms fire became louder and more intense, and once again—in our living room, or was it at the Yale Club bar, or lying on the deck of the grand yacht Fatima with a Sony portable TV upon our belly?—we were watching, a bit numbly perhaps (we have watched it so often), real men get shot at, real men (our surrogates, in fact) get killed and wounded. At one point in the film, a mortar round fell near the cameraman, and for a couple of seconds the film spun crazily until it (and he) got straightened out again, and then we were looking, through the camera, at a young man—a boy, surely no more than nineteen or



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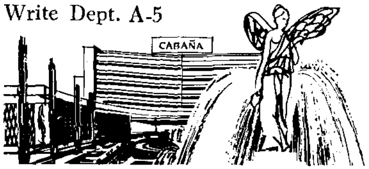

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twenty—square-jawed, handsome, All-American, poised there on the side of the hill, rifle held in close to him, waiting on the side of the hill for the signal to move up to where the shooting was, and afraid. In the background, you could hear machine guns firing and the voice of the platoon sergeant, a deep-voiced Negro, calling, "Git on up there! Git! Git!" And the boy stayed there for several moments in the camera's eye, his own eyes staring straight ahead, his face so full of youth, fear, bravery, whatever else, until he finally moved up. One thinks of how one's memories of those other wars (wars one didn't fight in) exist for the most part frozen in the still photographs of the great war photographers—Robert Capa's picture of the Spanish Loyalist falling on the Catalonian hillside, Eugene Smith's Marine face-down on the beach at Tarawa, Margaret Bourke-White's St. Paul's Cathedral against the blitz, David Duncan's Marines advancing through the Korean mud. Vietnam is different, to be sure. Not quite so "exciting." Not quite so photogenic. But it seems to me that Kurt Volkert, the man who held and worked that camera, who caught the meaning of that face, is one of the best journalists of the war, and one could probably say the same for many of the other cameramen covering Vietnam for the American networks.

Another afternoon not long ago, I watched a routine film clip, this one taken by Vo Huynh, a Vietnamese who works for N.B.C., about a military engagement in the South: scenes of men moving in to attack, and attacking—scenes, in fact, of men living close to death and killing—with one heartrending sequence of a young soldier being carried out, his leg apparently smashed, screaming to his comrades, "It hurts! It hurts!" The special qualities of courage, energy, and strange, tough sensitivity that made men like Robert Capa so good at what they did—so good because so useful, so useful because they went in there (Capa's great pictures of the second wave at Omaha Beach were so blurred that you could barely make out the faces) and tried to show us what it was really like—are qualities that don't exist to any lesser degree in men like Kurt Volkert and Vo Huynh. They, too, seem to be trying to show us what it's like—at least, what the small, small corner allotted to them is like—and Lord knows there are mighty few other people on television who seem to be trying.

Vietnam is often referred to as "tele-

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vision's war," in the sense that this is the first war that has been brought to the people preponderantly by television. People indeed look at television. They really look at it. They look at Dick Van Dyke and become his friend. They look at a new Pontiac in a commercial and go out and buy it. They look at thoughtful Chet Huntley and find him thoughtful, and at witty David Brinkley and find him witty. They look at Vietnam. They look at Vietnam, it seems, as a child kneeling in the corridor, his eye to the keyhole, looks at two grownups arguing in a locked room—the aperture of the keyhole small; the figures shadowy, mostly out of sight; the voices indistinct, isolated threats without meaning; isolated glimpses, part of an elbow, a man's jacket (who is the man?), part of a face, a woman's face. Ah, she is crying. One sees the tears. (The voices continue indistinctly.) One counts the tears. Two tears. Three tears. Two bombing raids. Four seek-and-destroy missions. Six Administration pronouncements. Such a fine-looking woman. One searches in vain for the other grownup, but, ah, the keyhole is so small, he is somehow never in the line of sight. Look! There is General Ky. Look! There are some planes returning safely to the Ticonderoga. I wonder (sometimes) what it is that the people who run television think about the war, because *they* have given us this keyhole view; we have given them the airwaves, and now, at this critical time, they have given back to us this keyhole view—and I wonder if they truly think that those isolated glimpses of elbow, face, a swirl of dress (who *is* that other person, anyway?) are all we children can really stand to see of what is going on inside that room. Vo Huynh, admittedly, will show us as much of the larger truth of a small battle and of a wounded soldier as he is able to, and C.B.S., as it did some nights ago, will show us a half-hour special interview with Marine Corps General Walt, which is nice of C.B.S., but there are other things, it seems, that make up the Vietnam war, that intelligent men *know* make up the Vietnam war—factors of

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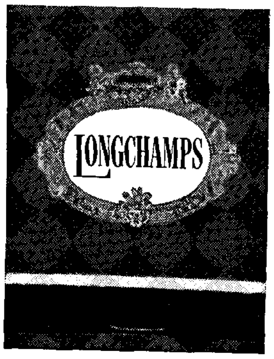

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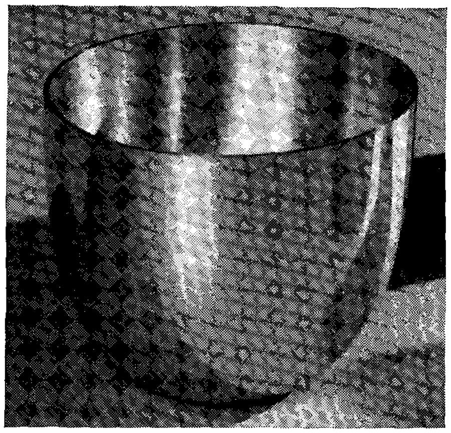

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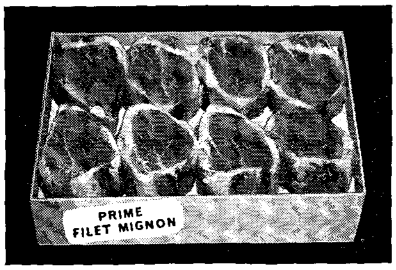

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doubt, politics, propaganda, truth, untruth, of what we actually do and actually don't do, that aren't in most ways tangible, or certifiably right or wrong, or easily reducible to simple mathematics, but that, even so (and even now), exist as parts of this equation that we're all supposedly trying so hard to solve—and almost none of them get mentioned. It seems almost never to get mentioned, for example, that there's considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of the search-and-destroy missions we watch so frequently on television. (The enemy casualty figures seem to be arbitrarily rigged, and the ground we take isn't anything we usually plan to keep.) It seems almost never to get mentioned, for example, that there's considerable doubt as to the actual efficacy of many of the highly publicized (on TV, as elsewhere) sweeps into territory that, if you read the fine print, you realize the enemy has often already left, and presumably will come back to when we, in turn, have gone. It seems rarely to get mentioned that there has been considerable doubt as to the effectiveness of our bombing, or that an air force that can't always hit the right village certainly can't avoid killing civilians when it bombs power plants in Hanoi. It doesn't seem to get mentioned, for example, that we are using "anti-personnel" weapons such as the Guava and the Pineapple more than the military appears to want to admit, or that any people who drop their tortures from planes flying at five thousand feet are likely to be regarded as no less accomplices than if they had stood in person in some village square and driven little slivers of metal, at high velocity, into the flesh of other human beings. It doesn't seem to get mentioned, for example, that "anti-personnel," "delivering hardware," "pacification mission," and "nation building" are phrases, along with "better dead than Red," that only a people out of touch with the meaning of language could use with any seriousness. It doesn't seem to get mentioned, for example, that when a senior member of the Administration states that he sees no reason for thinking we will have to send more troops to Vietnam this year he is probably not telling the truth, and that the fact of his probably not telling the truth is now more important than the fact of the troops. It doesn't seem to get mentioned— Well, enough of that. It is summertime now, or nearly. My kids were squabbling over bathing suits this morning, and who will learn to sail and who to ride. In summertime, we cook outdoors a lot, play coronary tennis,

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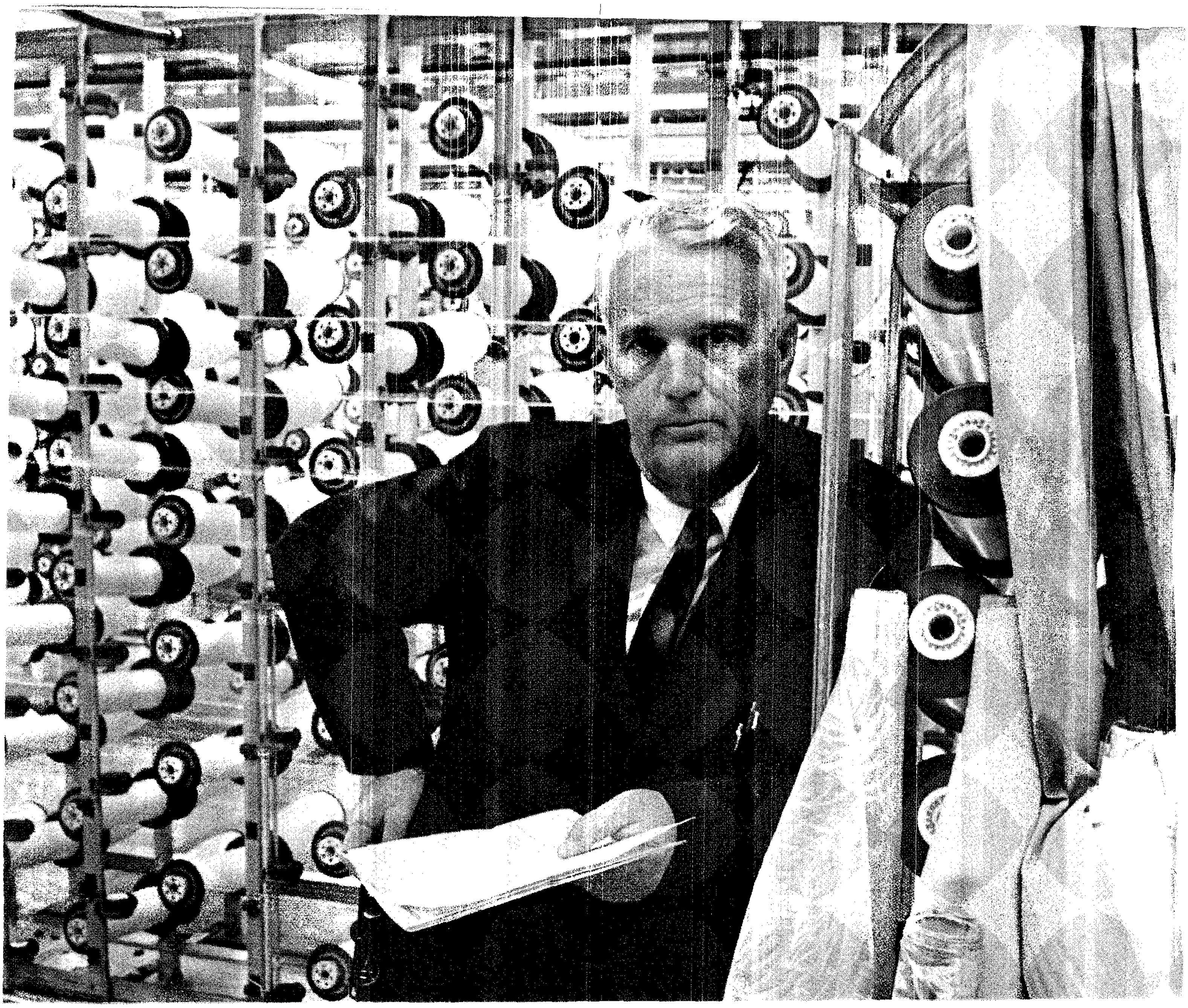

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drink, watch pretty sunsets out across the water. This summer, I will almost certainly perfect my backhand, write something beautiful (or very nearly), read "Finnegans Wake," or something like it. This summer—already the streets outside seem quieter, more humane. A car rolls softly over a manhole cover—a small clank. All those quiet streets, all those brave middle-class apartments—and what lies beneath those manhole covers? Wires? Cables? Dying soldiers? Dying children? Sounds of gunfire? Screaming? Madness? My television set plays on, talking to itself—another baseball game, in fact. Juan Marichal is pitching to Ron Hunt. Hunt shifts his stance. Marichal winds up. The count is three and two.

—Michael J. Arlen

•

Capping Procedure—Cap and Gown Convocation
Friday—May 5, 1967

On direction from Acting President Willard, all seniors will stand. He will then instruct those who entered their seats from the right aisle (rows C-E-G-J-L-N-Q-S-U-W-Y-AA-CC) to turn to their right to face the row behind them. Those facing the rear of the auditorium will have their caps placed on their heads by those facing them. In the rows facing the stage (those who entered from the left—rows D-F-H-K-M-P-R-T-V-X-Z-BB), the last person entering the row, will cap two people. The student capping two people will be the last person entering the aisle from the left, on Dr. Willard's right, and facing the stage.

Following this, those whose backs are to the stage will cap the seniors facing the stage. Since there is one extra seat in the rows where the students face the rear of the auditorium, the first person to have entered the row from the right will have no one to cap.

After everyone has been capped (except those in the first row who will cross the stage) and on signal from Dr. Willard, those who are facing the rear will turn to their right and face the stage. Those in the first row will then be asked to come forward.

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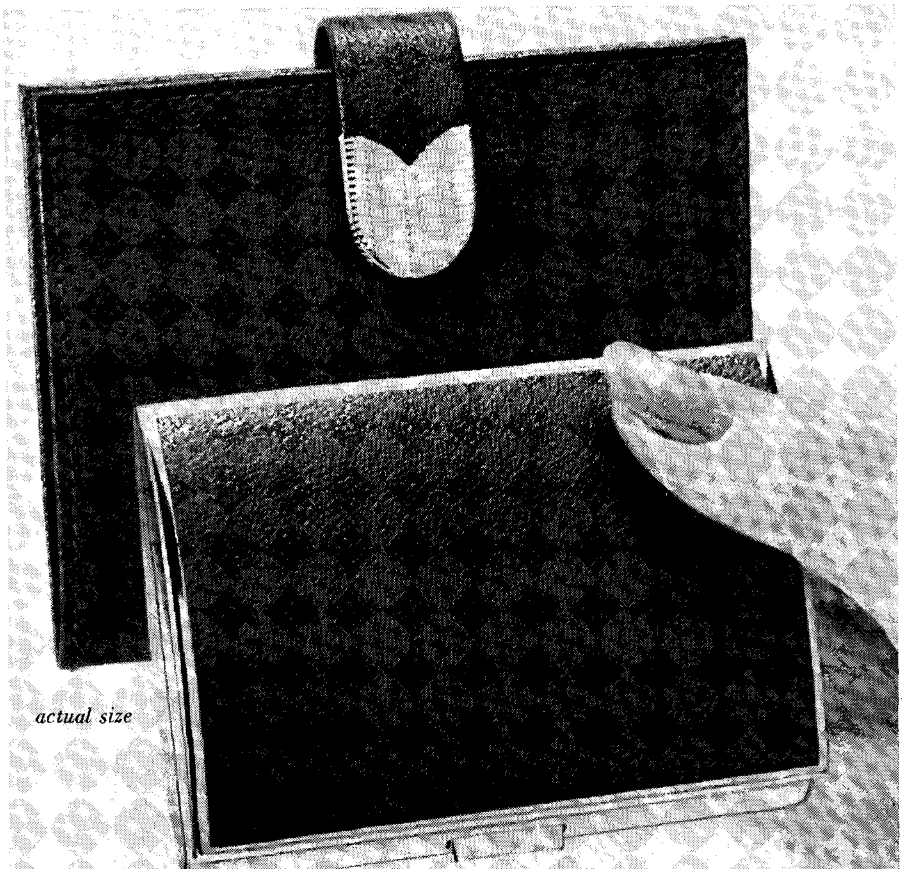

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BOOKS

The Summing Up

THE pivotal incident of Thornton Wilder's "The Eighth Day" (Harper & Row, and a Book-of-the-Month-Club choice) is a trial for murder, in a made-up place in Illinois called Coaltown, in 1902. The book is a mystery novel. It is several other kinds of book as well, and in it Mr. Wilder has gathered most of the themes he has used in his plays and novels through the years—principally, the human capacity to survive disaster, to improvise in the face of great difficulties, and to get on with the day-to-day business of living. The book is concerned with many philosophic and abstract matters, but the story, in all its bountiful detail, is always specific and concrete. My reservations about it have nothing to do with the author's power to enchant his audience. It is the story of the families of John Ashley and Breckenridge Lansing, and of what happens to them both before and after Ashley has been convicted of the murder of Lansing, and later rescued—by six men blacked up and disguised as Pullman porters—from the train that is taking him to be executed at Joliet. Two puzzles are set forth at the beginning and solved at the end. First, what really took place that Sunday afternoon when Breck Lansing was shot through the head during rifle practice, apparently by his closest friend, John Ashley? And who were those rescuers, whom the police could never trace? It is one of the flaws of the book that the author misleads the reader on an important matter almost at the beginning; it is another that the solution, once we get it, is lame on a number of counts. There is no point in saying that the weak ending doesn't matter. In a murder mystery the ending *matters.*

The reader follows the fortunes of all the Ashleys and the Lansings, most of whom turn out to be extraordinary, for the mysteries that Mr. Wilder is inquiring into, while the reader is trying to solve the puzzles of the murder and the escape, are the mysteries of genius, of a certain kind of sanctity, and of life itself. The overtones of the novel are philosophical, and it could be considered a fable, I guess, in that almost everyone in it represents something besides just himself, and yet, while he is onstage, he is at least acceptable as an individual.

John Ashley flees—a fast verb for a slow journey—to a mine in Chile, by way of New Orleans and Central America. He is eventually spotted by a part-time agent for the United States government, but he escapes again and finally disappears. There is no doubt in his or the reader's mind of his innocence. He is, I believe, meant to be a kind of saint—the author's idea of a saint. "A man of faith" but of no recognizable religion, with his "inner quiet, at homeness in existence." He recites the Gettysburg Address and "Under the spreading chestnut tree" over the body of a Chilean Indian baby because of his distaste for the usual prayers, and yet he makes the mother aware that her dead child was a human being, even though it had not been baptized. He has helped an Indian tribe that lives on a hill near Coaltown, and now he helps the Andean peasants and miners, performing even menial jobs for them. He takes everyone seriously, ignoring established rules of rank and importance. He is always listening, always learning, and his every move is deliberate. He has no sense of humor and little imagination. It is curious that Mr. Wilder should choose a hero so unlike himself. ("Old-fashioned" has been used to describe "The Eighth Day," as if Thornton Wilder hadn't always set his own fashions. But to be able to treat with respect a character so different from oneself *is* kind of old-fashioned, at that.) We learn, too, the adventures of his wife after he has left, and of his three daughters, who start a successful boarding house. His son, Roger, leaves home immediately the trial is over and goes to Chicago. After a succession of odd jobs, he becomes a newspaper feature writer and is destined, we are told, to become a journalist of international renown. Then his oldest sister goes to Chicago to study music, and she, too, is on her way to great fame, as a prima donna. The youngest sister will become a celebrated campaigner and reformer. The Lansings' rebellious son George goes to California and then to Russia, where he becomes a great actor.

We see all these young people before their lives become public, and I'm afraid that occasionally the descriptions of them don't quite jibe with their conversation and behavior, but that is the risk a novelist takes when he invents saints and geniuses. Along the way, the principal characters run into people who seem to have been planted in their paths for ethnic as well as other reasons. Ashley's wife, from Hoboken, is of German background—High on her mother's side, Low on her father's. Ashley, from New York State, is Anglo-Saxon with a strain of French-Canadian. Mrs. Lansing, a Creole from St. Kitts,

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is French with a dash of Negro blood. Roger Ashley's and the whole family's closest friend is an American Indian, one of the dwindling tribe on the hill above Coaltown. Coaltown's seamstress, who is a staunch friend of both families, is a Russian noblewoman. A Polish salesman makes possible the singer's flight to Chicago, and she studies there with an old Italian maestro. John Ashley, making his escape, runs into many Central Americans of Negro and Spanish origin, and Chilean miners and the Scotch engineers who run the mines. He helps get a priest from Spain sent out to the miners. And so it goes. Almost every racial strain is at least touched on. Roger, in Chicago, even goes to bed with four girls of as many nationalities (and the uneasy reader has to follow him there). But the ethnic is just one of the numerous threads that run through this discursive novel. The Ashleys and the Lansings are exposed to the ideas and speculations of the people they meet at every turn, and the reader is exposed to many ideas of Mr. Wilder, speaking in his own right. Since he belongs as much to the theatre as to the novel, it need hardly be said that his scenes are always vivid and always play: Ashley sitting on the edge of a bed, calming young George Lansing, who is terrified at the thought of having his tonsils out; Ashley listening with total attention and devotion to the occult words of an old fortune-teller in South America; Lily Ashley, her evening cloak billowing behind her, rushing down the steps of a rooming house in Chicago to greet her brother, whom she hasn't seen in a couple of years; Breckenridge Lansing, ill and in pain, berating the faithful wife who doesn't love him back, as young George eavesdrops outside a window; Mrs. Ashley and her daughters entertaining the boarders after dinner; Roger, as an orderly in the death room of a Chicago hospital, learning Buddhist theology from an eccentric fellow-worker.

It must be said at once that none of these characters, major or minor, is entirely credible to the reader. All of them seem real enough to Mr. Wilder, though, and his attitude toward them is one of the most interesting aspects of the book. He knows the Ashleys, always in complete charge of their feelings, better than anyone else—he made them up—yet they seem to impose their sense of privacy, their reserve even on him. With the flamboyant Lansings, at the mercy of every emotion that blows past, that detachment vanishes, and his feelings toward them come through, even if *they* don't. What is completely

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successful is his own delightful presence, which gives "The Eighth Day" the quality of the best kind of conversation—darting, allusive, literate, thoughtful, stimulating, and full of welcome echoes from his past work. The story of John Ashley, the man of faith, recalls "Heaven's My Destination," and the Andean setting and Spanish and Indian characters recall "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." There is some of George Antrobus in turbulent George Lansing. In their hunger for knowledge and their ability to absorb it, John and Roger have something in common with those two babies in perambulators in that wonderful one-acter "Infancy." Snatches of dialogue recall, if only in their cadence, words spoken over the years on a variety of stages: " 'Dr. Gillies didn't believe a word of it,' she said. 'I did. I believed every word of it. And so did my father. I couldn't walk straight if I didn't.' " Who else on earth could *have written that line?* Near the end of the book comes this passage:

> Nevertheless, everyone in Coaltown, from Dr. Gillies to the boy who shined shoes at the Tavern, knew that the town could boast two handsome and unusual women. Mrs. Ashley was tall and fair; Mrs. Lansing was short and dark. . . . For almost twenty years these ladies were in and out of one another's house, as were their children. They got on well together without one vibration of sympathy. Beata Ashley lacked the imagination or freedom of attention to penetrate the older woman's misery. (John Ashley was well aware of it, but did not speak.) One art they shared in common: both were incomparable cooks; one condition: both were far removed from the environment that had shaped their early lives.
>
> For these two families the first ten years went by without remarkable event: pregnancies, diapers, and croup; measles and falling out of trees; birthday parties, dolls, stamp collections, and whooping cough. George was caught stealing Roger's three-sen stamp; Roger had his mouth washed out with soap and water for saying "Hell." Félicité, who aspired to be a nun, was discovered sleeping on the floor in emulation of some saint; Constance refused to speak to her best friend Anne for a week. You know all that.

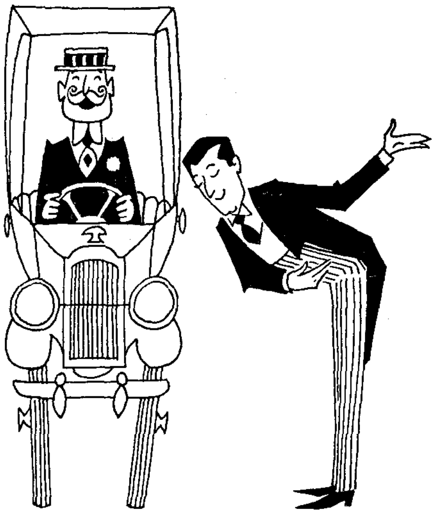
The voice we hear could almost be the voice of the Stage Manager of "Our Town." The passage itself may be the closest we will ever get to a self-portrait of Thornton Wilder as writer, and it is close enough.

—EDITH OLIVER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FOR LOVE OR MONEY, by Tim Jeal (McGraw-Hill). This unusual first



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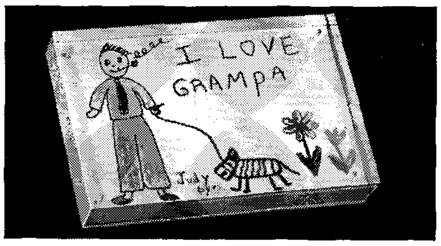

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novel, written in a style that is sophisticated and simple, and acute and dogged, is set in London, at Oxford University, and in a large, pleasant house in Cornwall. There are three characters to complicate the plot with their attempts to escape from the fourth—the fourth being the central figure, Ruth, Lady Lifton, a domineering, self-righteous, and magnetically stupid woman who has a lot of money while nobody else in the story has any. As the story opens, Ruth is forty-seven and has been living for fifteen years with her lover, George, ten years younger than she. Poor, feeble-willed George has a secret address in London where he sometimes spends the night with his part-time mistress, Sally. Then, there are Ruth's two sons: Steven, who is finishing at Oxford and who is definitely the son of the disagreeable Lord Lifton, and David, who may be a Lifton but could just as easily be George's son. David is at a prep school, and for a time it looks as though he is going to be crushed under the maternally skillful heel, but he is as lucky as he is generous-hearted, and in any case Mr. Jeal is far too able a novelist to allow his ironic tour de force to slosh off into helpless tears at the end. There is a touch of indefiniteness about the beginnings and the endings of many of his paragraphs, but apart from that his book really has no faults.

THE MAN WHO KNEW KENNEDY, by Vance Bourjaily (Dial). The man who knew John F. Kennedy (only slightly, in a hospital after the Second World War) is Dave Doremus, a handsome, gifted, and well-liked New England businessman with political pretensions, who marries a big, well-connected Boston girl. The marriage breaks up after Doremus falls hopelessly in love with a teen-age singer and drug addict who has spent her life in and out of mental hospitals. Doremus marries another woman, but, still driven by his passion for the girl, which is not physical but pseudo-saintly, he kills her and himself. Mr. Bourjaily writes much of the time as if he were talking out of the side of his mouth, but this laconic manner occasionally pays off, particularly in a long passage dealing with a Caribbean cruise taken by Doremus and his new wife and by the narrator, who is a childhood friend of Doremus's. It is hard, though, to find a parallel—symbolic or other-

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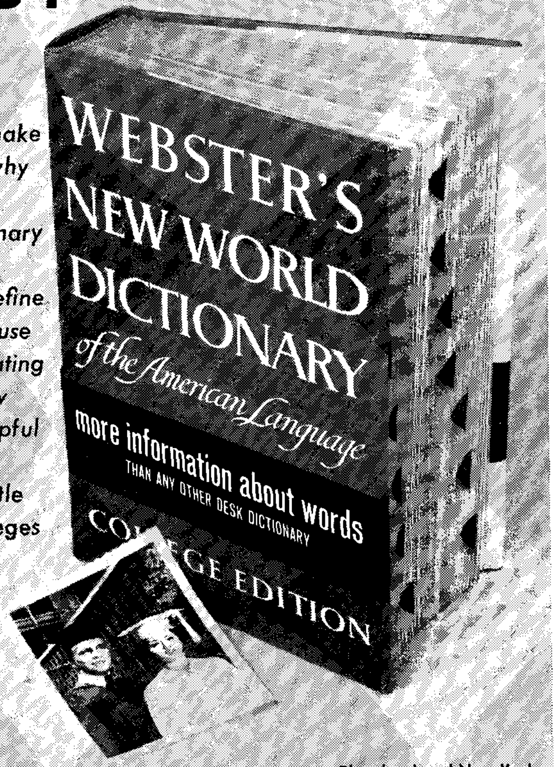

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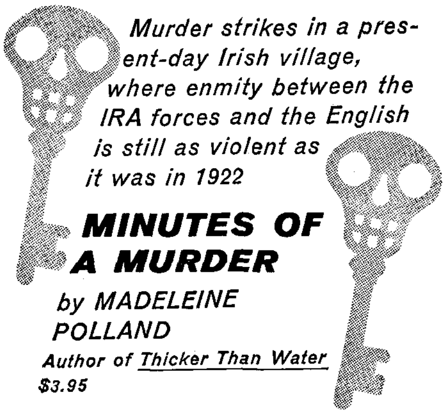

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wise—between Doremus and the late President. Doremus is classically done in by his own weaknesses, while Kennedy was wantonly struck down from the outside. A curious exercise in nostalgia—not for what was but for what might have been. A Literary Guild selection.

NOTE: "Snow White," a novel by Donald Barthelme, has been published by Atheneum. It first appeared, in its entirety, in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE END OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER, by R. L. Storey (Stein & Day). In a brilliant and realistic narrative, the Assistant Keeper of the Public Record Office in England tells us, more certainly than anyone has yet done, why and how the Wars of the Roses began. He has used documentary sources with attention to detail, and succeeded in making sense out of minutiae. Henry VI, the last Lancastrian ruler, was, as most readers know, an unsatisfactory king because he was not quite right in the head. But probably fewer readers (except specialists in economic history) realize that fifteenth-century barons were exceptionally bold and bad because they were short of money. (The wages of their farm labor had gone up and up since the Black Death in the fourteenth century.) Whatever clique of magnates controlled the addled King plundered the royal and national tills. They protected themselves and their henchmen by packing the courts and the House of Commons—expedients that encouraged lawlessness and corruption beyond Court circles and throughout the kingdom. Some peers excluded from the graft wanted a share and others wanted reform, but, as Mr. Storey explains, it took a long time before anybody, including the York family, thought of taking away Henry's crown. Mr. Storey is particularly good at explaining late-medieval personages, who are nearly incomprehensible by reason of their violent temper, absence of scruple, and lack of remorse. He has also found out what ordinary people thought of the bloody doings of their betters.

PARASITISM AND SUBVERSION: THE CASE OF LATIN AMERICA, by Stanislav Andreski (Pantheon). The author, a native of Poland who has taught in South Africa and

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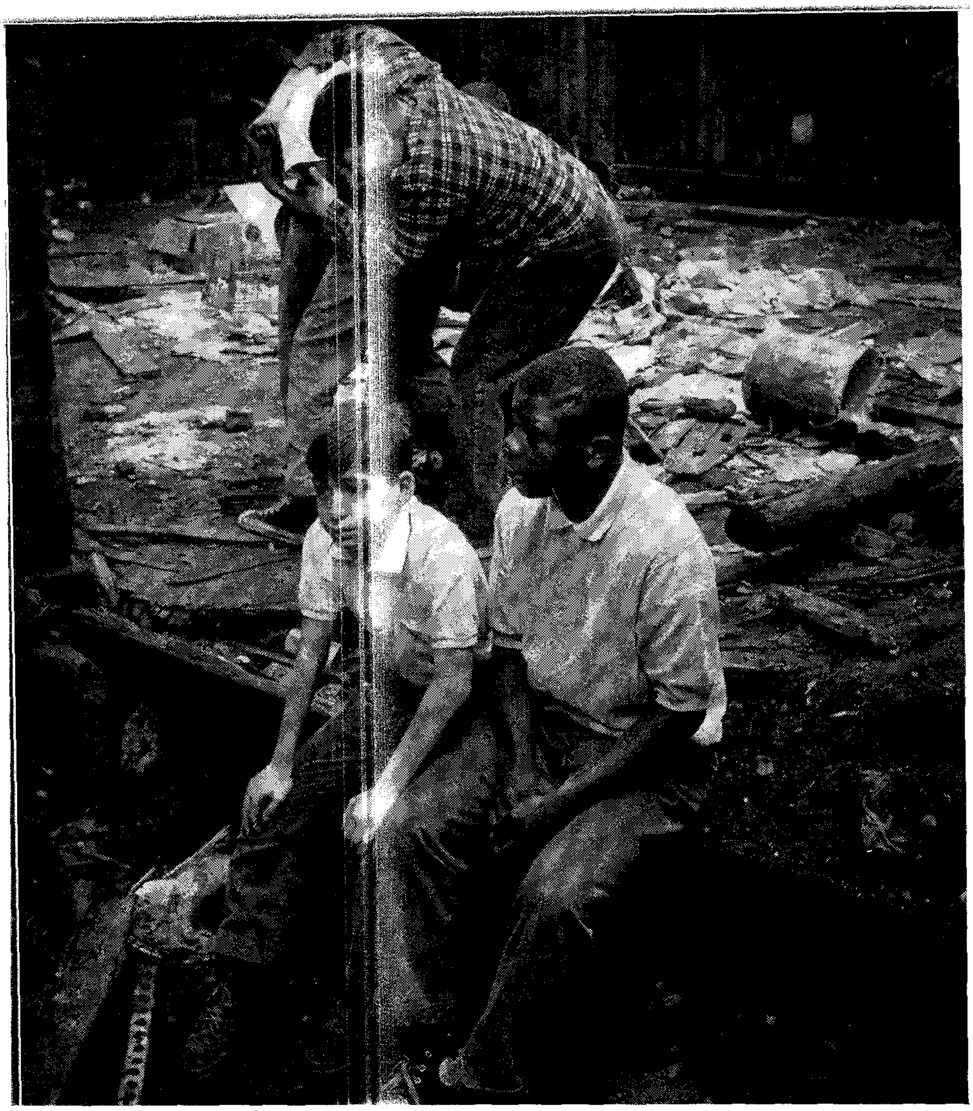

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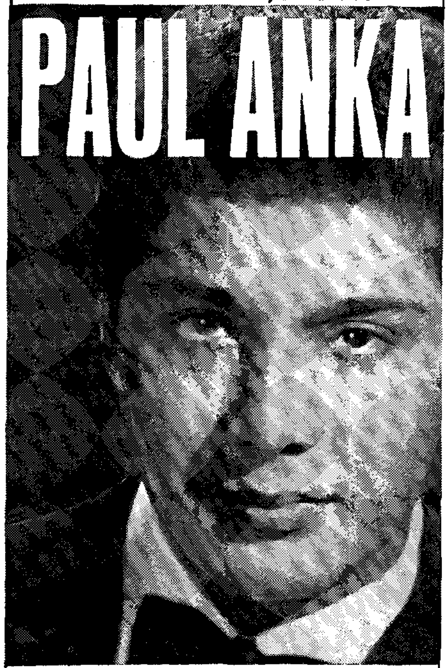

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MORROW

who is at present a professor of sociology at the University of Reading, says at the start that this book is not intended to be a balanced, pluses-and-minuses study. It is, rather, a diagnosis; he is trying to say what is wrong with Latin America in the hope that eventually some ills may be put right. Professor Andreski describes problems common to almost all Latin-American states—such as the formidable population growth that almost everywhere outstrips economic development—and the specific problems of particular countries. Perhaps his cosmopolitan background is responsible for his quick intuitions and broad tolerances; for whatever reason, everything he says about this large and varied continent is both sensitive and practical. His style is brisk.

VARIETY OF MEN, by C. P. Snow (Scribners). Nine highly polished, somewhat Maughamish biographical essays. The subjects—all but one of them more or less well known to the author—include three scientists (Lord Rutherford, G. H. Hardy, Einstein), a scientist *manqué* (H. G. Wells), a poet (Robert Frost), and four politicians (Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Dag Hammarskjöld, Stalin). Lord Snow's professional experience in the worlds of science, literature, and public affairs (he served in the Ministry of Labour during the Second World War and later was a Civil Service Commissioner) enables him to examine these unusual men with a force of objectivity, insight, and political sophistication that is most impressive. The scientific portraits are, perhaps, the strongest, but he has some particularly interesting things to say about Stalin (whom he never met), among them an observation on Stalin's apparently well-documented respect for writers and writing: "That was one of the reasons for Stalin acting as supreme censor. If you believe that the written word affects men's actions, then you watch it. The price of our complete literary liberty in the west is that no one really believes that in terms of action literature matters."

•

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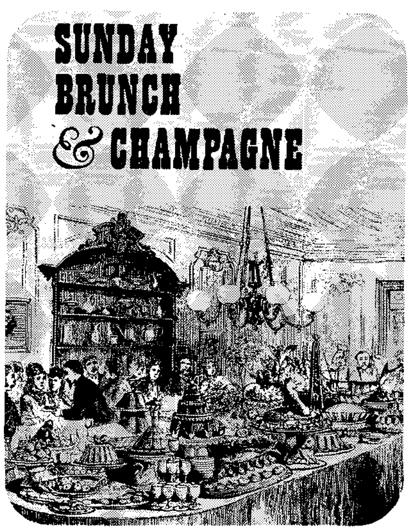

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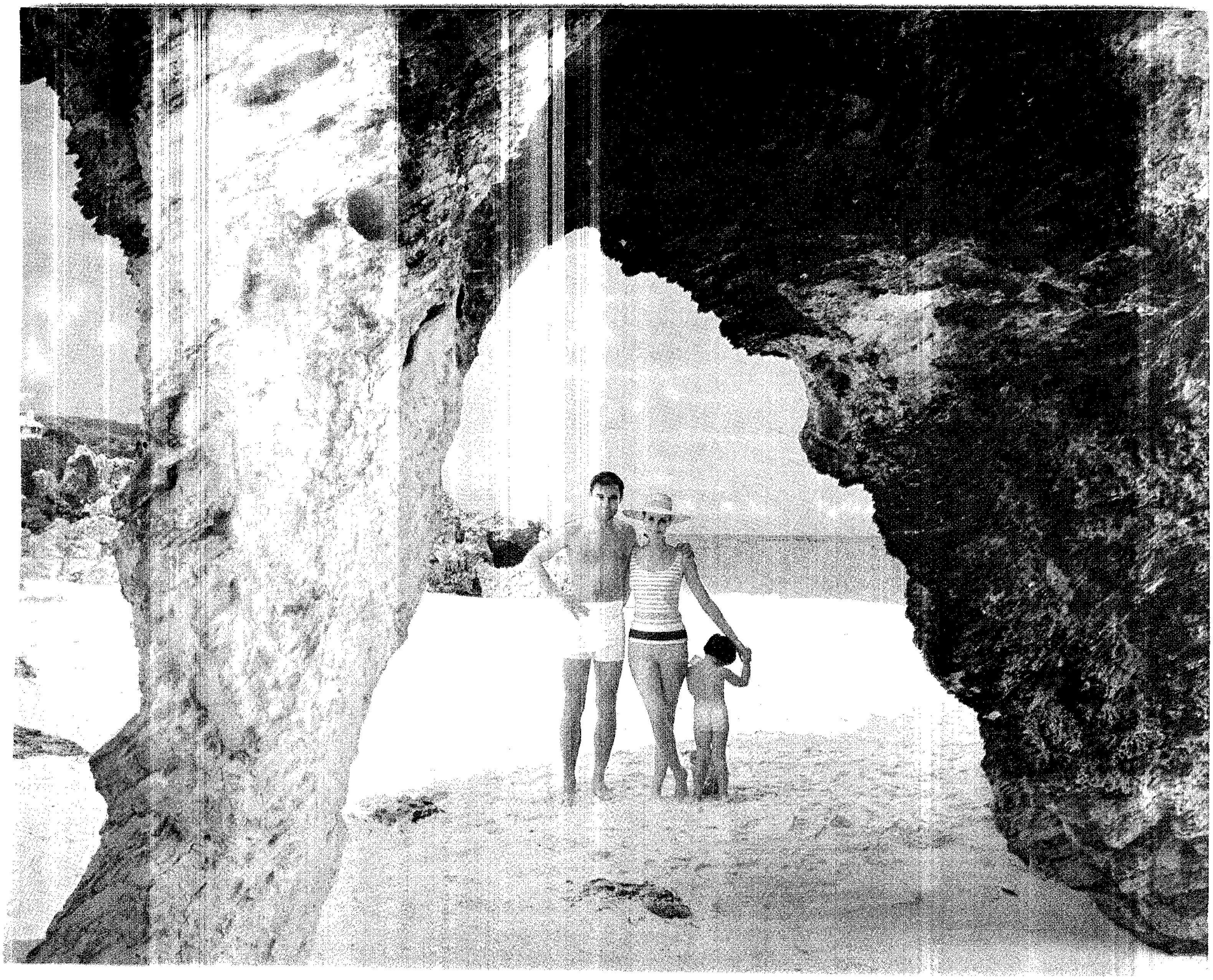

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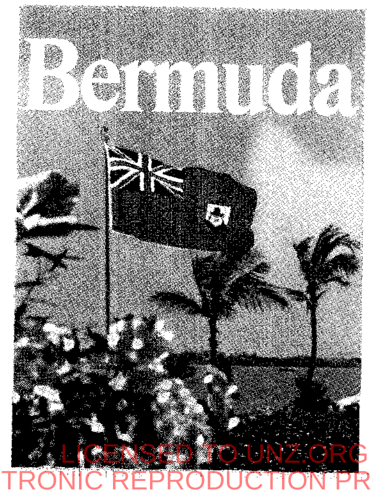

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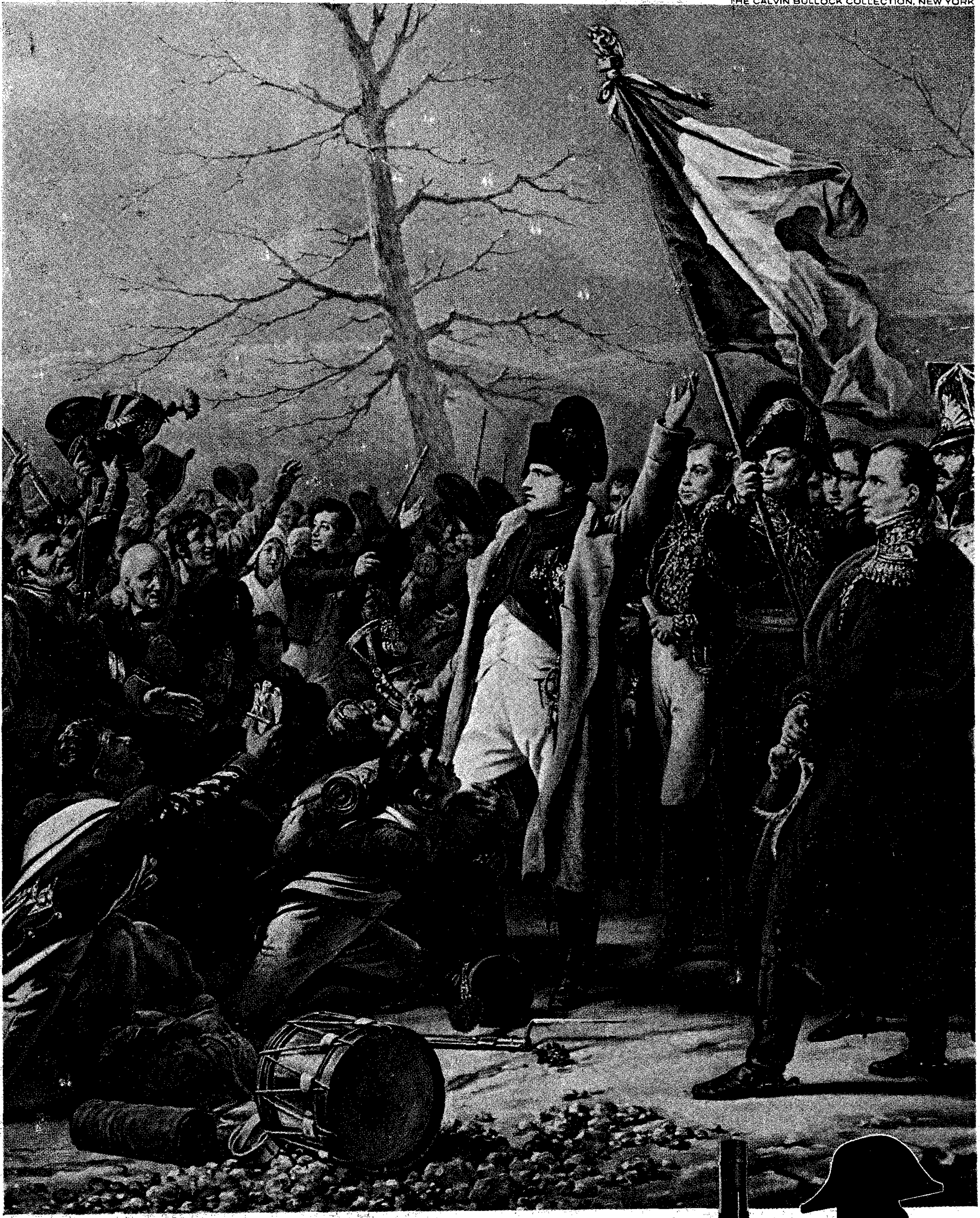

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